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THE LAND OF THE DONS



Leonard William G.

THE LAND OF THE DONS

BY . . .

LEONARD WILLIAMS . . .

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Author of "Ballads and Songs of Spain"
"A Child's History of Spain," etc.

"Díos te dé ventura, España,
sobre las aguas del mar ;
Díos te dé pecho invencible
y esfuerzo en el batallar ;
déte capitanes viejos
que te sepan amparar ;
déte á tu patrón Santiago
que te quiera gobernar."

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A MIS BUENOS AMIGOS Y PAISANOS DE ADOPCION,

LOS ESPAÑOLES.

LEONARDO WILLIAMS,

El Ateneo,

Madrid,

Agosto de 1902.

✱

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PREFACE.

IN writing THE LAND OF THE DONS my aim has been to produce an intimate and trustworthy account of Spain and the Spaniards. I do not aspire to compete with the printed impressions of British or American tourists who pay a flying visit to a Spanish city or two, and scurry homeward reeking with inspiration. These are the most prolific and perceptive of authors; and doubtless many of them would volunteer to turn out in a fortnight what has occupied my close attention for a number of years.

Of the Spanish words or phrases which figure in the text, many are explained, or explain themselves, upon the spot. A small glossary just before the index deals adequately, I think, with the remainder.

Various of the illustrations are from my own negatives. Where this is not so the name of the photographer is always stated; and it should be understood that my thanks are due for courteous permission to reproduce.

LEONARD WILLIAMS.

CONTENTS.



CHAPTER I.

PAGE

RETROSPECTIVE AND ETHNOLOGICAL 1

CHAPTER II.

INTROSPECTIVE AND GEOGRAPHICAL 18

CHAPTER III.

A BOURGEOIS FAMILY IN THEIR DAILY LIFE 35

CHAPTER IV.

MANNERS AND CUSTOMS, OLD AND NEW 46

CHAPTER V.

POPULAR LITERATURE 86

CHAPTER VI.

MANNERS AND CUSTOMS (*concluded*) 126

CHAPTER VII.

THE NATIONAL FIESTAS 154

CHAPTER VIII.

THE BULLFIGHT 171

CHAPTER IX.

ARCANA TAURINA 197

CHAPTER X.

THE HISTORY OF THE BULLFIGHT 227

CONTENTS.

	PAGE
CHAPTER XI.	
THE PAST OF THE PRESENT	242
CHAPTER XII.	
THE PRESENT OF THE PRESENT. WANT OF JUSTICE AND WANT OF EDUCATION	308
CHAPTER XIII.	
THE FUTURE OF THE PRESENT	327

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS.

Portrait of the Author	<i>Frontispiece</i>	
The Mosque of Córdoba	<i>To face page</i>	2
Seville: The Cathedral and the Giralda	" "	4
Cataláns	" "	6
Castilian Peasants (Guadalajara)	" "	14
Valencia: The Return of the Fishing-boats	" "	20
A Country Market Place (Manzanares)	" "	28
Madrid: The <i>Trapero</i>	" "	36
A Madrid Market Place	" "	38
Madrid: The Flower-seller	" "	42
The White <i>Mantilla</i>	" "	50
A Valencian wearing the <i>Zaragüelles</i>	" "	52
Maragatos	" "	54
Manchegan Water-sellers	" "	56
An Aragonés	" "	58
An Aragonesa	" "	60
A Valenciana	" "	64
The <i>Bolero</i>	" "	84
A <i>Pelotari</i>	" "	146
Madrid: The Chapel of San Isidro	" "	156
Madrid: The <i>Romería de San Isidro</i>	" "	160
A Gypsy in the <i>Pradera</i>	" "	162
Fortune-telling in the <i>Pradera</i>	" "	164
The <i>Mantón de Manila</i>	" "	166
Madrid: The Arrival at the Plaza de Toros	" "	172
In the <i>Tendidos</i>	" "	174
The <i>Pasco de las Cuadrillas</i>	" "	182
A <i>Verónica</i>	" "	184
<i>¡ Buena Vara !</i>	" "	186
Planting the <i>Banderillas</i>	" "	188
Finishing a <i>Pase de Pecho</i>	" "	190

Fuentes Performing the <i>Descabello á Pulso</i> . . .	To face page	194
A <i>Corrida</i> of Miura Fighting-bulls.	" "	200
Antonio Fuentes	" "	206
Luis Mazzantini	" "	210
Madrid: A View on the Manzanares	" "	220
Charles the Fifth	" "	246
Philip the Second	" "	266
Philip the Third	" "	272
Philip the Fourth	" "	278
The Count-Duke of Olivares	" "	296
Mariana of Austria	" "	298
Charles the Second.	" "	306
Don Alfonso the Thirteenth	" "	370

THE LAND OF THE DON.

CHAPTER I.

RETROSPECTIVE AND ETHNOLOGICAL.

HE traveller in Spain examines, in a sense, not one, but various countries; mixes, not with a single people, but with several. He journeys through a squarish-shaped peninsula divided into sundry regions that once upon a time were kingdoms, counties, or the like—each region readily distinguishable from its neighbour and possessing, besides its own dialect or manner of pronouncing the Castilian tongue, its own customs, dances costume, beverages, and dishes.

The principalities of our beloved Britain are by this time tolerably well amalgamated. A Scotchman does not always assault you if you mistake him for a Londoner, and though I am Welsh to the backbone, I would sooner hobnob with the Prince of Wales than with Owen Glendower, whom I suspect of having been a common fellow, speaking with an accent, and reeking of stale tobacco.

Spain, however, for obvious historical reasons is less unanimous: indeed, her truer title would be

still *The Spains*. The Peninsula, we should remember, was once upon a time overrun by the Moor, except a little strip among the mountains of the north, where Pelayo, crouching in rocky fastnesses, kept a slender following together. The following grew in number and the spirit of adventure. Sierras were crossed, passes threaded, battle-axe and broadsword gripped. By slow degrees the advancing tide of Christianity wore down the stubborn barriers of the infidel. Inch by inch the Moor was driven south, out of what is now Madrid, out of Toledo, across La Mancha and the deserts of Castile, from castle after castle poised on beetling precipice and craggy height, up to and over the Sierra Morena into Andalusia, whereto he clung precariously for centuries, till the fall of Granada, no earlier than the end of the fifteenth century, exterminated him—in Spain—for ever.

For ever? No. Much of him still survives—in the cool courts of Granada, the mighty mosque of Córdoba, the Giralda of Seville; in many an alcázar, and bridge, and pinnacle, and wall, and gateway; and even where such material evidence is not, his proud, and chivalrous, and generous, and jealous nature, his passion for the arts, and love, and music, the angry rattle of his scimitar, or the dulcet echo of his Arabic, seem still to haunt what was his home long years ago. If war has any glory, her grandest annals are the Christians and the Moors in Spain—Las Navas de Tolosa and the Río Salado; eight hundred years of obstinate crusade, of doughty combat on both sides, and mutual esteem—in so voluminous a roll few deeds, if any,



(To face p. 2.)

(From a photograph by Hauser y Menet, Madrid.)

THE MOSQUE OF CÓRDOBA.

foully done, or flags of truce dishonoured: the battle-shock of two heroic foes, the dusk-complexioned and the fair, of North and South, of Europe and the East, the false God and the True.

Nevertheless, the nobleness these champions of the Faith displayed towards the Islamite, they quashed complacently in merely interchristian dealing. The petty kings who made a common cause against the Mohammedans, in the intervals of their crusade turned promptly to, and tricked as well as battered one another. The intrigues of such local sovereigns and their constables and officers—these in their own opinion as good as their masters, and often with a trustier vassalage—their bickerings for this dowry or that, or that or this inheritance, would fill a library and be dry literature to boot. Yet from this effervescent fount, tinged with the virtues and the vices of the Moor, springs modern Spain.

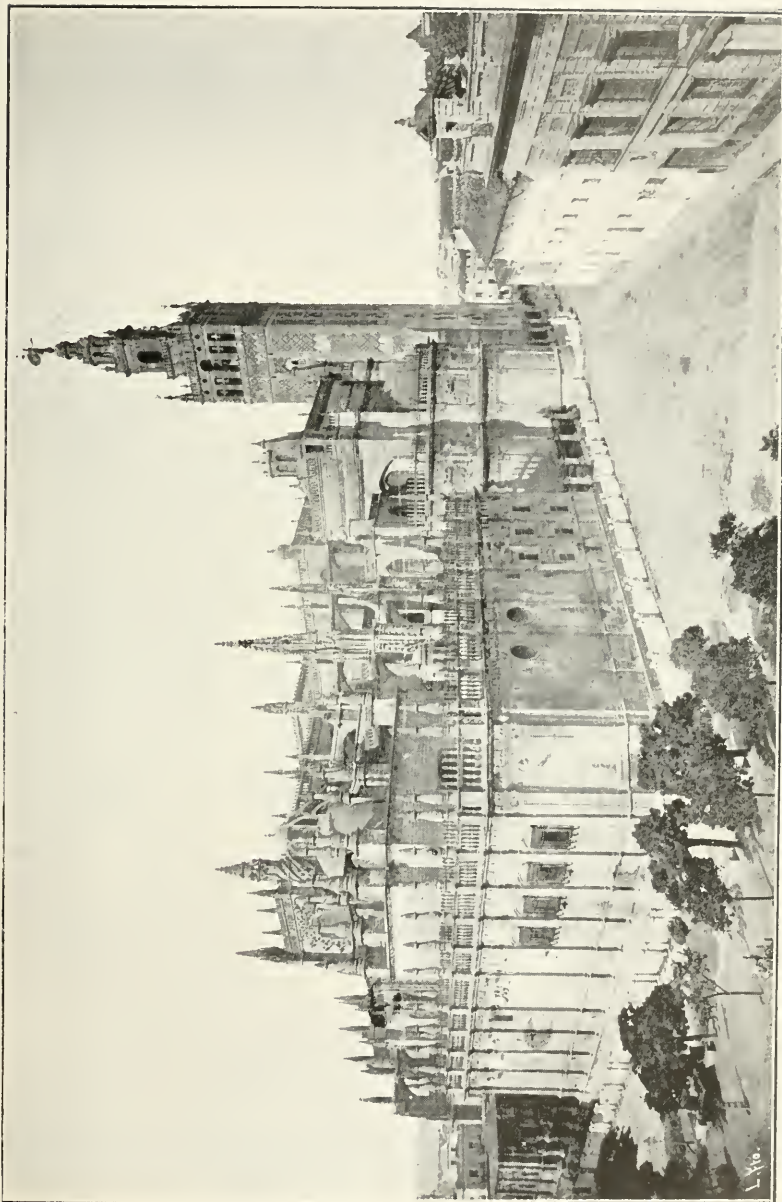
Spain of to-day consists of forty-eight provinces, including the Canary Islands. The distribution is political merely, and it is always well to bear in mind the older kingdoms (regions, principalities, or counties, as the case may be) of Cataluña, Aragón, Andalusia, Castile (Old and New), Extremadura, León, Navarra, Vizcaya, Valencia, Murcia, Galicia, and Asturias.

The Catalán is only half a Spaniard. His traditions are from over the Pyrenees, and the old Count-Kings of Barcelona were thoroughly Provençal in speech and sympathies, and in their way of living. The Cataláns are, and always have

been, a nation of the warrior and trader combined, and the uncommercial proclivities of Spain at large, and the attempts of the rest of the Peninsula to exploit too far the toilsomely acquired wealth of Cataluña, have bred more than one grave rebellion. Among themselves Cataláns of all classes speak Catalán invariably, and stoutly claim for it the dignity of a language. It is, in fact, of great antiquity and some merit and distinction, possesses a stable literature, and shows but little tendency to be supplanted by Castilian.

Cataluña of to-day is a people of workmen, or of workmen who have risen to be capitalists. In many a dingy *fábrica* the master labours among his *operarios*, blue-bloused as they, his meals and tastes as simple as their own. His men rise with the lark, and work sturdily till nightfall. They earn a tolerable wage, and spend but part of it. A drunkard is rare, but socialism—and worse, anarchy, abounds. Perhaps it is because the Catalán workman knows himself to be the prime factor of his city's prosperity, and has acquired just sufficient learning to be dangerous, that he commonly goes too far, exaggerates his fitting self-esteem, and turns anarchist, so that Barcelona may be said to be the world's academy of this morbid creed. Apart from these disastrous leanings he is an excellent clothweaver, hatmaker, builder, carpenter, or ironworker—and taking one thing with another his commonwealth has reason to be proud of him.

Subsequently to setting down the above short estimate of this fine people, I have unearthed the *Descripción General de España* of Verdejo Páez—a



(To face p. 4.)

SEVILLE: THE CATHEDRAL AND THE GIRALDA.

(From a photograph by Laurent, Madrid.)

diligent little work, written in the twenties of last century, but still of value. According to Verdejo, the Cataláns are "robust, well-formed, and comely; reliable in their dealings, frugal, capable men of business, honourable, active, good soldiers, steadfast, enterprising, and hardworking to a degree. Of sober habits, and devoted to their usages and language, they have often struggled hard to win their independence. Though they have been taxed with violent temper and unamiable address, they are hospitable, kind-hearted, and of an unaffected and ingenuous nature."

All this chimes in precisely with my own experiences in Cataluña; and Cervantes, who read character as few are ever likely to read it again, proclaims the Cataláns "a courteous people, terrible when angered, yet naturally suave and peace-loving, though"—he qualifies admiringly—"prone to sacrifice their lives in defence of their honour."

The Aragonese are as worthy as any of the occupants of Spain. More given to agriculture than the Cataláns, they live by preference in the open, and are muscular, vigorous, and comely. Their look is frank and fearless, their temper cheerful without being frivolous, and kind and sympathetic to a degree.

In spite of these virtues, the Aragonese plebeian, or *baturro* as he is nicknamed, is regarded by the lighter-natured Spaniards as a capital fellow at bottom, but rather dull, and slow to realize the *adelantos* of this century. He figures often in the comic journals, and many a laugh is raised at his expense, but he is a general favourite, notwithstand-

ing, and *bueno como el pan*—"as good as bread." The worthy Verdejo says:—"The distinctive qualities of the Aragonese are bravery, faithfulness, and sturdiness in maintaining an opinion, but they wax obstinate on occasions. Their soldiery has always figured high among the Spanish armies for its resolute bearing. They are a people usually taciturn, and their manners are so devoid of affectation as to appear at first sight brusque, and even offensively so, particularly among the peasantry. But the educated classes, by reason of their wit and frankness, rank high in society."

The Andalusians must not be taken like a pill, seriously, or they go to pieces. They live to be amused, these epicureans of Iberia. The sorry process we reluctantly term *life* and turn our noses up at, is for them a pageant set with fairs and rouses, balls and bullfights. Money they dispense with. He who in Andalusia has not the wherewithal to eat, lies stomach downwards on the highway, and the sky and sunshine nourish him with slumber:—

"Fast asleep? It is no matter :
Enjoy the honey-heavy dew of slumber :
Thou hast no figures, nor no fantasies
Which busy care draws in the brains of men :
Therefore thou sleepest so sound."

His whole existence is a cycle of delicious emotions. Wine, women, and the guitar; women, the guitar, and wine; the guitar, wine, and women—with sleep for *entr'actes*; so "slips his world away"—and work, and wealth, and politics go hang. Yet jealousy and revenge are none the less agreeable



(To face p. 6.)

CATALÁNS.

(From a photograph by Laurent, Madrid.)

to him when his dormant frenzies are aroused, and once his blood is up and he sticks a knife into his neighbour, he finds a joy in driving the blade haft-deep into the victim's abdomen, and sleeps, in jail, more soundly for the recollection of his skill. If you have an eye for the artistic, and a nose that can defy the congregated smells of Christendom, be sure to step inside an Andalusian prison. Any warder will show you round for a *peseta*. Such perfect filth. Such perfect inaction. Such perfect *insouciance*. Such rarely savage faces. You will remember the experience to your last day, even though, unlike poor Borrow, you make the entrance in an amateurish style, and as a self-incarcerated visitor.

The Castilian is quite the fine gentleman, the *flor y nata* of the Spains. His is the Court, and he sets the mode for the enlightenment of hinds provincial. He is polite and pleasure-loving, with something of a leaning to the superficial, but the heart more often than not is good material, and the brain perceptive and intelligent. Cervantes, Lope de Vega, Garcilaso de la Vega, Quevedo, Calderón, Moratín, and Quintana were *Castellanos netos*, and the mantle of their merits and *ingenio* has fallen, in some degree, upon the moderns of Madrid and Old and New Castile.

In what he says of the Extremadurans, the Leonese, the Murcians, the Navarros, the Valencians, and the Vizcaínos, I agree so nearly with Verdejo, that he shall speak for me:—

The Extremadurans are "clear-headed, sagacious, and honourable, very reserved, strongly built, and excellent soldiers. Unfortunately they mar these

sterling qualities by living in idleness and self-abstraction, and by allowing themselves to be carried away by their short and difficult temper."

The natives of León are "serious and straightforward, silent, honourable, and of simple habits and ready intellect. In spite of their industriousness, they enjoy few commodities, since their want of property reduces them to the category of mere labourers, or tenants of estates which are owned by the *mayorazgos* or *comunidades*." To-day this state of things has slightly altered for the better.

The Navarros are "grave, reserved, supporters of their rights, brave, industrious, active in running and leaping, and at games of ball. Though somewhat slow-witted, they are capable of tuition, and once they acquire a lesson, remember and improve upon it. Some people accuse them of being capricious and intractable. They know Castilian, but in their daily intercourse prefer a Frenchified *Vascuence* (Basque)."

The Vizcaínos, who comprise "the natives of the three provinces (Alava, Vizcaya, and Guipúzcoa), are generally called *Viscainos* by the rest of Spain. They regard themselves as having been the primitive inhabitants of the Peninsula, and retain the nature of the old Cantabrians, albeit softened by the influence of civilization. Still, they are high-spirited and courageous, alert and active, true to their word, kindly and hardworking, but obstinate in defending their opinion.

"The women are tall and powerful, agreeable of feature, fresh-complexioned, and of pleasant speech.

They work in the fields side by side with the men, help to load and unload freight in the sea-ports, and make no scruple to handle an oar."

The Valencian is "well-built, active, cheerful, frank, and hardworking, clever at his studies, but inclined to be restless and effeminate. The women are pretty, and noted for their cleanliness and pleasant manners. There is no village in Valencia province where the Spanish tongue is not known, but the natives speak a language derived from the Limousin, and softened by the character of its speakers and the sweetness of the climate."

Here Verdejo is again supported by the verdict of Cervantes. "Valencia," avers the great Castilian, in his *Pérsiles y Segismunda*, "famous for all that makes it rich and lovely above all other cities of Spain and even of the whole of Europe, and chiefly for the beauty of its women, their extreme cleanliness, and pretty language."

There is a silly proverb in Castilian, which says—

*"Valenciano ó Catalán
Si no te lo han hecho te lo harán." **

It is possible that the doggerel is more ill-natured than veracious, and certainly the verdict of Baron Rosmithal that "the Cataláns are a treacherous and damned race, calling themselves Christians, but wickedder than heathen," is wholly wide of the mark.

* "A Valencian or a Catalán—if he hasn't paid you out yet, he will some day."

The Murcians, according to Verdejo, "are less lively than the Valencians, but resolute and fitted for war, in which pursuit they have produced some notable captains. They are ready-witted, quick at study, and attached to their country, leaving it with reluctance. Those of the north tend to be apathetic, churlish, and sullen, while the coast-dwellers are more refined, sociable, and industrious. They speak Castilian, with an admixture of Arabic and Valencian, and with a slight lisp resembling that of the Andalusians. Their accent is far from disagreeable, especially that of the women, who are amiable and expressive."

The Galician (*Gallego*) is a mingling of many qualities. He is diligent, thrifty, and sober. He knows how to make money, and keep himself from spending it, trusting to time to accumulate a decent capital. If selfishness be not a positive crime, he is selfish. If it is, I waive my accusation for the sake of courtesy, but I think none the less that he must have been the author of the *refrán*—

"*Más cerca están mis dientes que mis parientes.*"*

As a menial or worker where little or no intellect is required, he is beyond compare, and the bulk of Spanish hotel-waiters, stablemen, and suchlike underlings are Galicians. He is a pachyderm from whom the shafts of contumely and derision that riddle other men and send them gasping to an early grave, fall blunted and innocuous; a lucky thing for him, since

* "My teeth are nearer to me than my relations."

he is the standard butt for half the merriment of the Peninsula. A silly fellow in a cartoon—*Gallegu*, a clownish recruit—*Gallegu*, a Diggory at the dining-table—*Gallegu*, for sheer stupidity relieved by a dash of cunning—*Gallegu*, a buffoon of any age or category—*Gallegu*.

His thick head well befits his double face. He has the wit to say one thing and mean another. If I meet a Galician where two roads meet, and politely ask: "Which leads to village X—road A, or road B?" what does the Galician do? To begin with, he does nothing. He makes no answer. He *thinks*, and the following is the labyrinthine process of his reasoning. "This man wants to learn the way to X, where I live. What does he want to know the way to X for? Does he want me? What does he want me for? Does he want to abduct my wife, or steal my poultry, or cheat me at a bargain? Perhaps; very likely; probably—*no doubt at all*." And the answer comes at last, with an illustrative and perfectly shameless wave of the arms: "B is the road, Señor. *Vaya Vd. con Diós*."

If I be a mere tourist, unaccustomed to Galician pleasantries, and follow road B, I end my pilgrimage three leagues from village X, and cursing the kind Galician; but if I be initiated, through previous personal experiment or having studied *The Land of the Dons*, I murmur a grateful *gracias*, and briskly stride along road A, reflecting: "This good fellow has set me right, after the Galician fashion; lucky I met someone to tell me." And the Galician either goes his way, confessing to his chagrin that the stranger is not such a fool as he looks, or

else accompanies you to see what you want with village X, and him, his poultry, and his wife. Such is the rule of the road in Galicia.

The Asturians, a sturdy race of mountaineers, honest and fairly truthful, are the Galician much improved. "*Gallegos y asturianos*," runs the saying, "*primos hermanos*."* Verdejo says of them:—"Their country is rugged, their population large and not remarkably hardworking. These considerations induce a number of Asturians to migrate and seek a living in Madrid or elsewhere as water-sellers, servants, or porters, while their wives stay at home to mind the crops and the cattle. However they may be employed, they conserve a certain nobleness of disposition, and are honest, faithful, law-abiding, intensely loyal to their king and creed, devotedly patriotic, and brave and patient in misfortune. Those who do not leave Asturias dedicate themselves to agriculture and cattle breeding. They live soberly and without vices, for which reason they are a healthy people, and it is frequent to find among them centenarians who retain the vigour and the freshness of their youth."

Such are the main characteristics of the peoples of Spain, considered, as they should be, singly. Some qualities they share together. As a rule, they have neither learned to love the foreigner nor to loathe him. They simply do not exercise themselves about him. If he comes to Spain, he is more or less *chiflado* (cracked) for not staying at home or going elsewhere; but his *chifladura* is his own

* "The Galicians and the Asturians are first cousins."

affair, and the bucket goes to the well and the grist to the mill much the same as previously.

Guicciardini, the Florentine Ambassador at the court of Ferdinand the Catholic, described the Spaniards as "swarthy, low of stature, stern of character, and of adust complexion. They are," he wrote, "a haughty race, and believe no others may compare with them. They weigh their words well, and affect a greater consequence than they possess. They dislike foreigners and treat them sourly. Of warlike temper, more so, perhaps, than any other Christian people, they are peculiarly fitted for the profession of arms, being skilful and adroit of limb."

The Countess D'Aulnoy observes sententiously—"Let us render unto Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's. It is certain that every Spaniard who receives a good education and who travels, makes a better use than anyone else of his studies and observations. . . . It is easy to discover qualities which do him honour—a generous nature, brave, discreet, and open-hearted; such gifts, in fine, as go to grace the perfect cavalier." And elsewhere she records that "as a rule they are exceedingly temperate in their drinking, and a drunken man is very rare. The worst insult you can pay a Spaniard is to call him a drunkard, and their pride is on a par with their temperance."*

They are good talkers and listeners, perhaps a trifle superficial, but pleasant and vivacious. Their

* *Journey in Spain*. By the Countess D'Aulnoy. First Spanish Edition. Madrid, 1891.

facile conversation led Bacon to record the opinion, current in his day, that "the French are wiser than they seem, and the Spaniards seem wiser than they are." Perhaps *better-informed* would be more precise than *wiser*.

The Spanish pride to which her ladyship alluded is not an easy emotion to analyse, although it appears to be chiefly based upon the *hereditary* consciousness, piously transmitted from father to son, that Spain was once the grandest nation in the world. This pride is quite extreme in its exaggeration, and I have discovered some curious anecdotes which illustrate it. They relate, it is true, to older times, but the national sentiment remains unchanged. On one occasion the Countess, who was passing through Burgos, was sent a dish of meat by the Archbishop. "A moment later, Don Federico de Cardona, who had learned what was proceeding, came in with a great vessel of silver, the cover of which was locked, as is the Spanish custom. On asking the cook for the key, he replied, being loth, no doubt, to divide his master's dinner among so many, that he had lost it. Whereupon Don Federico, waxing angry, was for complaining to the Archbishop, and threatened the cook, so that an unpleasant scene ensued, which I could overhear from my room. But what amazed me most was the rejoinder of the cook, who said: 'I'll stand no browbeating, not I, *being an old Christian, and as noble as the king, or nobler.*'" And alluding to the Vizcaínos and Navarros the same writer says—"They all regard themselves as gentlemen, even to the water-sellers."



(To face p. 14.)

(From a photograph by Laurent, Madrid)

CASTILIAN PEASANTS (GUADALAJARA).

It is a singular fact that every Vizcaíno has the right to prefix the ennobling *de* to his surname. "I am honourable," declares the official to Governor Sancho Panza, "*because I am of Biscay.*" This Basque ideal of democracy is preferable to the French; for the Frenchman endeavours, as it were, to dwarf the social status of his rulers; the Vizcaíno, to raise his intellectual and political inferiors to a social level strictly identical with his own: and it is better to aim at making a community equally noble, than at making them equally base.

In 1637 a French lackey in the service of the Papal Nuncio was whipped through the streets of Madrid for rescuing a prisoner from the *alguaciles*. But another lackey, who had contributed to the offence, was pardoned, for having the good fortune to be a Vizcaíno, he was able to prove himself by document an *hidalgo* (noble), and so they forbore to whip him." What would Charles James Yellowplush say to these prerogatives among his Spanish brethren?

The Spanish woman is a very noble creature,

"In softness as in firmness far above remoter females."

She is not highly educated, but that is refreshing in these days of woman lawyers, graduates, and similar monstrosities. The appreciative Countess dwelt with rapture upon the qualities and graces of the Spanish women—their "tiny feet, no bigger than those of a five-year-old child," and little hands, "white and delicately shaped. They possess," she said, "a native wit in which they far outdistance us. They love to praise, and do so nobly, gaily, and with

discernment. Their retentive memory is astonishing, and rivals their quickness of imagination. They are tender-hearted—more so, occasionally, than is convenient. Their reading is bad, their penmanship worse, but they make good use of their studies, and the little they write is opportune and to the point.”

“ Their features are fine, and finely cut, but their thinness is surprising. As a rule they are dark and pale, with a smooth, delicate skin. Doubtless they are less attacked by the small-pox than are the inhabitants of other countries, since few of them are pockmarked.

“ Their hair is as black as ebony, and very lustrous, although they take but little care of it, using generally but a single comb. . . . Their eyes are matchless, ardent, and expressive, speaking so sweet and eloquent a language that even were the beauty of her eyes her only merit, the Spanish woman would still be lovely and captivating.”

She is at least as chaste as the women of any other cultured country. Her inborn pride assists her to an indifference to the wiles of man—to a feminine wariness, so to speak, that in itself is a protecting quality, and if any foreign cub who has tripped through Spain as a commercial traveller, or what not, tells you that the temperament of Spanish women collectively is ardent to the point of immorality, and that with them it is a simple case of *llegar y besar al santo*,* set him down as a liar at once.

* “ To reach the saint and kiss him.” An expression used figuratively of anything that is particularly simple of accomplishment.

Indeed, the Spanish female is by no means the passionate vessel she is represented by the tourist, nor does she carry a knife in her garter (I speak from experience), as your hotel waiter (*¡guasón!*) will have you believe. She is an affectionate wife, rating her marital duties very high, and the most devoted of mothers, indulgent almost to a fault.

CHAPTER II.

INTROSPECTIVE AND GEOGRAPHICAL.

THE extent of Spain is rather over half a million square kilometres. Three mountain systems cross the country laterally. The northernmost stretches from Cape Creux to Cape Finisterre, and is composed of the Pyrenees proper—from Cape Creux to Cape Higuer, in the Bay of Biscay—the Cantabrian Mountains, the Mountains of Asturias, and the Mountains of Galicia, terminating in Finisterre. To the left of the Asturian Mountains a dependent chain, the Mountains of León, breaks off and winds into Portugal.

The central system includes the Cordillera Ibérica and the Cordillera Carpeto-Vetónica. The former embraces the Sierra Moncayo and Montes de Oca, which form, together with several minor ranges, the boundary of thirteen provinces. The second Cordillera comprises the ranges of Somosierra, Guadarrama, Estrella, Navacerrada, Gata, and Gredos, besides various groups of slighter importance. It is a portion of this Cordillera which parts the Old and New Castiles, and intersects the very heart of Spain.

The southern system is composed of the Cordilleras Oreto-Herminiana, Mariánica, and Peni-

bética. The first of these, starting from the Sierra de Cuenca, takes the successive names of the Mountains of Toledo, Sierra de Guadalupe, Puerto de Santa Cruz, Sierra de Montánchez, and Sierra de San Mamed. The remainder is in Portugal. The Mountains of Toledo and the Sierra de Guadalupe lie nearly a hundred kilometres to the south of, and parallel with, the great central Cordillera, while the Tagus courses about equidistant between the two.

The Cordillera Mariánica springs from the humble Sierra de Alcaráz, west of Albacete, swells into the Sierra Morena and Serranía de Córdoba, and dwindles into the Sierras Guadalcanal and Aroche, terminating on the southern coast at Ayamonte, on the Portuguese frontier. But the giantry of Spanish peaks lie in the Cordillera Penibética, or southern group, which traverses the Andalusian provinces of Málaga, Granada, and Cádiz, and closes at Gibraltar. It includes the Sierras of Almijara, Alhama, Abdalajis, Tolox, Ronda, Mijas, and Bermeja.

To one who is familiar with the country these mountains bear an unmistakable individualism; so much so that were he to be conveyed blindfold to every quarter of the country in turn, and the bandage to be stripped at intervals from his eyes, the merest glance would tell him where he was, and what Sierra he was confronting. "These russet peaks," he would declare, "are the Sierra Bermeja, or Red Mountains, that travel from the sea to the highlands of Ronda"; or, "these, with their needle spires, are the Sierra de Gredos, in Avila province. Yon granite heights, again, whose valleys are cool, and shady, and

well-watered at every season of the year, are of Asturias. This grayish mass, with fantastic overhanging boulders, and a monastery poised upon its abrupt side, is the famous Monserrat, where the Virgin of the Black Face is still adorned and worshipped by pious pilgrims. Yonder is the *aldea* of Collbató, a placid hamlet whose olive-groves fringe the mountain, and not far away from both the silver Llobregat, misnamed the red, runs sparkling to the sea. Here, yet again, is Monseny, a spur of the Catalán Pyrenees. I recognise its saddle shape, and the cottages upon its flank. And these, with adulating hills about their feet, and the eternal snows upon their crest, wrapped in their velvety robes of blue and purple mist, or flushing carmine with the sunset, are surely the emperors and the autocrats of Spanish mountaindom—the Sierra Nevada of the glorious Andalusias.”

Spain’s principal rivers are but few: the Ebro, Douro, Tagus, Guadiana, Guadalquivir, Segura, Jucar, and Miño. Of these, the Ebro, which rises at Fuentes de Ebro, in the beautiful valley of Reinosa, disembogues into the Mediterranean, as do the Jucar and Segura; the remainder into the Atlantic; and Tagus is the longest, picking his lonely path across the deserts of New Castile to where

“Imperial Toledo’s tawny stream
Rolls round his rocky brink.”

“In proportion,” says Carrasco, “as the greater part of the Spanish coast is smiling, cheerful, and diversified, so are the central regions dreary and monotonous, even where the soil is most productive;



(*For text, p. 20.*)

VALENCIA: THE RETURN OF THE FISHING-BOATS.
(*From a photograph by the Author.*)

and this uniformity of desolation increases as the traveller nears Madrid. After traversing, for instance, the broken yet pleasant lands of Biscay, Guipúzcoa, and Alava, he finds himself upon the vast Castilian plateaux, where nothing may be spied beyond a tree bole twisted by the wind. A few forests of oak and pine have escaped the fire or axe, no doubt because they lie remote from any human habitation; but the pernicious custom of destroying them is so general that even single trees are felled or uprooted under the pretext of their harbouring birds."

This sombre illustration exhibits the dominant feature of Spanish scenery in general—its treelessness. In Spain there are no trees worth mentioning, save in Biscay or Asturias, or where, perhaps, in Cataluña

*"Sæpius ventis agitur ingens
Pinus"*—

but these are the exceptions which corroborate the rule.

Though once upon a time the Peninsula was certainly better wooded than at present (an ancient record makes mention of a forest round about Madrid!), centuries of thriftless war succeeded, and the surface of the land was razed completely. Despite a royal order of 1518 for the state protection of trees, and apparently "more honoured in the breach than in the observance," matters went steadily from bad to worse, and when, under the House of Austria, Spain was overtaken by the ruin I shall illustrate in the closing chapters of this work; when the country was quite depopulated of all industrious and honest folk, such scanty forests as

were left became the camping-ground of numberless hordes of brigands and marauders, peaceful beings fled from their vicinity in terror, and the bandits, unmeddled with by justice, consumed the precious timber to their heart's content.

In 1562 it was necessary to send to Flanders for the wood to build a ship or two at Barcelona; and even the oars of the galleys were made in Italy. The whole of Biscay only furnished enough material for four thousand pikes for the soldiery, and a few years later various towns petitioned the king that they "might freely import it from abroad, where there is traffic in wood, and better care is taken of the trees."

Myself, I view the matter philosophically. Spain is the land *par excellence* wherein to practise resignation. I have even gone a step further, and learned to positively hate the sight of a tree:—

" *Ille et nefasto te posuit die
Quicunque primum, et sacrilega manu
Produxit, arbos.*"

After all, do we not feel ourselves a good many inches nearer heaven when we contemplate it face to face, and not through balking interlacements of foliage?

There is, in fact, a noble freedom about a typical Spanish landscape. It is the worst of England that wherever you go, you feel you are treading on someone's property. Our puny islet is parcelled out into infinitesimal scraps of soil, over which sit growling owners. The time will come when British earth will be weighed in a chemist's balance by the ounce or

grain, and grass admeasured by the yard, like so much ribbon. Wherever you look or step, you are constrained by truculent notice-boards and watchdogs, by turnstiles and padlocked gates, and fences horrid with barbed wire, by thorny hedges and treacherous haw-haws, by bailiffs and mantraps, and gamekeepers with loaded guns and unfraternal language. Tread where you choose, move where you may, your skin is in perpetual jeopardy. You will be shot, or bitten, or fall into a ditch, or be fined by frowning justices.

But in nearly all of the Peninsula you are the temporary lord of what you see. You may strike a line due north or south, from Avila to Burgos, or Madrid to the Sierra Morena; not a soul will ask your business, never a wall or fence arrest you; and even if your way lies through the thicklier peopled districts, you may be stared at, or maybe interrogated, but you will never be repelled. The Spaniards, in a word, are, once you learn their language, the most complaisant of all mortals.

“ Their manners are more gentle kind than of
Our human generation you shall find
Many, nay, almost any.”

The Basques, to cite a single instance, are the noblest-hearted and most obliging fellows in the world, and to make these qualities more enjoyable, their country, worthy of its spirited occupants, is beautiful beyond description. The five hours' journey from Zumárraga to Bilbao must haunt your memory for ever. The train—half train, half tram—with the seats of the third-class coaches ranged lengthways,

and a little open platform abutting on them, winds amid chain upon chain of imposing mountains, verdure-clad and reaching their highest with the peak of the Gorbea near Durango. The engine curls to right and left alternately, and emerging at length from leveller expanses and the slopes of the lesser foothills, wheels higher and higher, piping shrilly and bearing you upwards on its vigorous frame like Sinbad in the clutches of the roc. Precipice and gorge, gorge and precipice, succeed each other with dizzy suddenness. Each curve reveals a new and startling prospect; but far beneath you may continually espy some tranquil valley yellow with wheat, where women and men, bending over the harvest in merry comradeship, pause to wave their hands as the train screams by and overhead of them. The brushwood is dense and lovely, the meadows are greener than those of England, and the houses along the wayside are picturesque and venerable—not spruce and white-washed like those of Andalusia, but of a tawny or gray stone that appears to have turned colour from very age. Their shape is not dissimilar to that of the Swiss chalets, and a wooden staircase commonly runs outside from the basement to the only storey. No dwellings I have seen have looked so old as these; yet they have nothing of the ramshackle or tumble-down. They seem to have grown solidly and bodily into the crests and bosoms of the hills, becoming an inseparable and essential part of nature.

In other quarters of the world a railway station is a squalid and detestable spot, a Styx over which we must perforce be ferried in order to migrate from one place to another. But here, in the Basque

provinces, it is nothing of the kind. It is the fashionable promenade. The aristocracy of the neighbourhood pace the platform; the marriageable maidens dressed in their finest and raking the train windows with their bright eyes in search of sweethearts. I thoroughly endorse this custom, which revolutionizes railway stations. Nobody seems to be bent upon any definite errand, or to travel from a sense of obligation. Nothing is to be descried of frantic passengers struck on the shins by top-heavy trucks misguided by a groaning porter, or of importunate and vociferous newsboys, or door-slamming guards with whistles. Only a score or so of smiling damsels tripping arm-in-arm, some four or five abreast, like a picket of pacific Amazons. The train pauses, as it were, to glance at them, and then resume its fantastic journey. Who would not wish all railway stations to be the same?

Bilbao, capital of that favoured region, is typical of the Basques. Its pride is stamped upon the walls of its public buildings as indelibly as features on a face—the Church of San Nicolás, the Ayuntamiento, and so forth. It is a busy city; but its business is conducted genteelly, without hurrying, and the streets, though traversed by abundant traffic, wear a dignified and sober aspect; while the *ría*—as the river is called—also dignified and slow of step, is specked with vessels winding gracefully, but slowly, to and from the sea, twelve miles away. I was struck by the absence of hackney carriages. Requiring one to carry me out to dinner, grave faces met me, and doubting looks and whispers. The management of my hotel united in

solemn conclave. At last the hostess, who figured as chairwoman, informed me that a coach could be ordered, but would cost me very dear. "Oho!" I replied, "and what is *very dear*?" "Why, three *pesetas* at the very least." "Well," I rejoined, "three *pesetas* it must be;" and the coach was bespoken. Within a half-hour it arrived, and not one but three domestics, and finally the landlady, rapped at my door to remind me that it was waiting. I descended the stairs tardily, between reproachful-looking files of chambermaids, and found the coach in the street, surrounded by an eager knot of worshippers, as though it were a fetish. Though not so considerable as the structures described by the Countess D'Aulnoy a couple of centuries ago, it resembled the family coaches of history or tradition, and would have accommodated, without squeezing, the entire progeny of a biblical patriarch, or of Bishop Potts of Salt Lake City. It was harnessed to a pair of venerable mules, garished with ribbons and festooned with tinkling bells. The driver, a centenarian or thereabouts, stood by the door; indeed, he appeared to have been born upon the vehicle, or in it, or under it, and to have never stirred away from it ever since. He held the door open for me civilly, but with the air of one conferring a favour. His manner and gestures were so noble that I quailed before him. It seemed an infamy to chaffer with this *hidalgo* over a cab fare; but just as I prepared to enter, my mercenary British temperament got the better of me. "One moment," I cried. "What will you charge to drive me to the Gran Via?" "Three *pesetas*," he replied frigidly. The price, corroborating my hostess' pro-

phesy, was not extravagant—a little less than half-a-crown; but as I mounted, my conscience smote me pungently. I had demeaned myself before this nobleman, and once the door was closed I drew down the blinds and buried my face, abashed, among the ample cushions.

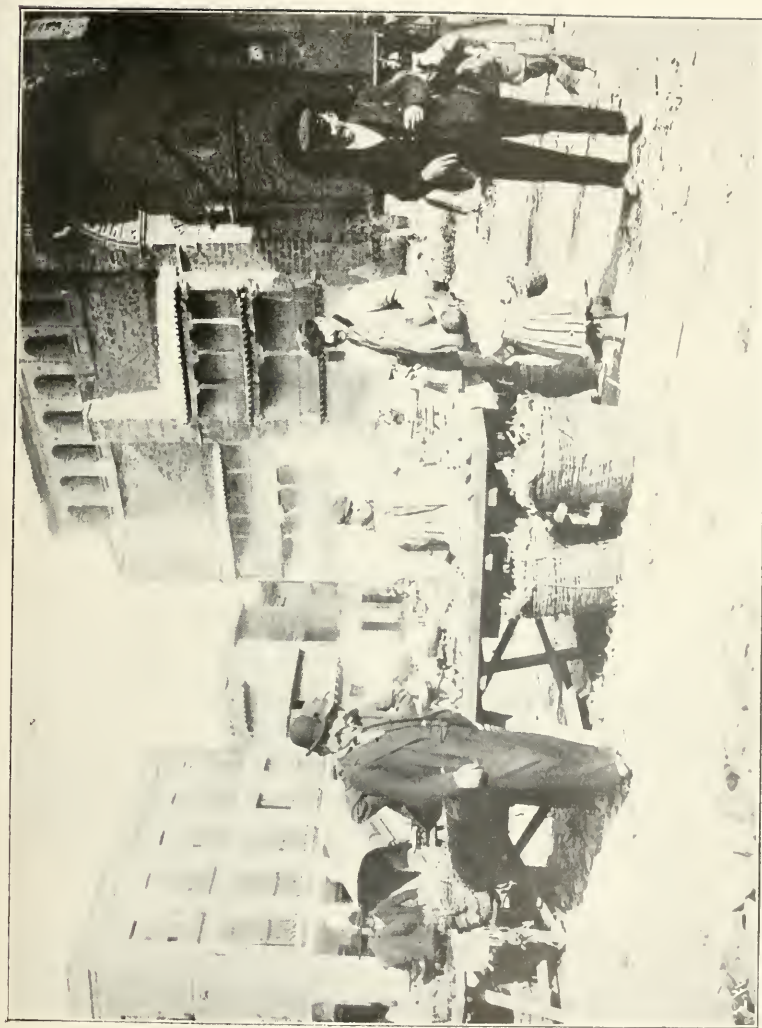
As for those royal deserts of Castile, I love them heart and soul. Their splendid desolation and Bohemian beauty form a spirited interruption in sordid city life, or the dull banality of cultivated landscapes. Even if you descry a castle on a hill it is a ruin, a mere “worm-eaten hold of rugged stone.” A bird or so, bound God knows whither—it seems into another world, so vast is the horizon—sweeps songlessly across their surface; or where at intervals a patch of land is tilled, a corn crop waves refreshingly, and thereabout a group of hinds are bending to their *faenas agrícolas*. You spy them from afar, as busy and as small as ants. They may be chattering and laughing, but their voices perish in the limitless ether long before they reach you. Or else an *arriero* goes by upon his beast, dangling his legs across the *alforja*. A careless picture he. His broad-brimmed hat is over both his eyes. Verily he sleeps in the saddle; and should he troll a guttural *copla*, it filters through the infinite, and reaching you in whispering music resolves itself into your lullaby as soothingly as his.

I find no other epithet or phrase to illustrate these glorious wastes, for none will fit. I am describing vacancy, and that is why I love them, for in a world where *much* is cheap as dirt, is it not pleasant to stumble on a little *nothing*. So thought

Ulysses, when he said, "My name is *Nobody*." So thought Cervantes when he led his hero across Manchegan plains—a limitless field for the imagination to go roaming in.

How different from these deserts are the coasts of Andalusia "that edge the Mediterranean flote." They seem another continent. A boundless richness overspreads them all; but more especially the southern borders of the provinces of Málaga and Cádiz, and the *Campo* of Gibraltar—those fertile, peaceful plains, edged by the Serranía de Ronda, wherefrom, "if the weather be fine, the eye of the traveller roams over a vast expanse of peerless Andalusia, over tracts of mountain, and foothill, and valley, and deeply azure sea, past the cork woods of Almoraima to Algeciras, the "green islet" of old; then across the Bay of Gibraltar to the grey rock of Calpe, and over the straits, studded with many a sail, to bright Tangier and the shores of Barbary. It is all like an inestimably lovely picture, that needed but one cunning master-stroke to make it perfect as an earthly thing may be, and lo, in the radiant, overcrowning summer sky, that stroke is made. It is a prospect never to forget."

Between Jimena and Arriate the Sierra breaks away from the pastures, and rises to its loftiest and grandest. Through steep and narrow clefts the interpenetrating sunlight strikes from the rocks a living mass of colour, all shades of red, and grey, and blue, relieved with saxifrage and lichen; and the coldest and purest of streams burrows its resistless passage through the adamantine



(To face p. 28)

(From a photograph by the Author.)

A COUNTRY MARKET PLACE (MANZANARES).

bowels of the mountain. Its waters are of the palest emerald green, save where some fallen boulder breaks them into foamy sheets "whiter than new snow on a raven's back."

Hereabouts, where now the train or coach pursues its tranquil way, was once the hardest of the fighting between the Moors and the Christians. A grand and fitting theatre of battle! Through these very defiles have wound the armored hosts of Ferdinand and Isabella, and the turbaned squadrons of the heathen:

"Their spirits wrapt the dusky mountain,
 Their memory sparkled o'er the fountain,
 The meanest rill, the mightiest river,
 Rolled mingling with their fame for ever."

Typical, too, of Andalusia is a *hacienda* or fruit farm, such as I visited not long ago. When I started to ride from Málaga, it was not yet five of a calm September morning, but the sky was already lit, and wreaths of smoke from many a roof twined azure as the heaven, as though ashamed to stain so delicate a clearness. The neighbouring mountains, gold, olive, sage, and terra cotta, specked with white cottages like flakes of snow fallen by some mischance in torrid autumn, threw their warm shadows one across another, or stood apart like sentinels in lucent uniform: while the pearly horizon of the west was fringed with the glittering facets of the great Sierra, floating so far above and beyond their foothills as not to seem of earth, but parted by unpierceable space from these to their ethereal selves.

The sun, "with broad and burning face," rose higher and higher above the mountain tops; and now came villagers to market, chattering in merry troops, basket on arm, or *contrabandistas* in single file from the highlands of Gaucín and Castellar. One and all these respectable lawbreakers saluted me, glancing at my thoroughbred with something akin to envy; but they let me pass, and grinned companionably. Time was they would have called to me to stand and deliver; but alack! the modern Spanish smuggler is a sad decadent. He mounts, indeed, as strapping and as sleek a beast as his forefathers; he swears as lustily and smokes as hard; but his conduct is timorous and kind towards his fellow-men, and he slings a Remington to his *alforja*, instead of the bell-mouthed, business-like *trabuco* of the good old days.

Even the smugglers, then, were gracious, and as I galloped onward, singing for very health of body and lightness of heart, dogs barked about the clattering hoofs, and children scurried, and labourers striding far afield shouted a quick *adiós*, or waved their hand. The air grew noisier and warmer, the sunlight more intense; and over the face of nature crept that movement, as it were of wakefulness, which is the earnest of the full-grown, glorious, open day.

At length I turned aside under a crumbling archway, which bore inscribed upon the lintel the words "La Hacienda de Santa Eulalia." The mansion, at the end of a long drive, was spruce and new, though partly covered with climbing creeper, and winter roses twinkling through the glossy leaves like brilliants in a brunette's hair. This softened the

harsh configuration of the masonry, while over the low roof—for there was but a single storey—a cluster of adjacent trees declined their shadowy mass of varicoloured foliage. The front door opened onto a gravel space. Upon the side of this remoter from the house stood a deep tank, and above the water (which was full), and reached by a short flight of steps, was a wooden summerhouse of rustic workmanship. Further abroad extended a grove of walnut trees and arbuté and syringa bushes, and a garden whose walks went in and out amid a labyrinth of roses—red, yellow, orange, damask, white, pink, carmine, cream, magenta—all shades, and shapes, and sizes. The cosmical blaze of hue was almost oppressive; yet the brightest of summer was over, and nature's pruning-shears, the breaths of autumn, had lopped a leaf or blossom here and there. Gathered in little heaps those prunings lay, or swirling idly to the faint south breeze, their murderer. The same mellow gold—a lovelier colour than death deserves—was tinging one and all in their decay, twining frond and shrinking stem, and the severed roseleaves, odorous to the last, that strewed the paths in prodigal disorder.

We dined simply. A couple of eggs *à la plato*, a joint, dessert. The ladies moved away to their *siesta*, my host and I, lighting our cigars, to inspect the farm. Beyond the grove we broke upon a hill, and, cut along its slope, the terrace where the raisins dry. With the aroma of these the air was sweet and heavy, and alive with the hum of a myriad feasting insects. In a large shed—one of several—some score of labourers were packing the sun-dried

fruit, ordering it with their brown, nervous fingers, or pressing it under boards; and I noticed that every raisin they touched into its place as carefully as a proud mother settles the curls on her child's forehead. Leaving the sheds, we crossed a glen where cucumbers in countless shoals bestrewed the light, loamy soil, while further ahead a plantation of fig-trees spread their fan-like leaves into a pleasant canopy, and a purling stream bubbled between tall banks of cane. Here, too, was shade, and the cooling sound of softly flowing water.

Yet, notwithstanding these delights, the walking was hard, the time of day sultry, and presently we were glad to loiter back and lounge in the rose-garden. Here the ladies joined us, and the master sent to the raisin-sheds for a *matrimonio*; whereupon, the husband accompanying on a guitar, the woman, a noted *cantaora*—

“*cui liquidam pater
vocem cum cithara dedit,*”

sang a *malagueña*, in the impassioned tones peculiar to these sons and daughters of the Moor. Thus sped a pleasant while, with music and conversation, and good cigars and better wine—rich *Málaga*, as sweet as honey, or pale dry *manzanilla*—and the supper hour drew on, and the dusk began to glean his last thin sheaves of light, before we well believed that even the early afternoon was past.

But my instincts are those of a solitary; so after supper, escaping from the oppressive indoor air, I strolled into the open, and stood beside the tank, gazing indolently at the water. Through the lace-

like interstices of the boughs and leafage round about, or the tendrils depending from the summer-house above, shone the soft radiance of the early moon, who, being above the arbour, was in herself invisible, but all the light she yielded to every quarter of the heavens, together with that diffused from a star-point here and there, reflected on the water an exact likeness of the foliage, and when for a caprice I dipped my hand, or any nocturnal insect stirred the surface, the whole appeared to swing and tremble like some fairy mirage, rocked by an invisible and unsubstantial force, and gathering additional strength and beauty from the limpid medium *in* which rather than *on* which it lay poised and figured.

It was long before I could tear myself away from so alluring a scene, and when at last I turned to go, the darker and more silent rosary appealed to me, rather than the echo of conversation that faintly reached me from the drawing-room. I accepted in preference nature's more tranquil invitation—borne, it seemed, upon the luscious scent of the infinitude of roses—and stepped into the garden, carefully threading my way among the paths, for little or no light sifted through the denser maze of boughs, and here the moon was quite obscured.

The dream is broken. Such is the life of this delectable land between the mountains and the sea, from the majestic Sierras to the corkwoods of Almoraima, where the ruddy bark is stripping from

the tree ; or the level glebe below San Roque, where grain is sown and harvested, and the buckets of the *norra* go clattering round and round to the swinging tread of blindfold oxen ; this latter about the Bay of Calpe, from the Sierra Carbonera, capped by a prehistoric watchtower known as "The Queen of Spain's Chair," to Campamento and Línea de la Concepción, or westward to venerable Algeciras. These were the scenes of war, but spear and sword are buried and forgotten ; earth's many scars are healed, and spade and reaping-hook and ploughtail are in hand. *¡Arre ! ¡Arre !*—and the careless husbandman goes peacefully to and fro.

CHAPTER III.

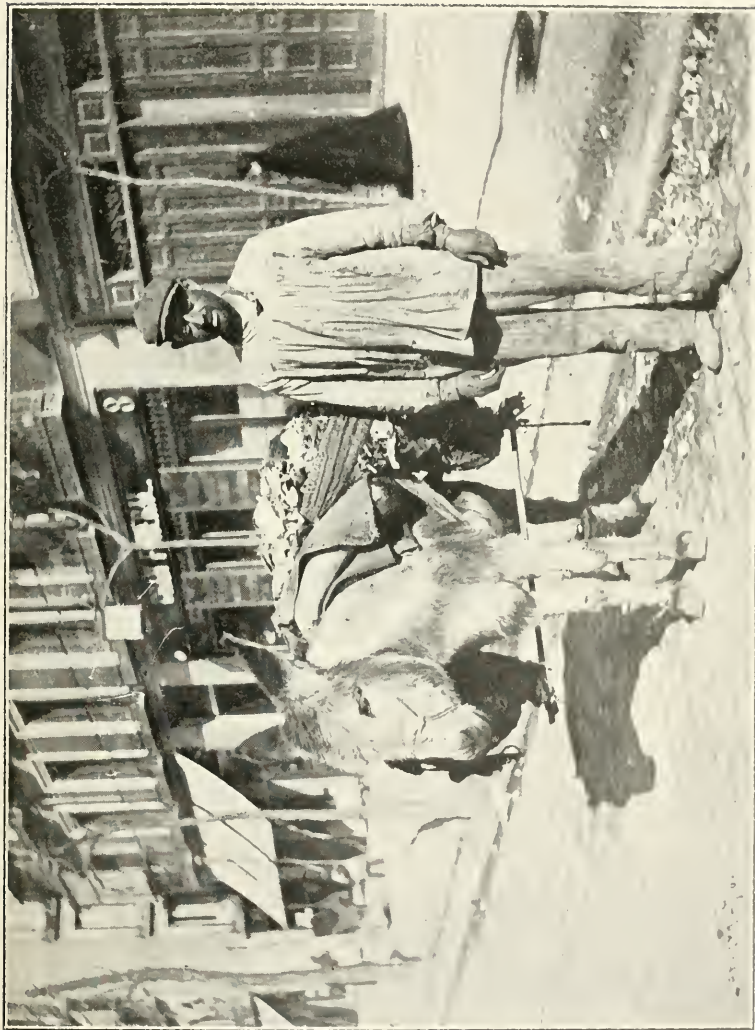
A BOURGEOIS FAMILY IN THEIR DAILY LIFE.

MADRID. A fine spring morning at seven o'clock. Sunshine everywhere. The narrow pavements are astir with early risers of the poorer class, the *cafetines* and *puestos de café* with lowly customers sipping their scalding cups of *recuelo*; the markets "all alive with buyers and with sellers are humming like a hive," and the general atmosphere is agog with the multitudinous noises of a great city just awoken from its rest. A strident army of itinerant hawkers and petty craftsmen goes ceaselessly to and fro. The *trapero* (half scavenger, half ragpicker, or as London slang would call him, the *tot-raker*), with his long-drawn note, is followed by the knife-grinder, with his whistle and nasal cry, "*afilado-o-o-r*"; by the flower-seller with his moke—his the prettiest and most musical cry of all (the flowerseller's, I mean, not the moke's); the honeyman, with his "*miel de la Alcarria, miel*"; and a myriad others. For everything, in Spain, seems saleable in the street; toothpicks and brushes, combs and pins, jewellery, perfumery, handkerchiefs, tablecloths, cravats and ribbons, caps and walking-sticks,

writing - paper and envelopes, pens and pencils, glasses and bottles, crockery and tin-ware.

But the hero of my chapter, impervious to the hurly-burly beneath his window, sleeps imperturbably on. This is Don Pablo Vargas de la Mata, a well-to-do, middle-aged merchant of Madrid, who dwells, together with his family, in the *Barrio del Hospicio*, in a decent street of the same, number seventeen, second floor, left. His family consists of his wife, Doña Eugenia, a stout lady with a commanding voice and matronly carriage, of two charming daughters, Purificación and Julia, between the ages of—but I should be rude to tell—and a son, Felipe, a good boy of eighteen, employed in the Department of Public Works. These, together with a *chica*, whose wages are three dollars a month, unlimited hard words, and every other Sunday out, compose the household.

Eight o'clock is struck from the neighbouring churches, and paterfamilias still slumbers, though madam, a conscientious *dueña de su casa*, and resplendent in a starched linen jacket or *chambra*, is up and busy with the housework. Her first care has been to rouse the *señoritas*, who presently join her, with dishevelled tresses, yawning and rather cross, but obedient, for their mother is a disciplinarian. Thereafter Doña Eugenia raps smartly at Felipe's door, and scolds the servant for her backwardness in scrubbing the *antesala* and dining-room. Antonia—such is the name of the damsel in question—defends herself tooth and nail; but her mistress is equal to the occasion, and gathers readily enough from sundry wet footprints upon the landing, that the girl



(To face, p. 36.)

MADRID: THE TRIPERO.

(From a photograph by the Author.)

has been downstairs—a fact to which, after a shrill exchange of compliments, the culprit confesses; but it was only, she explains, to speak to the *portera*. “*Pero hombre,*” argues Madam, “¿*Vd. que tenia que decirle á la portera?*” (“What had you to say to the portress?”). Trust a woman to interpret a blush upon another woman’s face. The fact is, Doña Eugenia suspects a *novio* (sweetheart), as she eventually gives Antonia to understand in a few well-chosen words of unmistakable plainness, and sweeps indignantly away to water the flowers upon the drawing-room balcony.

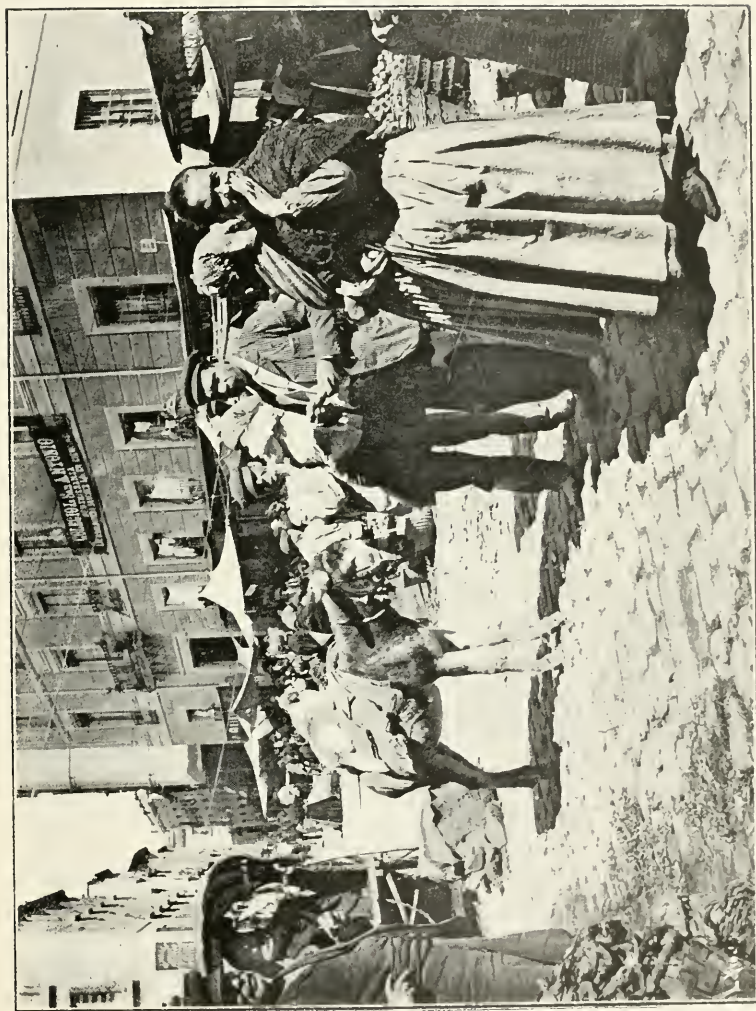
Half-past eight has sounded before Don Pablo lifts his head from the pillow and rings for his *desayuno*, which he takes in bed. His helpmate brings it on a tray; a small cup of thick chocolate, together with a *bollo de leche* or bun, and beside these dainties a snack of *aguardiente* in a glass no bigger than a large thimble. As he sips his chocolate, perhaps he reads the newspaper; perhaps prefers to leave it until later. In any case, nine or shortly after sees him reach his office, where he nods familiarly to the clerk, already waiting, and settles down to his correspondence.

While I leave him to the arcana of his business, Felipe makes a similar meal and is off to work also; while Madam or one of her daughters, accompanied in either case by the *chica* with a capacious basket, goes marketing (*á la compra*). This is the paramount achievement of the day; and it needs a strong nerve, stout heart, and eagle eye to enter a Spanish market place, and join battle with its voluble swarms of vendors—Covent Garden multi-

plied and translated to Iberia. The *verduleras* (vegetable-women) are the *facile principes* of vixens, loud-voiced, unblushing, unreasonable, gross, obscene, and impudent. The most clannish of scolds, a slight, presumed or real, offered to any one of them, is taken up in chorus and dealt with summarily by the whole battalion. Their tongues are shrill and rude, as well as *sucias* (dirty), and the *guardia* (constable) whose matutinal martyrdom it is to collect the penny due levied by the Government upon their stalls, is eloquent testimony to the truth of Mr. Gilbert's adage, "A policeman's life is not a happy one." These intolerable and intolerant viragoes seem to regard it as an outrage that anyone should buy or ask a price of them, and upon the slightest pretext pursue their once-intending customer with volleys of gibes and maledictions, till the victim, smarting under their insolent contumely but cowed by sheer numbers, slinks painfully round the nearest corner and out of tongue-shot.

After escaping from these termagants our ladies must needs repair to haunts that lie outside the market; perhaps the *tahona* or bakery (by the way, a great proportion of the Madrid bakers are Frenchmen), or perhaps the grocer's, fishmonger's, or butcher's. In any case, and whatever the direction in which they turn, they bandy an animated conversation, for business in Spain is always spiced with relaxation. This is as it should be. How "weary, flat, stale and unprofitable" seem London usages by comparison!

The grocer's wife was *de boda* yesterday; that is, at a wedding party. Indeed, she looks a trifle pale



(From a photograph by the Author.)

A MADRID MARKET PLACE.

(To face p. 38.)

and heavy-eyed, as though the memory of good cheer still clung to her. The butcher's fourteenth child has cut a second tooth, and the *carnecería* resounds with congratulation. But the fishmonger is down in the mouth; his nephew and assistant must go for a soldier, and he lacks, or says he lacks, the money to buy him off.

Amid such small talk as this, the basket is filled and the homeward voyage begun. Once indoors, the *chica* bends over the *barreño* in the kitchen, to wash the linen; the *señoritas* tidy and dust, and then bring out their embroidery; and the goodwife, mindful of a famishing husband and son, attends to the pot already simmering on the fire. Here is in preparation the usual Spanish *comida* or one o'clock breakfast—eggs, *cocido*, and salad; the eggs fried in oil, *pasados por agua* (heated in boiling water and swallowed almost raw), *revueltos con tomate* (mashed with tomato), or *en salsa* (hard-boiled in parsley sauce). But these may wait. It is the *cocido* that must be taken actively in hand—the undisputed aristocrat and democrat at once of Spanish kitchens. Think of it: he sustains eighteen million souls, for is there a single Spaniard, worthy of the name, who does not dote on him? I am positive that Nebuchadnezzar, when, in the ridiculous language of the chronicler, he “passed through Madrid,” was served with *cocido* as the *plato de resistencia* at his hotel.

And yet how cheap and homely a dish it is, simmering hour by hour in a twopenny brown *puchero* over a small and scanty fire. A handful of *garbanzo* beans, set to soak in water the night before,

a few potatoes, a pennyworth of bacon, a *chorizo*, half a cabbage, and a pound or so of meat, bone and all. The *caldo*, or broth, may be consumed apart. The meat is kept to the last, and forms an afterdish, eaten, as a rule, with salad. Such is *cocido*—soup, *entréc*, and joint. *Postres* (dessert) are sometimes added, fruit, pastry, or the like, and coffee.

When the hour comes round, the *cena* (supper) of our worthy friends is quite as unpretentious as their luncheon; soup, *bacalao* (dried cod-fish) perhaps, with potato, a steak or fillet, and sweets, though the Spaniards, being simple eaters, are but little addicted to puddings or kickshaws.

At eleven arrives the *peinadora* to dress the hair of the ladies, and madam leaves the kitchen. The new-comer, who charges, by the way, a dollar a month per *head*, is handsome, young, vivacious, and stylishly dressed—of course in the bourgeois fashion of her class. She stays three-quarters of an hour, and retails all the gossip of the neighbourhood. She knows everybody, from the trades-folk on the basement to the *modista* in the attic. Her tongue wags faster than she plies her comb; the *liaisons* of the entire *barrio* are at her fingers' ends, and no secret is safe in her keeping. She does sad mischief; but our ladies, you may be sure, pass an agreeable while in her company; and after all, as Mrs. Candour says, "What's to be done? People will talk. There's no preventing it."

One o'clock, then, or shortly after, brings father and son, impatient for their lunch. This occupies an hour or less, and in the warmer months is followed by the

siesta, or midday nap, a merciful institution which is quite inseparable from the routine of Spanish existence. Even the law recognizes it. The rich man retires to his canopied couch, the pauper sprawls upon the pavement; but one way or another, for two mortal blessed hours the whole Peninsula goes to sleep. The habit is a wise one. Foreigners (from the Spanish point of view) are far too prone, as Stevenson observes, to "sow hurry and reap indigestion"; and when I think of feverish London clerks and merchants with lacerated stomachs, and just a quarter of an hour for lunch, scurrying back to drudgery with bilious faces, I shudder and praise the Lord I live in Spain. For if, during so many moments daily, the entire population of a country conclude an armistice, so to speak, amid the battle of life, who can be much the worse? Pockets suffer but little; tempers and constitutions gain. We wake up smiling and restored, rub our eyes and look about us with a fresher zest, reopen the office door, and begin once more where we left off.

Later in the afternoon mamma and the young ladies awake, feeling better as well as looking better for their beauty-sleep, and dress themselves for a walk. This is a great deal more than a purposeless excursion. Doña Eugenia's *niñas*, be it remembered, are *casaderas* (marriageable); so their *paseo* must take, in part, the form of a *novio*-hunt, or the *novio*-hunt takes the form of a *paseo*, whichever you please; and the damsels, arrayed in their newest finery, laced to bursting point, and flirting their fans in a manner which threatens havoc to mankind, sail forth like a couple of trim schooners

under full and spotless canvas, convoyed towards the busy port of matrimony by a fifty-gun frigate in the person of mamma.

In this way, the schooners abreast, the frigate following, they voyage airily towards the centre of Madrid and the Puerta del Sol, this latter as classic a fishing-ground for *novios* as Ceylon for pearls. More than one jaunty young gentleman pivots on his heel to look after them, or screwing his courage to the sticking-point, whispers a compliment as they pass, and pauses to see if the shot takes effect; whereupon the frigate luffs a little, and her charges drop their eyes with conscious modesty. But these gentlemen privateers are hard to catch, and slippery when caught. Mamma knows them well. The greater part are mere *guasones*, sailing under false colours; students, perhaps, dependent on their families, and with neither the inclination nor the means to marry. But a whispered *cosa* to a pretty girl costs them nothing, and is agreeable to both bestower and recipient. "It blesses him that gives and him that takes," and flatters the masculine as well as the feminine vanity. Mamma, then, is fully on her guard against these treacherous craft. Their suit of clothes looks spick and span, *but is it their only one?* Perhaps, like Oliver Goldsmith, who wrote like an angel and talked like poor Poll, but who felt the necessity of certain articles of attire as poignantly as any of us humans, their stock of linen is limited to a single shirt, and when that is washing they stay indoors. Their allowance at best is unlikely to exceed twenty dollars a month for washing, board, and bed; in



(To face p. 42.)

(From a photograph by the Author.)

MADRID: THE FLOWER-SELLER.

which case, if they are quick-witted and unscrupulous, they help to maintain themselves by *sablazos*, or sponging upon their wealthier acquaintances, and are certain to be in arrears with the *patrona* of their boarding house.

Mamma knows this as well as I do. But let us suppose, for a caprice, that on this very afternoon a young cavalier of decent prospects and position—call him Don Alvaro—is durably smitten by the soft, dark eyes and graceful carriage of our Julia, whispers *flores* to her more than once, and follows patiently in her wake. Julia, too, despite her downcast gaze, has seen Don Alvaro and is not displeased. Of course the frigate has taken in the situation, and falls off slightly. She sniffs a prize, and manœuvres—as only a Spanish mamma knows how to manœuvre.

Not a word is uttered, except, at discreet intervals, the whispered compliments of the gentleman, who is certain to follow the family home, inquire of the portress the name of his adored one, and slyly direct her a note, in which he ardently but with great respect avows his passion. One note is followed by another, all scrupulously concealed by the interesting couple, and especially from paterfamilias, for the mother is wont in many of these cases to be something of a confidante, provided she be satisfied with the appearance, and above all, with the income and financial prospects of the young gentleman. Day after day you will espy Don Alvaro beneath the fair one's balcony, *haciendo el oso* (*playing the bear*), as his neighbours uncharitably term it, speaking with

his lips, with his eyes, with his fingers, or by wriggling his head, and generally exercising himself in the difficult acquirement of making love at a distance. Wherever Julia goes he must follow loyally and devotedly, seeing but unseen, enduring patiently the pangs of hope, misgiving, jealousy, and other angry or conflicting sensations, and amply content to be rewarded by a telegraphic motion from the head or hand, or by a swift, significant glance from those bright eyes.

Let us hope, for their sake, leaving it to time to undeceive them, that Don Alvaro will sooner or later mount the staircase with a palpitating heart, and ushered into the grim presence of the father of the family, exhibit his prospects and pretensions; that the heart of Don Pablo, less hard than external indications would seem to signify, will melt in sympathy for the young couple; and then, after the *dichos* have been duly taken, that world-wide ceremony, the despair of men and sheet-anchor of women—marriage.

Poor paterfamilias—how I had neglected him! We had only reached the hour when he returns from office, and the remainder of his day must be apportioned. Sometimes he takes his wife and offspring to the theatre; but oftener he stays at home to join in a round game, *lotería* or the like, or dominoes or *tresillo*, with such of his cronies as may happen to drop in. So with a glass or two of liquor and a couple of cigars, the companionable hours slip by till half-past twelve or one, and madam and the misses have retired. Then, taking a candle—for the light in the *portería* was out at ten

o'clock—he sees his friends downstairs and unlocks the street door for them. “My friends,” he says, “good-night.”

“*Buenas noches, Don Pablo,*” is the answer, “*que Vd. descanse.*”

“*Gracias, igualmente.*”

A couple of minutes later the pious wish is gratified; a sound of snoring emerges from the *cama de matrimonio* or nuptial couch in the front *alcoba*; and one and all, even—so potent and mysterious are the charms of Morpheus—to the *chica* on her Spartan *catre*, the household is asleep.

CHAPTER IV.

MANNERS AND CUSTOMS, OLD AND NEW.



MOST of us, I believe, have heard the story of the Oxford student, set by his examiners a four hours' paper on "The Manners and Customs of the Chinese," and who, when time was called, smilingly handed in by way of essay, the single sentence—"Customs, *beastly*; manners, *none*."

I fear it is far beyond me to deal as briefly as the ingenious undergraduate with the complex manners and customs of Spain; in fact, a suspicion haunts me that my observations may extend to more than a single chapter. Therefore I can only plead that according to eminent authorities the topic at large is of surpassing interest. "*Manners makyth Man*," declares a prehistoric adage, dating from the never-sufficiently-to-be-lamented period when our forefathers squatted in a circle with chunks of raw flesh between their fists, and genteelly tossed the bones to their wives who stood behind them. "*Messieurs*," was Napoleon's cry, "*je veux des mœurs*;" and even the sage of Chelsea admits that "*Ubi homines sunt, modi sunt*. Habit is the deepest law of human nature."

Habit, then, being confessedly a synonym for dress, I may premise that foremost among the

indispensable and classical articles of Spanish costume is the *capa*, the far-famed cloak of history, tradition, and actuality; monument of Spaniards as they were, as they are, and destined beyond a doubt to figure as the monument of what they shall become. Winter by winter, young and old alike "wrap their auld cloak about them," and expect no newer fashion. Summer by summer, in the instance of humbler classes, the *capa* goes regularly to the *casa de préstamos* (pawnbroker's), and provides the family *cocido* for quite a while; and autumn by autumn there is pinching and scraping to restore its comforting folds to the bosom of their owner. Together with the sword it formed the sovereign attribute to romance at the Court of the Hapsburgs, as well as in the dramas of ingenious Calderón and tireless Lope; and now without the sword it sturdily maintains its old supremacy. Proverbs have been dedicated to it, poems, and even *coplas*—

*La capa del estudiante
Parece un jardín de flores,
Toda llena de remiendos
De varios colores.*

The student's cloak
Is like a flower garden,
Full of patches
Of various colours.

It is quite peculiar to this country. A simple affair, reaching to just below the knee, and of black, dark green or navy blue cloth, edged with braid; the quality of the whole varying, as is natural, in accordance with the cost. Inside the front, and serving

partly as ornament, partly as an extra wrap, and partly as lining, are two strips of velvet, one beyond and parallel with the other. These, contrasting richly in colour (scarlet and dark green are as usual as any), are each some seven inches in width. The outer is the *embozo*; the inner, the *contraembozo*. Gathering up the *embozo* with his right hand, and sharply jerking the fold thus gathered round his throat and over his left shoulder, the wearer is said to be *embozado*, or muffled. In this manner the velvet strips protect the throat and upper portion of the chest, and even the mouth can be covered, while the lower end of the right side hangs not ungracefully part way down the back, displaying the *embozo* and *contraembozo*. When so much covering is not necessary, the garment is merely left open down the front, when the velvet is invisible.

I have listened to animated discussions on the hygienic qualities of the *capa*. It is undeniable that it thickly envelops the throat and a part of the chest, but the folded material devoted to this purpose is robbed, so to speak, from another portion of the person—namely, the right thigh and leg. Again, the garment hangs infinitely looser than an overcoat, so that a heavy gust of wind will blow it overhead; and furthermore, save for the strips of velvet, is destitute of lining. Its advantages, in a word, are probably quite counterbalanced by its dangers.

Nor, at the present day, is it highly picturesque. In former times, when the cut, to be sure, was slightly different, although in principle the same as nowadays, it was agreeably enhanced by wigs,

chambergos,* three-cornered hats, and swords. At present it must jog along beneath a bowler, or a soft felt hat, which consort with it just about as well as oil with vinegar. Notwithstanding, its popularity is never for a moment threatened.

In the Calle de la Cruz at Madrid is a limitless choice of *capas*. A fair one costs from eighty to one hundred and twenty *pesetas*; a good one, anything between the latter figure and a couple of hundred. Beyond this, the quality of the cloth is invariable; but hand-made braid of intricate design will run up the cost to three and even four hundred. In the cheap qualities—say from twenty *pesetas* to sixty—it is usual for a commoner material, frequently with a plaid pattern, to be substituted for the velvet *embozo* and *contraembozo*.

The delicate lace *mantilla*, the most graceful head-gear in the world, is either white or black. As a general rule, the former is for dressy occasions and the latter for ordinary wear, but both, unhappily, are tending to succumb—especially among the upper and upper middle classes—in favour of the straw, stuff, and feather abominations of Parisian origin. This is deplorable, since Spanish ladies, despite their numerous and prominent attractions, rarely seem to look their best in a hat. Andalusia, however, is less disposed than other parts to adopt the senseless innovation, and in Seville,

* A broad-brimmed hat of the seventeenth century, so called from the Chamberga Guard, created by Mariana of Austria in or about the year 1668. The actual word *Chamberga* is believed to derive from the French general Schomberg, who, oddly enough, was never in Spain.

Málaga, Córdoba, and other cities of that region it is still possible to contemplate, particularly upon the road to the bull-ring, many a fair young face whose glossy tresses are surmounted by the classical *mantilla*, pinned and disposed in exquisitely elegant folds, and caught to the hair, as well as at the bosom, by a couple of dazzling roses or carnations.

The *mantilla* is as old as Spanish history, and may easily be traced throughout its successive changes, from the *amiculum* of the Gothic domination to the head-covering *de medio ojo* (half-eye) of the Mozarabs, the *toca* of the Middle Ages, the *rocamero* of the fifteenth century,* the *manto de humo* and *manto de soplillo* of the Austrian dynasty; and the *rebocino* of the eighteenth century, down to the present slender, delicate, and captivating form.

The regional or local costumes, both male and female, are an interesting but complex study. Just as the sugar-loaf hats and short skirts of my countrywomen of Wales, they are gradually disappearing, and as a rule it is on festive occasions alone that they are observable in any number.

The classical costume, now chiefly limited to the flax-pickers of the *Huerta*, of the male Valencian, comprises the *zaragüelles*, voluminous

* According to Navagiero, the headgear of the women dwelling upon the frontiers of Navarra was peculiar in the extreme. "They wrap their heads in a cloth, as do the Moors; not, however, in the form of a turban, but rather of a hood, with the peak turned down, causing it to resemble the neck, breast, and beak of a crane; this headdress is used in all Guipúzcoa, and as they tell me, in Biscay also, the only difference being that every woman imitates with it a different object."



(To face p. 50.)

(From a photograph by Segura, Madrid.

THE WHITE MANTILLA.

white breeches, secured round the middle by a sash, white stockings, *alpargatas* or rope-soled sandals, shirt, waistcoat, and a handkerchief bound round the head, and folded in either of two ways. The elders wear it rising high upon the head, not unlike a top-hat without a crown, but the younger men knit it closely round their brows, covering that part of the head completely.

The beautiful dress of the *Valenciana*, though actually being modified, and consequently spoiled, should strictly consist of a skirt and bodice of a light material *de ramos*, that is, with a pattern depicting bunches of flowers. The sleeves of the bodice reach merely to the elbow, and are edged with lace. Over the bodice and skirt respectively are a lace handkerchief crossing the breast, and a lace apron, both of them sown with spangles. The shoes are low-cut, the stockings white, and coloured ribbons hang behind from the shoulder to rather below the knee. The hair is elaborately dressed with the curious *caracoles* or snail-like rolls at either side of the head, and secured atop by a large, tall comb. These *caracoles* are crossed transversely by enormous pins, many inches in length, and the headgear is completed by huge earrings, known locally as the *or*.

No article of wear especially distinguishes the Cataláns, unless it be the *barretina*, or tall cap of the men, similar to that worn by our fishers in numerous seaports of Great Britain. The young men wear it of a brighter colour than the elders. The women wear a handkerchief tied beneath the chin.

The women of La Mancha and León also cover their heads with a handkerchief, but the former, after crossing its ends beneath the chin, bring them over and slightly to the back of the head, and there knot them, while the latter knot them above the right ear. Pursuing for a moment further the regional costume of the Leoneses, we find it to consist of a velvet bodice (the *justillo*), laced down the front, and greatly resembling a Swiss bodice. The skirt reaches to but little below the knee. The old and singular *manteo*, now not so often observed as formerly, is a piece of heavy, dark-coloured cloth, of local manufacture, and is wound exactly one and a half times round the body of the wearer, so that one end remains concealed in front and the other end overlaps at the back. A string secures it round the waist. The peasantry go shod in winter with *madreñas* or wooden clogs; and in summer with *abarcas*, a kind of half-boot, half-sandal, of raw hide, laced part way up the leg with slender straps. They wear no stockings or socks, but *escarpines*—a cloth gaiter reaching to the calf. On working-days the women throw a woollen handkerchief round their necks, crossing it and tying the ends at the back of the waist; but to attend Mass they use the *mantilla* (according to the modern standard inaccurately so named), a black cloth cape, covering the head and reaching to the ankles.

The Basque costume has nothing left of interest save the historic *boina* of the men—a flat cap, preferably navy blue, with just a scrap of the wool protruding from the crown. The white



(To face p. 52.)

(From a photograph by Laurent, Madrid.)

A VALENCIAN WEARING THE ZARAGÜELLES.

boina is the emblem of the Carlists; but the *boinas* of their *chapel gorri* or "red cap" regiments were scarlet.

The Aragonese wears—or rather used to wear, for he is rapidly tending to dress like other mortals—white sandals and stockings, narrow breeches, slightly opening at the knee, to show a white lining, and a broad *faja* or scarf, generally purple; binding a handkerchief round his head, not so as to cover the crown, like the Valencian, but leaving it bare, so that the handkerchief forms a ring some three inches in breadth. The women wear a short skirt, and a handkerchief crossed over the bosom, or else a shawl. Their method of dressing the hair and securing it with a ribbon is simple and pretty.

Time was when the Andalusian indulged in tight breeches of a brilliant colour, bound about his middle by equally as brilliant a sash, together with leather *polainas* or gaiters, open down the calf, and fringed with leather strips—not unlike a mocassin. His waistcoat was cut extremely low, fully displaying a frilled shirt; over them was a short, close-fitting velvet jacket; and the whole was surmounted by the *sombrero de queso*, also called the *sombrero calañés*, or little round, cheese-shaped hat. The same hat, jacket, waistcoat, and frilled shirt were worn by the Andalusian woman, together with a short skirt, preferably of a brilliantly coloured silk, and over this the *basquiña*—a kind of overskirt, shorter than the other and of black and broad-meshed network. Here is a souvenir of the past which only *Carmen* or the *Barber of Seville* recall to us. Nowadays the richly-coloured shawl and the flowers in the

hair are as characteristic as anything else of the *Andaluza*. The flowers display with admirable contrast the glossy lustre of her hair; and the shawl, cunningly draped and majestically carried, reveals at every instant the symmetry and suppleness of the delicate outline it encloses—

*Quoquo vestigia movit
Componit furtim subsequiturque decor.*

As to the charm or regularity of the *Andaluza's* features, opinion may differ; but the formation of her limbs and the natural intuitive grace which ever attends her, are undebatable. It might be said that among four-footed creatures God created, as model of perfect elegance of movement, the gazelle; and then, among the humans, as a shame to the gazelle, the *Andaluza*. Nor even in the lustre of a lovely pair of eyes would the gazelle emerge victorious from the contrast.

Of course these national costumes are mainly of the peasantry and lower middle class; and not the several regions only, but even various of the Spanish cities possess their special fashion. The number, in a word, is so overwhelming, and the peculiarities are so many, that I have merely outlined the general costume of each *región*, and time and space fail me to describe as they deserve, the Madrid *chula*, the *charra* of Salamanca, whose gala dress is vivid with rainbow hues and smothered in shining spangles; or the curious and sober-habited *maragatos*, hailing from the neighbourhood of Astorga, in Old Castile, with their quaint, low-crowned hats and extravagantly roomy breeches. Their principal occupation is the sale



(To face p. 51.)

(From a photograph by Laurent, Madrid.)

MARAGATOS.

of fish ; and numbers of them who loyally retain the peculiarities, both moral and external, of their native province, are to be seen about the streets and markets of Madrid.

It is strange to Northern imaginations that water should come to be regarded as a precious liquid ; yet this emergency in Spain is not infrequent. In Aragón, La Mancha, and other thirsty parts, instances are even cited of a load of wine being readily given in exchange for a load of water. But without investigating these or similar facts or fables, I may truthfully affirm that water has its market value, and a fat one, especially throughout the summer months and in the central districts of the country. The fountains in the cities are thronged at almost every hour by troops of servants jealously awaiting their turn (*tomando cola*) to fill their vessels, and policemen, as many as two and three together, are told off to preserve order—a very necessary precaution. As for the watersellers, they are privileged beings, paying a tax to Government, and special *chorros* or spouts are set apart for them.

Madrid is better supplied with water than many a provincial city. This she owes to the Lozoya Canal, justly regarded as a triumph of Spanish engineering. The project for its construction, though not executed until the reign of Isabella the Second, had been reported upon in the eighteenth century ; and again by Villanueva, Barra, and Cortijo in the earlier years of the nineteenth. The Canal takes its name from the Lozoya, a small stream rising among the Sierra del Páular, in the Lake of Peñalara, six thousand feet above sea level.

After winding in a southerly direction for forty-five kilometres, the Lozoya reaches a spot called Pontón de la Oliva. Here begins the Canal, which is eleven leagues in length, cost one hundred and fourteen millions of *reales*, and was constructed by the notable engineers, Lucio del Valle, Morer, Rivera, and Barrón.

Nor must I pretermit the *botijo*—an indispensable and classical accompaniment to potable Spanish water. The *botijo* (a big one only costs from sixpence to a shilling) is a round-bellied vessel of homely appearance, with a handle and two spouts, one wide, the other narrow. It is of porous clay, and the water, filtering through the interstices by slow degrees, keeps fresh and cold in the sultriest of weather. There is no Spaniard worthy of the name, who cannot drink directly from a *botijo*; but I should not commend the process to a foreigner, unless he be prepared to “scorn delights and live laborious days” in order to acquire the art. However, here are the directions for such as care to try.

You must imbibe from the smaller spout, which throws a jet considerably finer than the nozzle of a child’s watering-pot. Incline the vessel *boldly* in front of and towards you, and slightly above your head, holding your mouth wide open at a distance of not less than eighteen inches from the spout. In this position gulp the current down with the back of your throat, taking care that the number of your gulps keeps even ratio with the pace at which the water leaves the *botijo*. If not, you will choke; and in any case you are certain, unless you wear a mackintosh, to drench your collar and waist-



(From a photograph by the Author.)

MANCHEGAN WATER-SELLERS.

(To face p. 56.)

coat, and ruin your necktie. But above all, avoid the fate which befell Mr. Fritz Müller.

In a certain Spanish town, "whose name," in the words of Cervantes, "I have no desire to recall," I made the acquaintance of Herr Fritz, a native, as his name implies, of Germany, and a traveller in haberdashery—a convivial and excellent soul, but who came to a bad end, as you shall hear. Like many Germans who travel in Spain, he was burning to become *españolizado*—that is, more deeply imbued with Spanish usages and characteristics than any Spaniard. Week in, week out, warm weather or cold, he wore a *capa* and a *sombrero de ala ancha*; discarded his native beer in favour of *manzanilla*, and *Málaga*, and *aguardiente*; vociferated "*salud y pesetas*," instead of "*hoch*"; and strummed indifferently upon the guitar. But the finishing touch of his education was still wanting; for he had not yet learned to drink from a *botijo*. So one afternoon, proposing to remedy this shortcoming, he bade the servant of his lodging-house bring him the desired vessel, full of water; and stripping to the waist, eagerly took his station beside the window, just where the light should fall conveniently and fully on his exercises. Now, to boldly tilt the *botijo* to the necessary angle requires no little nerve and resolution, qualities in which, despite his other admirable parts, the good Müller was lacking. He grasped the vessel, hesitated, threw back his head, *half* opened his mouth, and *half* lifted the *botijo*. The half measure was his ruin, in spite of the proverb which assures us that "*in medio tutissimius ibis*." The slender stream emitted from the small

and narrow spout, instead of falling like a miniature cascade upon his uvula, tickled his palate acutely. He forgot to swallow, coughed, tried to ejaculate the Teutonic equivalent of our "big, big D"; a few but fatal drops "went down the wrong way," and abruptly letting fall the *botijo*, which shivered into pieces at his feet, drenching his socks and slippers, he choked convulsively. Just at that agonizing moment, while his eyes were rolling distractedly in their orbits, they chanced to alight upon a window of the opposite house. This was the Federal Republicans' Club; and to Müller's horror, some ten or a dozen of its members were watching him intently. They possessed a pair of field-glasses, which they passed in hasty succession from one to another, and although their features displayed the imperturbable gravity which Spaniards can assume so cleverly when courtesy or convenience requires, they were certain to be relishing exquisitely the writhings of the victim. Whether the latter banged the shutters to, or whether he dashed into the gloomiest and remotest recesses of his apartment, he never could bring himself to tell me. But while he was toying dejectedly with his dinner, upon the evening of the catastrophe, a note was handed him. It bore the motto of the Federal Republicans' Club, whose members therewith begged to ask, "Was he the French contortionist who had arrived with Señor López' circus, because, if so, would he send them a box for the Sunday afternoon performance?"

That he should be taken for a contortionist was bearable; indeed, it was a *rôle* he was conscious of having enacted to perfection; but the stigma of being



(To face p. 58.)

(From a photograph by Segura, Madrid.)

AN ARAGONÉS.

considered French—"this was the most unkindest cut of all." A few months afterwards Müller returned disconsolately to Germany, where he died at the early age of thirty-three; some say of *delirium tremens* (for he never again touched water after that calamitous afternoon); others, of the bubonic plague, which they affirm him to have contracted in passing through Oporto; but as I believe—nay, as I happen to know—of a broken heart, a broken ambition, and a broken *botijo*.

Nor is this the only case in which a *botijo*, or its near kinsman, a *cántaro*, was responsible for a violent and dreadful murder. All the world is aware that women and wine are inveterate breeders of dissension, but who would have attached the same propensities to water? Yet the following occurrence, substantiated by a number of wearisome and solid facts wherewith I refrain from oppressing my readers, is related by the mysterious author of the seventeenth century letters addressed from Madrid to an unknown personage resident abroad, and from which I quote, from time to time, elsewhere.

"After supper," he says, "the second son of the Marquis of Cusano stepped onto his balcony that faces Santa Catalina de los Donados, in order to place a water-bottle to cool; and while he was filling it from a *cántaro* which stood in the same balcony, he chanced to spill some water upon one of the Princess'* servants that by chance was passing. On finding himself wetted, and without considering that the water was clean, and the incident unin-

* The Princess of Carignan, on a visit at the time to the Spanish court.

tentional, the fellow made use of scurrilous and filthy language towards the Marquis' son, and even threw stones at his window, breaking the glass. The Marquis' son descended with his sword and targe into the street, and he and the servant, that was waiting for him at the corner of the house, began hewing at each other, the former receiving a wound in his belly (but without harm to his guts), and another in the side of the breast; and upon his retreating indoors, there issued forth the elder son in pursuit of the servant, and then the father; and so they came to the Treasure House, where the Princess is sojourning, with naked swords and making a fine stir. Thereupon the servant called to the remainder of his fellows to help him against 'the rascals that had sought to rob him of his cloak'; and a number of them, setting on to the Marquis, notwithstanding that he said, 'Gentlemen, I have no affair with you, but with him that just now ran in,' compelled him to withdraw to the older street of Santa Catalina, beside the house of Juan Gómez de Mora, and there a servant of one of the Princess' gentlemen fired his pistol at the Marquis' eldest son, who, shot in the throat, fell dead without a word."

Here, then, was a consequence attending the immoderate use of water, even more harrowing than in the case of Müller. We may observe, also, a curious side-issue. For it is admitted as a fact that groups of objects or phenomena of almost any kind are preferably disposable into threes. The judgment of Paris was between three candidates; the triads of the Welsh bards comprised the same mysterious



(To face p. 61.)

(From a photograph by Segura, Madrid.)

AN ARAGONESA.

number ; the Triple Alliance assists in regulating the politics of Europe ; the three R's are familiar, *in posse*, if not *in esse*, to every schoolboy ; and here we have the three W's, perilous and ever-to-be-avoided snares besetting the intemperate—*Women, Wine, and Water*.

Water in Spain is scarce, and yet how scarce is drunkenness. Perhaps the crowning virtue of the Spaniards is their abstinence from alcoholic liquor. In eight years I cannot remember to have seen a score of really drunken Spaniards ; and in saying this I am aware that I am saying a great deal, for I have not confined myself, as tourists are wont to do, to the aristocratic quarters of Spanish cities. On the contrary, I have wandered for many a long hour among the *barrios bajos*—the *Injurias* of Madrid, the *New World* of Málaga, and the *Viña* of Cadiz, hobnobbing with their denizens. I have found them merry, excitable, inquisitive, or quarrelsome under their liquor, but the English or German inebriety, which attains a positively animal pitch of witlessness, they know not.

Nor does the art of getting drunk compose a necessary detail of a Spanish gentleman's education. A university student may occasionally be a gambler, yet will drink but moderately ; and of the two vices the former is at least the less offensive to the eye. The college "drunks," which form so glorious and traditional a feature of Oxford and Cambridge life, are not, and never could become, a Spanish institution ; neither could "soaking," or love of liquor for the sake of getting drunk. If you wander at night along the least respectable of Spanish streets, it is

quite within the bounds of possibility that you may be knifed, or robbed, or accosted by a *paloma*; but the chances are infinitely against your meeting a drunken man. I mean of course a genuine drunkard, who has reached the high-water mark of inebriation; the staggering, stupid, hiccoughing stage—and not a convivial creature who in vulgar parlance can “walk a chalk line with anybody,” albeit he allow himself the harmless luxury of a more or less articulate song. And even the Andalusian tavern-haunter, although he may be addicted to trolling the well-known couplet—

*A mi me gusta, me gusta
Entrarme por las tabernas,*

must not be confounded with the common pothouse bully of Great Britain. The plebeian of Andalusia drinks enough to sharpen his wits and evoke his very considerable supply of native ingenuity. The British equivalent drinks enough to make him lose whatever wits, if any, he possessed while sober. The latter resorts to the public-house primarily for the sake of liquor; the former, for that of company. As likely as not, the Andalusian sits down to play cards or dominoes for a trifling stake, or thrums his guitar; and that golden *manzanilla* in the neat little long, narrow glasses known as *cañas* should be ready to his hand is rather the outcome of accident than of design.

Drunkenness, then, is so alien from the Spaniards, that they regard it, sometimes with surprise, sometimes with mirth, but always at bottom with the profoundest contempt, as a filthy and unnecessary evil, wholly undeserving of pity; never with the

semi-toleration so often exhibited in countries which shall be nameless. On the Spanish stage it is ridiculed, as in the laughable *sainete*, "*Los Borrachos*"—but it is never condoned. For this reason one might suppose that even a play of strong dramatic interest, such as *The Only Way*, could never find favour with a Spanish audience. The half-besotted aspect of Sydney Carton would prejudice them from the outset. And Dick Phenyl, in *Sweet Lavender*, would appear to them, not a generous if eccentric mortal, but an objectionable debauchee who ought to be ashamed to reel into the company of ladies and gentlemen.

This is a rigorous attitude, and little in accord with the palliation of the Northerners, prone to "keep out the cold" by the easy calefaction of their grateful cordials. But we must own that in their hatred of intemperance the Spaniards are thoroughly sincere. They practise what they preach, and eschew drunkenness on the score, not so much of morality, as of ugliness. It outrages their sense of the æsthetic.

They are also a cleaner race than foreigners believe. Their lavations are regular and frequent; and I am assured that the bath-shops in the vicinity of my street do a brisk sale, and keep a quantity of baths continually out on hire—one *real* daily. Apart from this, how many Spaniards flock year by year to the seaside—to Alicante, or San Sebastián, or Portuguese Espinho, or Gijón, or Portugalete, and bathe with gusto? Even my grocer's family, who are none too affluent, annually visit Santander for at least a month, *á tomar baños*.

In one of the most prolix and wrongheaded of his essays,* Hazlitt remarked that "the Italians, Spaniards, and people of the South swarm alive without being sick or sorry at the circumstance. They hunt the accustomed prey in each other's tangled locks openly in the streets and on the highways, without manifesting shame or repugnance: combs are an invention of our Northern climes."

For my part, I am aware of more than one district in England and Wales where my countrymen do not even trouble to "hunt the accustomed prey" at all, but suffer it to increase and multiply *ad lib.* And the asseveration that combs are an invention of our Northern climes is poor humour, after all. The fact is, Hazlitt, ever ready to subordinate sense to sound, mistook calumny for history, and perspiration for dirt. The greasy look of Southerners is generally unavoidable. I have contracted it myself. It is the product of a torrid climate, which expels a freer perspiration than do Northern temperatures. If anyone doubt my statement that sweat, in Spain, is unavoidable to all who healthily expose themselves to the open air, he may visit Madrid (at his own expense), inspect my bath, and see me in it any morning of my life; and yet an hour afterwards, particularly throughout the summer months, I am as oily as an unscoured frying-pan. So that if the Spaniards and I *are* brown-complexioned, why, what then? Is this an evidence of dirt, and will any application of soap and water remove the pigment from the brushes of King Sol? Time was

* "Hot and Cold" in "The Plain Speaker."



(To face p. 64.)

(From a photograph by Compañy, Madrid.)

A VALENCIANA.

when I might have figured among the best of the white little chorister-boys, who, if I rightly recall my "Little Arthur's England," *angled* for the famous compliment of Pope Gregory; yet now, in spite of liberal ablutions and a daily shave, I have almost ceased to recognise my own self.

Among the population (eighteen millions) of Spain, I regret to say that there must figure at least a hundred thousand mendicants of both sexes. The Spaniard as a rule is warm-hearted and impulsive; the merest glimpse of rags, or of real or simulated misery, softens him at once; and without in any way inquiring into the merits of the case before him, he thrusts his hand into his pocket and gives. The result of these indiscriminating almsdeeds is that the streets of the larger cities, Madrid in particular, swarm at all hours with nasty creatures in various stages of raggedness and filthiness, and physical distortion or infirmity. The steps of the churches and cathedrals are habitually lined with the same verminous fraternity, and the Spanish lady, actuated in part by genuine compassion, in part by the mistaken belief that to distribute coin among these tatterdemalions is essentially a pious work, contributes to sustain and aggravate their nauseous office.

In no country of Europe are the evils of unrestrained mendicancy more glaringly obtrusive. In the case of Madrid alone it has been proved over and over again that a very considerable proportion of the army of *pordioseros* who blockade her streets are perfectly well to do, and have saved large sums of money, while most of the remainder are thoroughly hale and able-bodied folk, who do no

work because they earn by begging three times the wages of an honest labourer. Lastly, there are the loathsome misbegotten or mutilated wretches who trade upon some deformity, the more unsightly and revolting the better for their interests. The blind are the least offensive; in fact, they usually belong to a decenter class. As a rule they sit about the pavement scraping a fiddle, or perambulate the streets with a guitar, and one cannot but admire the extreme gentleness with which both young and old, rich and poor, assist the *ciego* on his way, taking him by the hand and leading him past all difficult crossings, corners, hoardings, ladders, and so forth. These blind musicians, then, I exclude from my censure, though doubtless they would be better off, more useful, and more contented if gathered into some industrial home. But nothing can excuse the deformity class proper, many of whom have large, unhealing, fetid sores in various portions of their person, exposing them unblushingly to view, and carefully keeping them open as a constant means of livelihood. Others have had their legs or arms amputated, and studiously display the naked stump. Others, again, have legs and arms, not amputated, but what is doubly as effective—withered; twisted all ways, from the similitude of a gnarled twig to the elaborate spiral of a corkscrew. These they thrust into your face, slouching across your path and whining the familiar "*Señorito, una limosnita por el amor de Diós.*" * You civilly reply, "*Diós le am-*

* "A little alms, sir, for God's love."

*pare, hermanito,"** and then, perhaps, you are fortunate enough to overhear a muttered malediction, as unsavoury as its author. It was a wise remark a French doctor made me: "Mendicancy must pay well here; if I were a Spaniard, and had a son, *I would bring him up to be a surgical deformity.*"

So that the beggars of Spain are insolent and rascally to the core. Convinced that their calling is not only venerable but licit, they demand, rather than supplicate, and are utterly ungrateful for any assistance rendered them. I speak from dolorous experience, for I have been taken in times without number. Thieves and ruffians of every degree spring from this pestilential class. In August of 1889 one estimable mendicant, plying his exalted trade at Tordera, in Cataluña, and failing to reap his anticipated harvest, calmly avenged himself by setting the village on fire in seven distinct places.

Their importunity baffles all description. If you seat yourself in the window of a *café*, or club, or restaurant, where anything eatable or drinkable is by you, a dozen frowzy wretches gather round and leer. They tell you they are starving; but if you contrive to shake them off, and take the trouble to look round the nearest corner, or down the nearest alley, as likely as not you will discover them congregated on a step, discussing as abundant and well-prepared a meal as any of your own. They beg, not because they are in want, but because begging is inborn in them.

* "May God protect you, little brother."

Such are the parasites who occupy unmolested the highways, churches, *plazas*, courts, and byways of Spain—a painful and repulsive spectacle at all seasons, and a perpetual disgrace to the Government of the country.

The pest has never been seriously combated. From time to time the civil governors of the larger cities make a clean sweep of every beggar—man, woman, child, and surgical deformity—and send them packing to their birthplaces in the provinces. Within the week they are back again, as lousy, frowzy, and impudent as ever, and bringing with them a contingent of apprentices, new aspirants to the flourishing order of professional mendicants and nuisances.

Speaking of charity induces me to recall the curious institutions known as the *Ronda del Pecado Mortal*, and the *Ronda de Pan y Huevo*. The former was founded in 1691 at Seville, whence it extended to Madrid, León, Valencia, and other cities. Its object was to rescue fallen women, as well as to warn transgressors generally—that is, all who went in danger of the *deadly sin*. As years progressed, the *Ronda* grew to be a powerful and wealthy institution, for it collected alms, was patronized by royalty, and legacies of value were from time to time bequeathed to its exchequer. The proceeding which gave it the familiar appellation of the “*Ronda* (Round) of the Deadly Sin” was striking. Every night there would sally forth a number of pious individuals dressed soberly in black, and bearing lanterns. Directing their march into the lowest and foulest quarters of the city, they chanted for the benefit of such as

they believed to be in spiritual peril, lugubrious verses of a sacred tenor, poor enough from a literary point of view, but morally unexceptionable.

Antonio Flores, in his *Ayer, Hoy, y Mañana* ("Yesterday, To-day, and To-morrow"), and Ricardo Sepúlveda, in *Antiguallas* ("Antiquities"), have graphically described the dismal scene. "Imagine," says the latter, "the gloomy night; the lonely streets, without a light to guide the wayfarer, except some flickering lantern faintly illuminating an image of our Saviour; sepulchral silence reigning throughout the town, and only broken by the strumming of a guitar to the measure of a dance, or by the violins which pandered to the stately and luxurious curtsies of the minuet; then suddenly, breaking the still night air, the melancholy tinkle of a bell, and a sinister group of persons clad in mourning, one of whom with hollow tones invited alms to the end of doing a good work and saying masses for the souls of those that had fallen into mortal sin; while others, bringing their lanterns to bear, appeared to be simulating the ghastly movement of corpse candles in a graveyard."

The same author traces the condition of some of the streets thus visited; the narrow and noisome dens where houses were raised on a few square feet, precluded from light and air, and all save pestilence and filth. Nor were the larger dwellings better in respect of overcrowding. In the Calle Toledo, 4,000 occupants were gathered into 174 houses; in the Calle del Aguila, 4,294 into 42; in the Calle de la Paloma, 1,000 into 31.

Among these squalid and afflicted beings the

Round of the Deadly Sin came and went with fearless steps, and doubtless did appreciable good. Even the most degraded of the sinners for whom that dismal psalmody was destined took a passing heed of its admonitions. In any case, they forbore to scoff, and listened, or clapped their hands to their ears. Sometimes, because their superstitions or their conscience pricked them, they would even empty their pockets into the bag of the alms-gatherer, and return to their carousals with a conviction that they had averted damnation—at least of an immediate character.

The full title of this charity is “The Sacred and Royal Brotherhood of María Santísima of hope and holy zeal for the Salvation of Souls.” I say “is,” for it still exists in a modified form; but more than fifty years have passed since those drear nocturnal patrols were discontinued, and the earnest, if eccentric labours of the intrepid and self-denying philanthropists have ceased for ever.

The *Ronda de Pan y Huevo* (*Round of the Bread and Egg*), was designed to succour the inner man in a bodily, rather than a spiritual sense. Two of its lay brothers, accompanied by a priest, and attended by servants bearing lanterns, litters, and baskets of bread and hard-boiled eggs, paraded the streets at night with the same punctuality as the *Pecado Mortal*; and whenever they discovered a human creature believed to be famishing, thrust into his hand a ration consisting of a loaf and two eggs. In graver cases, where the patient was too extenuated to accept the relief by his own efforts, he was carried in a chair or litter to a place of shelter.

The Ronda in its primitive form dated from 1615, when a couple of charitable souls, Pedro Laso de la Vega and Juan Jerónimo Serra, devoted themselves to soliciting assistance for the sick and needy. Within a while the charity—similarly to the *Pecado Mortal*—developed into a wealthy and extensive institution, owning refuges or asylums at more than one point of the city, particularly at the corner of the Street of the Lame Men, in the edifice known as the Shelter of San Lorenzo; and the *Ronda* proper was initiated—that is, the nightly patrol I have described. The full title of the charity is still “The Brotherhood of Refuge and Piety,” and it distributed in alms, between its commencement and 1888, 16,122,829 pesetas, with seven and twenty *céntimos*.

So that the actual *Ronda*, long since abolished, albeit so famous and familiar a feature of eighteenth century Madrid, was merely a single section of the entire charity. Its object, as well as that of the shelters, was unexceptionable, but smacked of the unpractical, and partaking too largely of the promiscuous and romantic was apt to clash from time to time with numerous difficulties. The devourers of the bread and eggs were not invariably of a deserving character, nor even indigent. The same might be said of those who crowded the refuges to overflowing. Time has shown that charity, in order to be effective, must not be indiscriminate; and this is an axiom which the brothers and officers of the *Ronda*, despite their kindliness and good intentions, were slow to realize. Still, a measure of useful work was certainly achieved by them, and, at least from the antiquarian's point of view, it would have been a grievous

pity had the "Round of the Bread and Egg," with all its varied memories and associations, never sprung into existence.

No people are fonder than the Spaniards of music in all its forms; but the present observations must refer to popular music only. I need not recall that the favourite form of Spanish popular music is that of the guitar. As to the precise point in history when the guitar rose into existence, opinions are at loggerheads, although a reasonable derivation is surely from the Greek *κιθάρα*. Less probable is the Hebrew *chinnor*.* The precursor of the instrument as shaped at present was the *vihuela* or *laúd* (lute), principally in vogue throughout the sixteenth, seventeenth, and part of the eighteenth centuries. The *laúd* had eleven strings, a convex back to the belly, and a curved top to the *mango* (handle); for which reason it is said to have been difficult to tune.† It would seem that the guitar was originally used exclusively for the playing of a lively accompaniment to the voice, merely by *rasgueando*, that is, sweeping the strings with the back of the hand. Later on, the method of execution grew more ambitious, and the *rasgueo* was blended with the more delicate manipulation which *punteaba*, or struck the notes separately.

The influence exercised by the guitar over the hearts of Southerners is infinitely better imagined

* The origin of the guitar has been exhaustively debated by a large number of authorities, including Rambosson, Lavoix, Lichtenthal, and Soubies, among foreigners; and Fuertes, Melcior, and Pedrell, among Spaniards.

† Carlos José Melcior. *Diccionario Enciclopédico de la Música*.

than described, but perhaps it is illustrated in a faint degree by the following (veracious) anecdote. Once upon a time, when Spain and Portugal were at war with one another, a soldier was sent to reconnoitre, and suddenly came upon one of the enemy's sentinels who was trying to tune a guitar. "Give it to me," exclaimed the former; and sure enough, on the other putting it into his hand, he brought his superior knowledge to bear, and good-naturedly handed it back. "There," he said, "*ahora ya está templada* (now it is in tune)."

Furthermore, it is related that on another occasion the Portuguese were routed in battle and left upon the field—for all the world as though it had been a second Cannae—*eleven thousand guitars*.

This story, I suspect, is equally as veracious as the other.

The national devotion to this instrument has continued unabated to the present hour, and in every home throughout the land you will find the family guitar hanging from its peg upon the wall. The poor man picks one up for a dollar at the *casa de empeños* (pawnbroker's); the well-to-do selects it spick and span, at twenty times the price, redolent of new varnish and inlaid with mother-of-pearl. The student strums it in the intervals of his reading, or when he goes *de juerga*. Men and women sing and dance to it, from the modest amateur or blushing *señorita fina* to the paid *cantaores* and bold, impassioned *cantaoras* of Andalusia. The lover serenades his mistress to its strains. It accompanies the soldier to the war. The roysterer in the tavern, the blind pauper in

the street, the workman when his daily toil is over—at this very moment I hear my shoemaker's apprentice below my window, executing passages and chords mellifluous or the reverse—the nation to a man—and woman—tinkles it, or sings and dances to it with greater or less ability, or hearkens to it with glee, and from Irún to Tarifa, or Coruña to Port-Bou, where is the spot where guitars and *guitarristas* are not in constant evidence?

Yet it is extremely rare to hear the guitar played very well. I will endeavour to explain why. There are two manners or schools of playing. The first, the universal style, is the *flamenco* of the average amateur. We may suitably call it the noisy or strumming, or even the convivial style. In this sense guitar-playing is easy, and consists in rendering the national songs and dances sufficiently well to give pleasure, and to be sung or danced to. The hand sweeps loudly over the strings, with particular stress upon the introductory bars, which declare the rhythm of the whole, and are called *cntradas* (openings); there is a superabundance of *rasgueo*; and the music, though quaint and tuneful, is sonorous rather than delicate. Myriads, I may say millions, of Spaniards are efficient guitar-players after the amateur *flamenco* fashion, and can scamper through the *Malagueñas*, or *Granadinas*, or *Sevillanas*, with comparative *éclat*. The blind men, too, who so commonly play in the streets, naturally affect this style. Their performance is in the open air, where delicate effects are lost; the louder the noise they make, the wider the audience, and consequently, the bigger the returns.

In England, or almost any country, there are countless pianists who play sufficiently well to give pleasure. Of eminent pianists there are not half a dozen. The same is the case with the guitar. The second manner of playing, the *concert* style, is the embodiment of true art and severe study, and therefore very uncommon. In this, the ambitious sense, the guitar is an extremely difficult instrument. Nevertheless, it well repays the devotion required for its domination, for a good guitar, cunningly touched by an expert, is infinitely sonorous and sweet, and lends itself to prodigies of execution; but its mastery demands an amount of training and practice which must extend over a very long period. Given considerable natural aptitude and a faultless ear (this above all), a guitar-player can attain distinction, and is fit to figure as a *concertista*, after from six to ten years' study, under the direction of a competent professor, and practising from three to four or five hours daily. So that if any of my readers had imagined that the guitar was somewhat on a level with the banjo, I hope this will undeceive them.

The best guitar-player I have met is an amateur—in the sense that he does not play for money—a young Government employé, native of the Canary Islands. He began to study the instrument at fifteen, and is now eight and twenty. In no respect does he resemble the average *flamenco* player; and although he has the whole of the *flamenco* repertory at his fingers' ends—*Sevillanas*, *Malagueñas*, *Granadinas*, *Soledades*, *Alegrías*, and so forth—it assumes a different nature when he executes it. His touch has

none of the rasping hardness of the street and tavern players, or of the noisy amateurs—who compensate in violence for what they lack in art; none of the tapping and rapping on the belly of the instrument which is with them so favourite and cheap an artifice. He seldom indulges in a *fortissimo*, and it is obviously with a better will that he plays to a few friends in a sitting-room than before a large company. But the quiet, delicate melodies which he evokes and embellishes by a matchless execution and fingering, resemble those strains of which the poet speaks, “that might create a soul under the ribs of Death”; and prove that the guitar, played as it *can* be played, is one of the most enchanting of all musical instruments.

The *flamenco* music, however, in spite of its frequent loudness and rapidity, unites with these qualities a peculiar mournfulness, which one appreciates on hearkening to it, but cannot wholly explain or justify. Apropos of this, I remember a remark which occurs in a bright little piece* performed not long ago at one of the Madrid theatres. An Andalusian *cantaora* is singing *alegrías* (“joys”) to the guitar, in a *café cantante*. “Joys, does she call them,” exclaims one of the listeners; “why, I have done nothing but cry since she began!” This naturally provokes a laugh, but at the same time it furnishes food for reflection; and it is not extreme to suppose that this semi-mournful tinge derives from the *empreinte orientale*—from the Moorish blood which courses still through Andalusian veins.

* *Los Flamencos*,

Fernando Sors was "the Paganini of the guitar." Other eminent *guitarristas* were, or are, Dionisio Aguado, Tárrega, Julián Arcas, and José Huerta.

As to the structural points of the guitar. Of course it is possible for the unskilled to pay a very big price for a very bad instrument; in fact, they generally do so, for the instrument is as difficult as any to select with judgment. By far the greater number are merely made to sell, and are got up prettily enough, with *mucha vista*, that is, attractively ornamented, but their utility or staying power is small.

The chief parts which enter into the building of a guitar are the following:—

- (1) The belly; the top (*tapa*) of which should always be of pine, that wood being highly porous. Elaborate inlaying with decorative woods and mother-of-pearl goes far to spoil all tone and resonance.
- (2) The *mástil* or handle, the manufacture of which is easy enough, but the superimposed
- (3) *diapasón*, into which are fitted the brass *trastes*, is the most delicate piece in the whole instrument, and requires a scrupulous nicety in its adjustment. I am not aware of many workmen who can cut and fit a *diapasón* "*como Dios manda*" ("as Heaven says it should be").

The strings are six: three of catgut (*de tripa*), and three of wire (*bordones*), these latter of fine silk

wrapped in copper wire and silvered. The whole set (*juego*) of six strings is called an *encoladura*. The *bordones* are principally made at Valencia, and the copper wire comes from England or Germany. It is believed, I know not with what foundation, that English copper yields a mellower and softer tone than the German, but presumably it is the elaboration or silvering of the wire which tells, rather than the inherent quality of the metal.

Where do the best guitars come from? The answer is, they come from any point within the sphere of guitar-making. It cannot be said with justice that any one city turns out better guitars than any other. Some players speak highly of the Sevillian guitar, which is low in the *cercó* or body; others swear by the Valencian, but the *genius loci* influences but little. In any of the larger cities the connoisseur will have no difficulty in finding a *guitarrero* who can turn him out a first-class instrument—for plenty of manufacturers can fashion splendid instruments when they choose; though only in exceptional cases is it worth their while to do so. The showy and worthless *guitarras de batalla*, plentifully inlaid, go off by thousands, but a high quality instrument, always of rather severe appearance, is rarely made except to order, for none but artists appreciate its worth. The expert who knows what he is about will even select the wood himself, and narrowly instruct the builder as to its *colocación* or fitting—a very important factor. Yet even thus, the price of an admirable guitar is not excessive, and need never run beyond a couple of hundred *pesetas*.

The *gaita* of Galicia and Asturias, and the bagpipes of Scotland, are both of the same respectable and ancient lineage as the cornemuse; and here again a volume might be written of the various kinds of *gaita*; the *gaita zamorana* (akin to the French *vielle*), the *gaita gallega*, and numerous others, together with their origin and development.* But the general form of *gaita*, as played at present in Galicia and León, consists of a goatskin bag, with one pipe for the mouth, and another for the player's finger "to sound what stop he please." Furthermore, there are a couple of long pipes called *roncones*. These produce the moaning, droning, groaning accompaniment which constitutes the most approved and classical feature of the instrument.

In company with this windbag, from which the air is extruded by the pressure of the arm, the *gaitero* goes tirelessly from village to village, welcomed with open arms and liberal largesse; and wheresoever there is marrying, or dancing, or other festive event, there will he surely be, together with his bagpipes.

Vocally, too, the Spaniards give abundant evidence of their fondness for music. The *orfeones* are similar to the Welsh Choirs, and were founded by the Catalán, José Anselmo Clavé, the first being *La Fraternal*, dating from 1850; and the *Coros de Clavé* of Barcelona are a flourishing institution. The

* A few of the authorities who treat of the *gaita* in connection with its history, or relation to other instruments, are Inzenga (*Cantos y bailes populares de España, Galicia*); Camps y Soler, in an article called *Instrumentos usados por los hebreos*; Pérez Ballesteros (*Cancionero popular gallego*); Rambosson (*Les harmonies du son et l'histoire des instruments de la musique*); and Cesari (*Historia de la música antigua*).

orfeones have spread extensively through Spain, particularly in Madrid and the northern provinces. From a moral and educational point of view they are admirable, for the majority of their members belong to the lower or lower-middle classes, while their artistic powers are excellent, and the Navarros will ever recall with pride that the great tenor Julián Gayarre, so familiar to our Covent Garden audiences of a dozen years ago, was once upon a time an "unknown quantity" in the *orfeón* of Pamplona. Nor is it a slight boast of that little city to be also the *pueblo natal* of Pablo Sarasate.

The *comparsas* are folk of the humbler classes who form a band, chiefly composed of guitars, *bandurrias*, and *güiros*, the latter resembling a nutmeg grater, and rasped by any piece of metal that comes handy. Thus equipped, the *comparsas* parade the streets at night, during almost any portion of the period that intervenes between Christmas and Carnival. As they keep excellent time and tune, the effect, though somewhat *bizarre*, is soothing and concordant. The *estudiantina*, as its name implies, is properly composed of students.

Far less harmonious than the foregoing are the *murgas* and the *cencerradas*. The former is a band, usually scanty in numbers (its only merit), and which haunts assiduously the premises of people gladdened, or supposed to be gladdened, by any recent windfall or occurrence of a gratifying character. A has opened a shop. A *murga* for him! B's wife has presented him with twins! A *murga*! C has been appointed to a lucrative situation. A *murga*! D's mother-in-law has died. A *murga*!

Needless to say, the visit of the *murga* is not expected to go unrewarded. There should be "cakes and ale" within doors and a couple of silver dollars at the very least. But great expectations—or indeed any expectations of an agreeable nature—are sadly prone to come to grief; and often, I fear, the guerdon of the *murguistas* takes the form of the proverbial kicks, rather than of the wished-for and fished-for halfpence.

The origin of the *murga* I have failed to discover. Probably it is a modern usage, borrowed from abroad.

In ancient times, and in divers countries, it was the custom for parties of wags, or moralists, or both together—uniting amusement with instruction—to create discordant sounds with tin pots or pans of any and every description outside the dwellings of females of the spinster condition who had committed what is known in the complaisant language of our neighbours as a *faux pas*. This was in feudal ages. At a later date the attention came to be confined to widowers who contracted *segundas nupcias*; and in this form the usage has survived, at any rate in Spain, until the present day.

The Council of Trent was the first to tackle this gross and absurd custom, and in 1765 Charles the Third of Spain attempted to further the good work of suppression by punishing with a fine of a hundred dollars and four years' imprisonment, not only the performers upon kettles, pots, and frying-pans, but also those who bore them any company in the *juerga*.

Notwithstanding, Spain conserves a sturdy fondness for the *cencerrada*, and not long ago

a ludicrous incident befell in Seville. A barber (*not* the historic Figaro), who had organized and led full many a *cencerrada* in his younger days, decided to enter for the second time the holy estate of matrimony. No sooner had the wedding night arrived than his former victims, to the number of I dare not say how many hundreds—or possibly thousands—blockaded half his *barrio* with a gigantic *cencerrada* of retaliation. The Civil Guards were needed to maintain order and assuage the lacerated feelings of the newly-wedded pair. Nor was the least of the fun of the fair the humorous poem relative to the event, published by Felipe Pérez y González in *El Liberal*, and aptly titled “The Barber of Seville.”

At this rate the *cencerrada* will long continue to rule the roost, and surely it is a venerable and historic usage, descended from the Romans and propagated through every *civilized* community, the *katsen musik* of Germany; the *scampanata* of Italy; and the *charivari* of France.

To speak of singing and playing, and not of their concomitant, dancing, would surely be an unpardonable omission. The Spaniards, then, both women and men, are admirable dancers, and have been so from ages immemorial; ever since the Spanish dancing-girls were “quite the rage” at Rome. Of Spanish dances between the sixteenth and the eighteenth centuries, the most in vogue were the *pavana* and the *zarabanda*. The former was the darling of the Court grandees, and even of royalty; slow and stately was its measure, and in various of its figures not unlike the minuet, to which it may be said to

have socially corresponded. Its name, *pavana* (*pavo*, peacock), is said to derive from the resemblance of one of its figures to the spread-out tail of that bird. The men, too, while executing it retained their cloaks and swords; wherefore a male who strutted conceitedly was said to *pavonearse*. Other dances of a serious and polite character were the *Madama Orleans* and the *turdi6n*. The *zarabanda* differed as absolutely from the *pavana* as the modern high-kickers of the Moulin Rouge from the participants in a Court quadrille. The saraband, believed to have been invented in 1588, and which was accompanied by the singing of ribald verses, was lascivious and alluring, bringing the hips and legs into animated movement, and displaying to the full the charms of a buxom figure, a well-turned arm, or an ample bosom—not always sheltered by a high-necked bodice. This, in fact, was one of the theatrical or *truhanesco* dances; as also were the *guirigay*; the *carretería*; the *Hermano Bartolo*; the *zapatitas*; the *zapateado*; the *Juan Redondo*; the *Santarén*; and many another.

At the present day the *reuniones* of the upper classes cling pretty tenaciously to the waltz, introduced into Spain about the year 1800,* the polka, the mazurka, the schottische, the *rigod6n*, and the *americana*. The middle and lower classes also affect the polka, mazurka, and waltz; but their principal favourite is the *habanera*, of slow and rhythmical motion. It is a "hugging" dance (*pegado*, in the Spanish vernacular), and would have drawn from

* Alcalá Galiáno. *Recuerdos de un Anciano*.

Byron the bitterest anathemas—not excepting *English Bards and Scotch Reviewers*—that sensitive and impassioned nobleman ever penned.

But the charm, antiquity, and interest of Spanish dances centre in the *bailes regionales* : first and foremost among which are the Andalusian, incomparable for grace, activity, and tunefulness. Among the older forms, the *fandango* and the *bolero* are still danced ; the *cachucha* I believe to be extinct. Nowadays, too, there are the *Sevillanas* and the *Málagañas*. In these the lithe bodies of the Andaluzas move with the sinuosity of a—but I should offend by the metaphor. (This mystery will unravel to you in the next chapter but one, when we examine Spanish superstitions.) For the present I will only say that I was about to mention a certain legless animal, *¡lagarto ! ¡lagarto !* In any event, then, the Andaluza's twinkling steps are attended all the while by the crisp, quick rattle of the castanets, *palillos* in the vulgar tongue, but lineal descendants, if my memory serves me, of the *crusmata* cited by old Martial.

Similarly as the Andalusians in the dances I have instanced, the Valencians glory in their *cháquera vella*, and *el ú y el dos* ; the Cataláns in their *sardana* ; the Vascongados in their *aurresku* ; the Galicians in their *gallegadas* and *muiñeira* ; the Asturians in their *danza prima*, and the Aragonese in their sprightly *jota*. This latter I believe to be as old as any. *Pedro Saputo* derives it from a yet earlier dance, the *canario*, said to have been popular among the Moors. Other authorities ascribe its invention to an Arab, Aben-jot, who flourished in the twelfth century. Estévanez



(From an Old Print.)

THE BOLEERO.

(To face p. 84.)

Calderón goes even further, attributing it to the Greeks; and Inzenga describes in its cheerful rhythm an affinity with Neapolitan measures.

Not all of these regional dances are equally pleasing to the eye; but handed down from generation to generation, they afford in every instance a precious index to the history and spirit of their possessors, and even those which are least engaging to the on-looker are fully able to atone in interest and originality for what they lack in beauties of a more extrinsic character.

CHAPTER V.

POPULAR LITERATURE.



THE popular literature of the Spaniards forms so integral a part of their manners and customs, of their personal temperament, I might almost say of the very atmosphere they breathe, that the present chapter is wholly indispensable, although I cannot but approach it with the utmost diffidence. For unfortunately I must endeavour to portray what is to a great extent invisible. The beauties of Spanish popular literature—by which I mean a body of work deriving its very origin from the masses, and not the productions of cultured authors who have chanced to win the general ear—depend for their appreciation, not so much upon intelligence or literal translation as upon sympathy; and sympathy, in the present instance, involves an intimate knowledge of Spanish and the Spanish people; qualities which possibly I myself possess, but which I can hardly impart at a moment's notice to my readers. Yet if, indeed, this popular literature were capable of a comparatively flawless rendering into a foreign tongue, the case would even then be somewhat different; but the melodious verses which vibrate within the hearts and upon the lips of the Spanish peasantry are positively untranslatable. They are too subtle, too

spontaneous, or too beautiful. The Homeric directness of diction (I shall presently show how eighteen words of verse are capable of narrating a complete tragedy of lower-class life) which constitutes one of their most transcendent merits, on being conveyed to other tongues evaporates altogether, by the fault, not necessarily of the translator, but certainly of the medium of translation.

Is it not the same, though in a lesser degree, with our own North-Country ballads? For instance, *Helen of Kirkconnell*—

“ I wish I were where Helen lies !
Night and day on me she cries ;
O that I were where Helen lies,
On fair Kirkconnell lee !

“ Curst be the heart that thought the thought,
And curst the hand that fired the shot,
When in my arms burd Helen dropt,
And died to succour me !

“ O think ye na my heart was sair,
When my love dropt down and spake nae mair !
There did she swoon wi' meikle care,
On fair Kirkconnell lee.”

or again, in *The Dowie Dens o' Yarrow*—

“ She's ta'en him in her armis twa,
And gien him kisses thorough ;
And wi' her tears she washed his wounds
On the dowie banks o' Yarrow.”

“ Now haud your tongue, my daughter dear,
For a' this breeds but sorrow ;
I'll wed ye to a better lord
Than him ye lost on Yarrow.”

"She kissed his lips and kaimed his hair,
As oft she'd done before, O ;
Syne wi' a sigh her heart did break,
On the dowie braes o' Yarrow."

Here we have so natural a pathos that the least and tenderest touch must spoil it. The elaborate versification of scholar-poets affords nothing more moving than these stanzas; and yet in what does that impulse consist? Certainly not in their technique, which is commonly doggerel. It is the resolute, inflexible sacrifice of form to sentiment; of metrical ornament to expressional utility. This is their only merit, yet it suffices to render them imperishable. Such lines as those I have quoted defy translation. Not even the genius of a Father Prout could conserve in Latin, Greek, or French, the qualities of the original. The sentiment is too naked in its loneliness; the structure is too artless. For by a singular paradox we can imitate or transfer the exceedingly complex, but we cannot the exceedingly simple: and simplicity—or sincerity (for the words are identical) is ever the crowning part and grandest essential of all true poetry.

For this reason it is impossible to overrate the popular literature of any humanized people; and since the Spaniard hardly ever speaks without a *refrán* falling from his lips; since his *cantares* survive in countless quantities from century to century, not in a single province, but everywhere throughout the land, it would be arrant cowardice if I shirked describing them. The essay is inadequate, but at least I am fulfilling my duty in attempting it: and perhaps it may at least discover the slender charm of novelty;

for I believe this to be the first time in the English language that a coherent notice of Spanish popular literature has been evolved at all.

Three causes have contributed to render the Spaniards the most romantic and impressionable of all Europeans—their origin, their growth, and their political history. Naturally denizens of the South, of ardent temperament, consuming passions, rapid imagination, and voluble utterance, by reason of their intercourse with the Moors these qualities expanded in a singular degree, and acquired that *empreinte orientale* to which I have already adverted in connection with music. And thirdly, their changeful and eventful annals, centuries of warfare with the infidel, of struggles with the nobles, with the clergy, with their own selves—for on many occasions they have proved their own worst enemy—all this has quite confirmed their southern and oriental characteristics, and kept intense their glowing appreciation of the vivid, the sentimental, and the picturesque. Add to the foregoing the intrinsic virtues, sweetness and dignity united, of their language, “that majestic tongue, which Calderon over the desert flung of ages and of nations,” and who can wonder that the Spaniards, even to the humblest, should think, and argue, and live, and love in song?

Nevertheless, the same *empreinte orientale* causes the popular poetry of Spain to differ in one respect very notably from our own ballads and folk-songs. The latter owe their simplicity to their almost brutal straightforwardness; the former is simple because it is genuine and heartfelt, but it is complex in the sense that it is largely metaphorical, colored at

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times with brilliant images which Northern critics might tax as artificially hyperbolic—although this feature, native and unassumed enough, is transparently due to close and constant mingling with the Arabs. But before I return to this distinction, let me indicate how the popular poetry of the Spaniards rose into being at all.

We gather from credible evidence that it is of very ancient origin, dealing in its earliest shape with religion and with war; for the Spaniards were ever a fanatical nation, and above all a nation of fanatical warriors. All specimens of these earliest connected songs—*romances*, as they are called, are now lost; for we may confidently assume that the *Poema del Cid*, composed at least subsequently to the year 1157, is not the production of a peasant; and the oldest *popular* Spanish verse of which examples are extant, are therefore the *refranes*. The *refrán* is a pithy maxim for the conduct of life, corresponding to our proverb. It has been argued that the *refranes* are not verse at all. According to a recognised authority, García Gutiérrez, their title to be considered as poesy subsists, if not in actual metrical structure, at least in the nature of the thoughts they illustrate.* In point of fact, the elementary canons of prosodical construction are frequently undiscoverable; although with modern instances before us, such as Swinburne and Walt Whitman, we cannot regard this as a final disqualification. But the general form of the *refrán*, according to Gutiérrez's definition, seems to have been "a short phrase,

* *Discursos de recepción de la Real Academia Española*, 11 de Mayo de 1862.

divided into two portions, and rhyming either partially or wholly."

The stock of Spanish *refranes* is positively endless. "Age cannot wither nor custom stale their infinite variety." Honest Sancho Panza boasted that he had "no other estate or perquisite beyond *refranes* and more *refranes*," and the ingenious farce called the *Entremés de refranes*,* which is attributed, without sufficient foundation, to Cervantes, is built of nothing else. Likè wines and violins, the older they are, the greater is their value. Some are adapted from biblical or mythological apophthegms, or from a foreign language; but the vast majority are native to Spanish ingenuity alone. They have often been collated, are loved and venerated by their users, high and low, rich and poor, and will continue to figure in conversation and to sparkle, enliven, and entertain, as long as the Spanish language lasts.

Dating from the close of the fourteenth century, the great Marquis of Castellana, the most erudite nobleman of his age, has bequeathed to grateful posterity a collection of several hundred examples, prefacing them by a statement that "by command of King Juan, Iñigo López de Mendoza collated these *refranes* which the old women repeat before the fire." There is no question, then, that they were eminently popular and homely, "such as our country gossips sing and spin." Among them are a great number which are still in vogue; others have been modified more or less, their moral

* Adolfo de Castro: *Varias obras inéditas de Cervantes*, pp. 113 et seq.

remaining the same; while others, curiously enough, bear a quaint and interesting relationship with English equivalents.

Among the first I may cite the following, whose only change has been an inconsequential archaism or two which I have not disturbed:—

A do te quieren mucho, non vayas á menudo.

"Where they love you well, resort but seldom."

En boca cerrada non entra mosca.

"Into a closed mouth no flies can enter."

Grano á grano, finche la gallina el papo.

"A grain at a time, the hen fills her crop."

El que non tiene casa de suyo, en cada barrio es vecino.

"He that has no house of his own is everybody's neighbour."

Among those which have undergone slight structural changes:—

Cada uno con su fortuna.

"Every man's luck his own."

is nowadays replaced by—

Cada loco con su tema.

"Every madman with his hobby."

Another:—

Del río manso me guarde Dios : que del fuerte yo me guardaré.

"From the smooth river

May God me deliver ;

If a torrent it be

I'll deliver me."

This is nowadays:—

Del agua mansa me libre Dios : de la que corre me libraré yo.

The sense of both is of course identical, and the same sentiment is obviously implied in "still waters run deep."

A todo hay maña, sinon á la muerte.

"There are tricks to baffle everything, except death."

modernized to—

Para todo hay maña, ménos para la muerte.

The sense is identical.

Todo te faré ; mas casa con dos puertas non te guardaré.

"I'll do anything for you, short of guarding for you a house with two doors."

This antiquated form is superseded by the abbreviated form which Calderón bestowed as title upon his famous comedy, *Casa con dos puertas mala es de guardar* (*A house with two doors is difficult to guard*).

Thirdly, we come to those *refranes* which bear an amusing resemblance to, or are identical with, proverbs of our own. Thus, we say of a dog that "his bark is worse than his bite."

Ládreme el perro (runs the old refrain) é non me muerda.

"Let the dog bark at me, but not bite me."

The modern form is—

Perro que ladra no muerde.

"A barking dog doesn't bite."

Non con quien nascas, sinon con quien pascas.

"Not with whom you are born, but with whom you feed."

This suggests our—

“ Evil communications corrupt good manners.”

as well as—

“ Tell me what company you keep, and I'll tell you what you are.”

Oro es, lo que oro vale.

“ Gold is what gold is worth.”

which suggests our—

“ All that glisters is not gold.”

Mas vale pájaro en mano que buytre volando.

“ A bird in the hand is worth more than a vulture in the air.”

Pájaro, I should add, means a small bird ; birds of all kinds, including vultures and large fowl, are *aves*. An alternative version substitutes *ciento* (a hundred) for *buytre*, approximating the proverb yet more closely to our own—

“ A bird in the hand is worth two in the bush.”

Over and above the multitude of *refrancis* in the Marquis' collection which are still current, there are various which I do not remember to have heard in conversation (although I should not care to asseverate that they are quite extinct), and yet which are pointed and ingenious enough to deserve to live on.

Amor de niño, agua en cesto.

“ A child's love is like water in a basket.”

De la mala muger te guarda, é de la buena non fies nada.

“ Avoid the bad woman ; mistrust the good.”

De quieres á tiennes, el terçio pierdes.

"From *want* to *have*, the third part you'll lose."

What else is this but our—

"There's many a slip 'twixt cup and lip."

Mandan al gato, é el gato manda al su rabo.

"Men may command the cat, but the cat commands her tail."

This is ingenious, and true to human as well as animal nature. We are all aware that when the master or mistress scolds the cook this latter retaliates upon the housemaid, the housemaid rates the page, the page kicks the dog, and the dog, as in "the house that Jack built," worries the cat, who in turn avenges herself upon the rat, the rat upon her vermin, and the vermin upon—who knows what unperceivable microbes? An uncharitable impulse communicated from above pervades all ranks of society, and discovers endless niceties of caste discrimination and grades of littleness galore. As Robert Louis Stevenson has said, "The more you look into it the more infinite are the class distinctions among men, and possibly, by a happy dispensation, there is no one at all at the bottom of the scale; no one but can find some superiority over somebody else, to keep up his pride withal."

In the collections of Sbarbi and others* figure, among a vast quantity of interesting *refranes*—

* Among the principal collections of *refranes* are the *Refranes glosados* of Mosén Dimos. Toledo, 1510; *Refranes glosados*. Burgos, 1524 (author unknown); *Refranes aragoneses y castellanos*, by Mosén Pero Vallés. Zaragoza, 1551; *Refranes castellanos*, by the Comendador Fernán-Núñez. Salamanca, 1555; *Filosofía vulgar*, by Juan de Mal-lara. Seville, 1558; *Cartas en refranes*,

El gato escaldado del agua fria huye.

"The scalded cat runs away from cold water."

or, as we more tersely phrase it—

"Once bit, twice shy."

Mas vale tarde que nunca.

"Better late than never."

This is cosmopolitan, and even extends to Catalán—

Mas val tart que may.

The following is a *refrán*, and at the same time a simile of surpassing beauty—

La ausencia es al amor, lo que al fuego el aire: que apaga el pequeño, y aviva el grande.

"Absence is with love as air with fire: it extinguishes the little flame, but fans the great."

a truly oriental likeness, and immeasurably superior to our—

"Absence makes the heart grow fonder."

Mas vale quien Dios ayuda, que quien mucho madruga.

"Better be helped by God than be an early riser."

by Blasco de Garay, 1569; *Refranes de mesa*, by Lorenzo Palmireno. Valencia, 1569; *Diccionario de vocablos castellanos*, by Alphonso Sánchez de la Ballesta. Salamanca, 1587; *Perla de proverbios morales*, by Alonso de Barros. Madrid, 1601; *Proverbios morales*, by Cristóbal Pérez de Herrera. Madrid, 1618; *Refranes castellanos y latinos*, by Jerónimo Martin Caro y Cujado. Madrid, 1695. Of modern collections none surpasses Haller's *Altspanische Sprichtwörter*, or Sbarbi's *Refranero General*.

Al que madruga, Dios le ayuda.
 "God helps the early riser."

The first of these two *refranes* is from the Marquis' collection. The second is quoted by Ferrer del Río, so that their authenticity is indisputable. Yet their sense is contradictory, and affords scope for investigation. Supposing the inventor of the former to have been a slugabed, a worthy and devout soul, but not an early riser, "*Is it physical,*" he would argue, "*to walk unbraced and suck up the humours of the dank morning?*"—and thus he would compose the *refrán* according to his liking, flattering his piety and excusing his sluggishness. The inventor of the second *refrán* we may assume, on the contrary, to have been an infidel or free-thinker. He lets you see that he rates his alarum clock more highly than any aid of providence. God's help may come afterwards and welcome, but the first essential is to turn out at cock-crow. Thus, by giving the cards a dexterous shuffle, and making the wish the father to the thought, each has his own way, and revels in his own *refrán*.

Depending from the *refranes* are a quantity of sayings, similes, conundrums, and figures of speech, often of a quaint and amusing character, and occasionally of genuine historical or topographical interest. They are not, in a literal sense, *refranes*, yet a notice of these latter would be incomplete without them. A great many of these similes and such like require no explanation—"as rich as Cræsus," "as thieving as Cacus," and so forth;

while the following differ but very slightly from our own equivalent:—

<i>English.</i>	<i>Spanish.</i>
"Shifting as a weathercock."	"Shifting as a sunflower."
"He walks bent double."	"He walks like an et cetera."
"It fits like a glove."	"It fits like a ring upon the finger."
"To carry coals to Newcastle."	
"To carry saut to Dysart."	"To carry iron to Biscay."
(Scotch.)	

But others are borrowed from remote local events or personages, and these are naturally the most perplexing of all; though in certain instances it has been possible to trace their origin. This is the same the wide world over. No matter in what country, the populace care little for contexts, and have a faulty memory for them, but are strongly tenacious of anything in the nature of a catchword, or, if I may invent the expression, a catchphrase. There are few dramatic authors, and none in comedy, but are alive to this, and study to make capital out of it. In regard to Spain, I may cite the following instance.

Imagine the ensuing dialogue between a Spanish Jones and a Spanish Brown. Says Brown—

"Morning, dear boy; how are you?"

Jones: "Oh, pretty bobbish, thanks."

Brown: "Let me congratulate you."

Jones: "Congratulate me? Why?"

Brown: "On your approaching marriage."

Jones: "But I'm not going to be married."

Brown: "Not going to be married. Why, they told me you were."

Jones: "They told you wrong. *No hay tales carneros* (there are no such sheep)."

Now both Brown and Jones know perfectly well that "*no hay tales carneros*" means simply "no such thing." But the chances are a thousand to one against their being able to explain the phrase's origin; and if they cannot, still less can the common people. Let me, for the moment, supply their deficiency.

Not many years ago, a young Madrid dramatist submitted a play to the great actor, the late Julián Romea, who locked away the manuscript and promised to read it. Six months passed by in silence; nine months; a year; and finally the despairing author presented himself before Romea.

"Have you read my play, sir?"

"Let me see," replied the actor, running his fingers through his hair, "let me see. What was the title?"

"N . . ."

"Oh, yes, yes. I quite remember. I *have* read it, and I like it; and *one of these days I'll try to stage it.*"

The author smelt a rat. "Well, but," he asked, "how about the scene of the sheep? Isn't it rather strong?"

"It *does* sail *rather* close to the wind," rejoined Romea, with ready evasiveness, "but that'll come all right in the acting."

"Then," retorted the indignant dramatist, "you haven't read my play."

"Why not?"

"*Because there are no such sheep!*"

Revenons à nos moutons. Our *burke* and *boycott*, originally proper names, have infiltrated into every dictionary in the language. Were there less literary publication, which acts upon a popular figure of speech as *hypo* on a negative—that is to say, *fixes* it—a thousand years hence some groping philologist might struggle to disinter their Sanskrit or Chaldaic derivations. “*Es más feo que Picio*,” say the Spaniards—“he is uglier than Picio.” Who was Picio? Nobody can tell me, yet everybody alludes to him. We can only gather that he was a paragon of plainness, born to blush unchronicled, though not “unseen.” In this way, dear reader, do our merciless neighbours record our physical and moral peculiarities upon the indelible tablets of time; and the remark you casually dropped about the colour of Miss Robinson’s nose, or I about the avarice of my tailor, may well become—not in a single night, like Childe Harold, but in the gradual and aggregative course of years—famous, popular, and immortal. The tender and elaborate ode you penned last week in the sacred privacy of your chamber, and copied into Mr. H’s album, will have been sold for a vile fee, and cast, like pearls before swine, to grimy oblivion; rent by unfeeling rag pickers, and trituated by the Imperial-Cæsar process of microscopic dissolution. *The Land of the Dons* will have ceased to figure on any reputable bookshelf, and at the most ingloriously linger on the banks of Seine at a couple of *sous* the copy. The darling efforts of our lives and genius, on which we lavished such curious care, so loving a scholarship; these will have died as utterly as our morbid carcasses; and we must trust to a chance involuntary cry—the crude experiment of a

moment—to render our reputation (if only ourselves and the world could realize the honour!) *ære perennius*.

“ This fierce digression hath to it circumstantial branches.” For it serves to insist on the personal and historic memories revived from time to time by the utterances of the vulgar; nor is any language more exuberant than Spanish in these quaint old-world allusions. Suppose yourself to have made all preparations for a journey, or marriage, or any affair in general—and that an unforeseen mishap annuls them: you are promptly likened to “ the betrothed of Rota.” For it seems that once upon a time, at the insignificant village of Rota, near Cádiz, a maiden was deserted by her faithless swain upon her wedding-day, or rather, the day that was to have witnessed her wedding—and at the very door of the church. Accident has condemned her to immortality. She has become a type for jilted maidens and spoiled affairs throughout the whole Peninsula.

In 1585 Sir Francis Drake sailed up the coast of Cartagena and prepared to attack the city, whereupon the governor made what resistance he could, but his whole force consisted of only a few hundred arquebusiers, and he summoned urgent help from the adjacent towns. Help arrived, according to the standard Spanish formula of those days, *mañana* (tomorrow)—that is to say, not at all; the city was stormed and sacked by the enemy, and hence, if I promise to assist a neighbour in distress, but limit my aid to “ words, words, words,” my Spanish friends compare him with the governor of Cartagena.

Thanks to the irony of the masses, the governor survives, *but his name has disappeared.*

That is the amusing part of it. What do the populace care for a proper name? It is the *idea* they cling to. This they make their own, but the name is recorded, if at all, by the merest accident, and even then, as likely as not, made game of, as I shall presently demonstrate. When a piece of stale intelligence is proffered me, I advert that "Queen Anne is dead." Why Queen Anne? What is Queen Anne to me, or what am I to Queen Anne, that I should revert to her dissolution at the opening of the twentieth century? "Does yer mother know yer out?" cry the little vulgar boys—precisely the class of little vulgar boy delineated by the truthful pen of Ingoldsby, and who, alas! is being unrecognisably improved by schooling, and soap and water. Similarly, the Spaniard asks a braggart whether his grandmother has died. Ourselves, we substitute (eccentric piety!) "trumpeter" for "grandmother," but the gist remains the same—that is to say, we ridicule the dam, and revere the grandam—a palpable contradiction. However, it is all one, if we judge the matter fairly. Queen Anne, mothers, grandmothers, trumpeters—we mean them no personal offence or private malice; but their titles provide us with a current coin for interchanging similes, impertinences, quips, and witticisms in general.

"*Parece un liliputiense*" ("he looks like a Lilliputian") is a phrase which touches England much more quaintly than the governor of Cartagena. The Spaniards, whose language was already so over-

whelmed with *diminutives*, have honored us by including among their epithets the whimsical invention of a foreign satirist; for although *liliputiense* can never have been adopted consciously from Gulliver by the Spanish plebs, who are unread and unlettered to the core, yet they heard of it, approved of it, and made it their own, dulcifying it *en passant* with a mellower termination—*ense*. Would it be equally possible, I wonder, to borrow *Brobdingnag*, or *Houyhnhnm*, and “better them in the borrowing.”

The housewife of Burguillos (*la aseada de Burguillos*) who prided herself upon her cleanliness, but was observed upon the sly to spit into the frying-pan in order to test its hotness, has likewise become “familiar in their mouths as household words” with every cook and kitchenmaid throughout the country. Here, too, as with the governor of Cartagena, her local habitation is recorded, but her name, if ever she had one, has passed into the realm of airy nothings.

Of María Morena, however, we have definite and moving tidings. We learn from unimpeachable sources that she kept a tavern in Madrid in 1579; that her husband's name was Alonso de Zayas; and that both were prosecuted for *refusing to sell some skins of wine which they had in their tavern*. What was the matter with their wine? Perhaps they had watered it, and their conscience pricking them at the last moment forbade their betraying the confidence of unsuspecting customers. What delicate scruples! If every publican who sugars his beer would follow their example! Or perhaps they thought of suppressing inebriety, and initiating a

Blue Ribbon movement. "Charity begins at home"—and so, they well might argue, does temperance. Yet however admirable her intentions, graceless posterity has cut down its benefactress' name to *marimorena*, which it unblushingly uses as a vulgarer and stronger equivalent for *riña* and *pendencia*, or in the polite equivalent of English slang, *the devil of a shindy*.

By way of instancing a *marimorena*, I recur to the second volume of the entertaining work known as *El Averiguador* (*The Investigator*). "In this year (1483), upon the twenty-fifth of October, Juan Galindo, a mason by trade, had some words with Pedro Ortiz, of the same occupation, both of them living in the street called Santa Inés. The quarrel ended in Galindo's stabbing Ortiz in the arm.

"The brothers, other relatives, and friends of Ortiz met that night, marched to Galindo's house, beat down the doors, and put him to a shocking death. His afflicted widow ran out with pitiful cries, which were taken up by everyone that was acquainted with herself and with her dead husband; and all together set upon the assassins.

"These latter stood upon their guard and began so bloody a fray that by the day following more than five hundred were engaged in it, murdering one another amid the impotence of the authorities, both civil and military.

"All day long the combat lasted, until towards nightfall they brought out the Host and bore it in procession, and a Franciscan friar, by preaching and exhorting, succeeded in inducing the rioters to lay down their weapons and disperse.

"Twenty-eight were killed, forty-two wounded, and eighteen of the survivors were imprisoned."

The familiar Scriptural comparison, *ser más viejo que Sara* (to be older than Sarah), and the similarity in Castilian between *Sara* (Sarah) and *sarna* (the itch or mange), occasioned the laughable discussion between Don Quixote and the goatherd.

Such are the *refranes* and their satellites. For the enlightenment of those who may desire to study them more fully, I may add that the collection of Iriarte alone consists of four-and-twenty thousand. Many, of course, are worthless, feeble, and jejune; or else their point is completely worn away; but their very variety lends them interest, and although they lack the affecting beauty of the *cantares*, they are the quaintest and not the least instructive branch of Spanish popular literature. This is admitted even by so erudite and fastidious a critic as Fray Luis de León. "If anyone," he says, "should argue that these (the *refranes*) are but sayings of the vulgar, I would answer that just as there is no man so wealthy that he can spend so much as a whole people put together—even though each of the people contribute but a little—so is it with wisdom: since no man, be he ever so shrewd, can match in shrewdness the entire body of the populace (provided these be free from excessive grossness), when once they commune together, and unite each man his own knowledge with that of his neighbour. For God has given them all the power of recognising truth, and so, in whatsoever light we consider the *refranes*, we must esteem them greatly."

The popular conundrums, or *adivinanzas*, are of

a lighter mould than the *refranes*. The *refrán* is didactic; the *adivinanza* entertaining. Of rhyming *adivinanzas*, which are the only ones I need consider in the present connexion, we possess examples in English, but not many. I doubt whether our own would number a couple of hundred; but we all remember how, when we were children, our mothers and nurses, pinching our toes for us, cried, "*This little pig went to market; this little pig stayed at home,*" and so forth; or how, folding their hands and suitably working their fingers, they taught us—

"Here's the church and here's the steeple;
Open the door, and here are the people;
Here's the parson walking upstairs,
And here he kneels and says his prayers."

These are *adivinanzas* in their embryo stage—that of pictographic representation, the only medium suited to baby intellects. As we grow older these playful images take the form of a riddle, or *adivinanza* proper. Then the jest may lie in some catch or subtlety of expression, as in the familiar—

"As I was going to St. Ives
I *met* a man with seven wives;
Each wife had seven cats,
Each cat had seven kits;
How many were *going* to St. Ives?"

Or else it may depend upon certain inherent qualities or similitudes, as in the doggerel ditty of the orange—

"As I was crossing London Bridge
I met a yellow boy;
I bit his arm, I sucked the blood,
And cried——"

No, my attention is wandering. With apologies to the *Ancient Mariner*—

“I bit him through, I sucked his blood,
And cast his skin away.”

The foregoing are stock specimens of the British *adivinanza*. But we are also fortunate enough to possess a single example which is unsurpassed in any language; not humorous, but moving; not popular, but scholarly. It will at once be gathered that I allude to the *adivinanza*, attributed to Byron, on the letter H.

“’Twas in heaven pronounced—it was muttered in hell,
And Echo caught faintly the sound as it fell.
On the confines of earth ’twas permitted to rest,
And the depths of the ocean its presence confessed.
’Twill be found in the sphere when ’tis riven asunder,
Be seen in the lightning, and heard in the thunder;
’Twas allotted to man with his earliest breath,
Attends at his birth and awaits him in death,
Presides o’er his happiness, honour, and health,
Is the prop of his house, and the end of his wealth.
In the heaps of the miser ’tis hoarded with care,
But is sure to be lost on his prodigal heir.
It begins every hope, every wish it must bound,
With the husbandman toils, and with monarchs is crowned.
Without it the soldier, the seaman, may roam,
But woe to the wretch who expels it from home.
In the whispers of conscience its voice will be found,
Nor e’en in the whirlwind of passion is drowned:
It will soften the heart, and, though deaf be the ear,
It will make it acutely and instantly hear.
Yet in shade let it rest like a delicate flower:
Ah! breathe on it softly—it dies in an hour!”

Here is a common Spanish example :—

*Guardada en estrecha cárcel
Por soldados de marfil,
Está una roja culebra
Que es la madre del mentir.*

“Guarded in a prison strait,
Ivory gaolers round her wait,
Venomous snake of sanguine hue,
Mother of all lies that brew.”

Answer :—*The tongue.*

In the sixteenth century, Sebastián de Horozco, a witty licentiate of Toledo, composed the following :—

*¿ Qué es la cosa sin sentido
Que concierta nuestras vidas,
Sin vivir;
Muévase sin ser movido,
Y hace cosas muy sentidas
Sin sentir.
Este nunca está dormido
Midiendo siempre medidas
Sin medir,
Y tiene el seso tan perdido,
Que el mismo se da heridas
Sin herir?*

“Whose is a senseless shape that doth control,
Lifeless himself, men’s lives; lacking a soul,
Seeth our souls suffer; moveth, yet is not moved
By human hands, nor by our woes oft proved :
Marching to meet immensurable space
With tireless tread, in long and sleepless race,
Mysterious fabric, fond and witless, ever
Stabbing himself, yet all his neighbours—never?”

Answer :—*A clock.*

This bears the stamp of gentle birth; but the

Spanish plebs have also treated the same subject with equal ingenuity, if less refinement:—

*Juntos dos en un borrico,
Los dos andan á la par,
Uno anda doce leguas
Y el otro una no más.*

"The selfsame ass they both bestrid,
Yet when their punctual jog was done,
The first a dozen leagues had rid,
The second—barely one."

Answer:—*The hands of a clock.*

In short, there are thousands of more or less witty examples to choose from, and even the dialects and tongues of Spain other than Castilian abound in them. The Cataláns, in particular, possess a voluminous quantity, all beginning with the quaint *qu'es aixó* (what's this?) The following is perhaps as good an illustration as any:—

*¿ Qu'es aixó ?
Un convent de monjas blancas—Les dents.
Al mitx hi ha un frare vermell—La llenga.
Mes amunt hi ha dos fosas—Els forats del nas.
Mes amunt dos miralls—Els ulls.
Mes amunt hi ha una plassa
Que si pasejan els senyors cavallés—Els polls.*

"I peered within a convent gate
Where many nuns demurely sate,
Each in a white and dazzling dress,
And in their midst the prioress.
Over their heads two windows I
Watching intently did espy:
Above those windows mirrors two
Presently did uncloseto view,
And loftier yet, a lordly space
Where pretty gentlemen did pace."

The convent gate is the mouth ; the nuns are the teeth ; the prioress is the tongue ; the two windows are the nostrils ; the two mirrors are the eyes ; the lordly space is the forehead ; and pretty gentlemen are the thoughts.

Here in a sense I have prevaricated. *Els polls* means something very distinct from thoughts, or cockatoos ; but if I rendered the Catalán words precisely as they stand—in which emergency the “lordly space” would refer to the *poll* of the head—I should disgust my readers and spoil the harmless delicacy of the lines preceding. Fortunately, Professor Milá y Fontanals believes the concluding couplet to be spurious, interpolated by some irreverent wag who was not the author of the original ; while other critics, equally distinguished, maintain that the *forehead* and the *thoughts* were primarily intended. If I offend, therefore, I offend in the best of company ; and respecting *els polls*, I shall merely indicate that they are a familiar species of domestic pet, in the words of a lady friend, “*ever so much worse than a fl—a.*”

Of origin probably as remote as the *refranes*, and of considerably greater delicacy and beauty, are the mass of short stanzas sung by the Spanish people in their daily occupations, or moments of leisure and impressibleness, and especially to the accompaniment of the guitar. These stanzas are of varying construction, but the ordinary *copla*, which is the most universal, consists of four octosyllabic verses, one or both pairs of verses rhyming alternately. The *redondilla* is also four-lined and octosyllabic, but the first verse rhymes with the fourth, and the

second with the third, as in Tennyson's *In Memoriam*. The *seguidilla* is more sprightly and complicated, consisting in its perfect shape of seven lines, the last three going to form the *estribillo*; but many of the *seguidillas* have lost their tails, so to speak, and remain mutilated and minus the *estribillo*. Here is a complete example:—

*Vale una seguidilla
De las manchegas
Por veinticinco pares
De las boleras:
 Mal fuego queme
 La moda que hasta en eso
 También se mete.*

“A *seguidilla*
Of la Mancha*
Is worth fifty
Boleras:
 Hell's fire consume
 The fashion which even in this
 Must also meddle.”

Reverting to the *coplas*, these may be subdivided into several classes; but the classification is ever somewhat arbitrary. The *coplas refranescas* are merely stanzas constructed from, or corresponding in sentiment to, a *refrán*. Thus the *refrán*, “into a shut mouth no flies can enter,” finds its obvious counterpart in the following *copla*:—

*El secreto de tu pecho
No se lo digas á nadie,
Mejor te lo guardará
Aquel que no lo sabe.*

* Alluding to the Manchegan *seguidillas*, which are natives of La Mancha.

"The dearest secret of thy breast—
 Lock it therein ; to no one show it ;
 Be sure the friend to keep it best
 Is just—the friend who does not know it."

The Galician *copla* is almost identical :—

*O secreto do teu peito
 Non contes á teu amigo :
 A amizade logo s'acaba
 Y él che sirve de testigo.*

Again, various proverbs would surely fit the following :—

*En la puerta de un molino
 Me puse á considerar
 Las vueltas que ha dado el mundo
 Y las que tiene que dar.*

"I stood within a windmill door,
 And there the thought occurred to me,
 Of the many times round the world has turned,
 And the many more turns that are to be."

Thus the *coplas* do not deal exclusively with love, though love is ever their most prolific theme. Besides the *refranescas* there are the *carceleras*, which relate, as their title discloses, the woes of imprisonment :—

*A la puerta del presidio
 Hay escrito con carbón :
 "Aquí el bueno se hace malo,
 El malo se hace peor."*

"On the door of the prison
 Is scratched a black curse :
 Here good becomes bad,
 And bad becomes worse."

Says the English *carcelera*, "stone walls do not a prison make, nor iron bars a cage"; positively an instance where the lugubrious British temperament proves itself more buoyant than the reputed cheerfulness of the Southerner.

The *coplas* at large pertain to no one region absolutely, but Andalusia is their home by preference; these latter bearing a stamp peculiarly their own, which manifests in a very unmistakable and curious degree, the intensely jealous and passionate disposition, not of the European, but of the Moor:—

*De tu ventana á la mía
Me tirastes un limón :
El limón cayó en el suelo,
El agrio en mi corazón.*

"From thy window unto mine
Thou threwest me a lemon :
The lemon fell to the ground,
But its bitterness into my heart."

*Toma esa naranja china,
Que la cogí de mi huerto ;
No la partas con cuchillo,
Que va mi corazón dentro.*

"Take this orange
Which I picked in my orchard :
Do not cut it with a knife,
For my heart is with and within it."

Nor can we fail to observe the extravagant jealousy of these others :—

*Desempedraré tu calle
Y la cubriré de arena,
Para mirar las pisadas
De los que rondan tu reja.*

"I will tear up the paving of thy street,
And cover the street with sand,
In order to spy the footsteps
Of those who wait about thy window."

Similarly:—

*Si yo supiera las piedras
Que mi amor pisa en la calle,
Las volviera del revés
Que no las pisaranadie.*

"If I knew which were the stones
My dear one treads upon in the street,
I would turn them upside down,
In order that nobody should tread them."

All of the above *coplas* are essentially Andalusian. The nicest translation would fail to convey an adequate idea of their pathos (for the Andalusian, when in love, seems ever to hanker after an almost morbid melancholy); but even the baldest English suffices to show that there is nothing vulgar or plebeian in them. On the contrary, it must cause astonishment that sentiments so eminently delicate and refined should proceed from so illiterate a source.

*¿Como quieres comparar
Un charco con una fuente?
Sale el sol, se seca el charco,
Y la fuente permanece.*

"How canst thou compare
The puddle with the spring?
The sun shines and dries the puddle,
But the spring lives on for ever."

*El amor y la naranja
Se parecen infinito:
Que por muy dulces que sean,
De agrio tienen su poquito.*

"Love and oranges,
How similar are they.
For however sweet their taste,
They are always a little bitter."

The first of these is obviously a comparison between true and pretended love; and in both, if we examine them closely, there is more than beauty and refinement: there is a strain of deep philosophy, as well as truly oriental splendour of description. We have, perhaps, nothing resembling them in our own literature, unless it be in certain passages of Shakespeare:—"O, if the streets were paved with thine eyes, her feet were much too dainty for such tread!" When Shakespeare's exuberant fancy conceived this image, he was, for the moment, an Andalusian.

The *cantes flamencos* are not less strange and interesting. They are the mixture of song with guitar-playing and dancing, which is so widespread in Andalusia, and is said to proceed from familiar and ancient intercourse between the lower classes of the Andalusians proper, and "the mysterious and little-known gypsies."* Oddly enough, Borrow, whose opinion would have carried weight, says little or nothing about this extraordinary music. The *cantes flamencos* are always melancholy, insisting exclusively upon the seamy side of life—misfortune in love, sickness, poverty, orphanage, war—all that is doleful or mortifying. Nor is the manner of their presentation out of keeping with their matter. They are sung to the guitar,

* *Biblioteca de la tradiciones populares españolas.* Vol. 5.

in itself an instrument by no means hilarious, the vocalist (*cantaor*, or *cantaora*, according to sex) sitting gravely, and usually with arms akimbo, by the side of the accompanist, while the guitar does all it can to be worthy of them. Never were vocal strains more distressfully emitted. A single word or syllable meanders on and on through infinite shades of groans and gurgles, which reach their wofullest when the guitar pauses altogether. They are now said to be *livianas*, and at this crisis the effect upon a connoisseur is exquisitely moving. Under such conditions the threnody, for such it is, extends to a length completely out of keeping with the brevity of the *copla*; and an oratorio becomes ephemeral by comparison.

The whole performance is so utterly unlike anything else within the domain of music, that I must confess to finding it fantastic and dispiriting, rather than agreeable; nor, as a general rule, is it the educated classes who can appreciate the *cante flamenco* at all. The talent, I imagine, is not a healthy one. So persistent a melancholy savours strongly of the decadent or depraved. Yet among its devotees the professional *cantaor* is quite a little king. Machado y Alvarez relates of *Fillo*, the Mario of *cantaores*, that "no man, however manly he were, could listen to him without weeping." Others of like renown and genius were *Curro Dulce*, *Paco the Sevillian*, and *Quiqui*.

The Andalusian *coplas* reveal a striking subtlety, not only in their choice of subject, but even in points of grammar and vocabulary. In spite of

their apparent shortness, they are really elaborate, with an elaboration which is not less meritorious in that it is unstudied and unconscious. The popular classes of Andalusia possess, without being aware of it, the enviable faculty of hitting at once upon the right word to express their inmost sentiment—a *curiosa felicitas* which renders their songs inimitable. The language is as explicit and exact as possible, even where there is metaphor; and the very best of imitations from a scholarly hand must fall far short of the vulgarer original; so much so, that inexperienced as I must justly consider myself, and a foreigner to boot, I could readily distinguish whether a *copla* were the *sensation* of a peasant, or the *simulation* of a scholar.

*A aquel pajarito, mare,
Que canta en la verde oliva,
Dígale usted que se calle,
Que su cantar me lastima.*

“Mother, that bird
Singing in the green *olive*,
Tell him to be silent,
Because his song *hurts* me.”

*A aquel pajarito, mare,
Que canta en la rama verde,
Dígale usted que se calle,
Porque su canto me ofende.*

“Mother, that bird
Singing in the green *foliage*,
Tell him to be silent,
Because his song *offends* me.”

Here are two varieties of the same *copla*. The second is professedly identical with the first, with the exception of four words. These words are nevertheless sufficient to show that the first is the true and popular, and the second the spurious and erudite rendering. The "green olive" of the former is replaced with notable loss by the "green foliage" of the latter. *Que* and *porque* are another index, equally clear. *Que* is popular; *porque*, the ordinary tame *because*, is academical and trite. *Cantar* is just as significant. It is here a *modismo*, or usage of the vulgar, while *canto* is dictionary for song in general. Finally, *lastima* is outraged by the substitution of *ofende*. The verb *lastimar* means to hurt physically, to do bodily harm to. When a person falls downstairs, or lets slip a knife while cutting bread, one asks, "*¿se ha lastimado Vd?* (have you hurt yourself?)" *Ofender* is merely to offend, to throw into a huff. The distinction is evident. The former applies to a person in pain; the second smacks of wounded vanity and snobbishness. It is the tender heart which bleeds and cries out. To take offence conveys the idea of tumid self-importance. The latter of the above *coplas* was written to be read: the former is the involuntary exclamation of a tortured heart, crying for consolation, and for the silence in which it hopes to discover consolation.

Another feature of the Andalusian *coplas*, including those of the *flamenco* species, is their frequent and effective use of diminutives. Such are the resources at the minstrel's command that he can form a diminutive, not only from any noun, but from almost any part of speech at all. Thus, in a collection of

Andalusian *cantares* I find *campanillita*, from *campana*, a bell; thence *campanilla*, a small bell; and by adding yet another diminutive suffix, *campanillita*, an exceedingly small bell, or as we might otherwise say, *a little bit of a tiny bell*. If only the author of *The wee wee Man* had written in Spanish!

“As I was walking all alane,
Between a water and a wa’,
And there I spied a wee, wee man,
And he was the least that e’er I saw.”

“His legs were scarce a shathmont’s length,
And thick and thimber was his thie;
Between his brows there was a span,
And between his shoulders there was three.”

“He took up a meikle stane,
And he flang’t as far as I could see;
Though I had been a Wallace wight,
I couldna listen’t to my knee.”

Here *hombrecito*, diminutive from *hombre*, would have hit off “wee wee man” to a nicety; while “meikle stane” would have been exactly expressed by the augmentative *cantazo*, a big stone, from *canto*. Similarly, in the stanza—

“She has ta’en out a little penknife,
All alone and alonie,
And she’s parted them and their sweet life,
Down by the greenwood sae bonnie—”

the Spaniard would replace “little penknife” by *navajica*, *navajita*, or *navajilla*, the diminutive of *navaja*, a knife. The gain in terseness is obvious.

Elsewhere I find *asentalta*, a contraction from *sentadita*, diminutive of *asentada*, *seated*, from the verb *sentarse*, *to sit*; that is to say, a diminutive from a past participle. In another instance *mortificandita*, *mortifying*, produces the same effect of diminution in a present participle. *Encimita*, again, is for *cucima*, *on top of*, an adverb; and *amarillita* is from *amarilla*, *yellow*, an adjective.

The aim of this constant introduction of diminutives is the suggestion of pathos; and the effect is further intensified by the strangeness of the Andalusian pronunciation, which is soft and mellow, with a tendency to lisp and slur, omitting any consonants that savour of cacophony or harshness. Thus *ido* is contracted into *io*; *todo* (*all*) becomes *to'o*; and the sibillance of an *s* is reduced to the merest whisper.

I do not think I can exaggerate when I say that the Spanish *coplas* obtainable either orally or from published and manuscript collections, would amount to many hundred thousand, and of course the number is being added to day by day. Out of so vast a treasury it is possible to gather series upon series which form, with the aid of a little imagination, connected episodes and stories. García Gutiérrez, in his interesting address before the Royal Spanish Academy, ingeniously constructed a whole love story from *coplas*, several of which are particularly beautiful. He traces the loves of a man and a maid, prone to the tiffs and misgivings from which few, if any, lovers are exempt. At first all is pleasure and plain sailing, but by-and-by come doubts and jealousies. The anxious swain is

comforted by well-meaning friends, who assure him that

*Los celos y las olas
Hacen á una ;
Que parecen montañas,
Y son espuma.*

"Jealousy and waves
Are similar both ;
Looming as mountains
They are but froth."

But the jealousy gains ground, and the lovers part in anger. The sun goes down upon their wrath, alas, without their suspecting that it is for ever. The girl is stricken down by a sudden sickness, the manner of her burial showing that a plague has visited the city, that there is not even a coffin to spare for her, and that she will be thrown, together with a thousand others, into the *fosa común* or paupers' ditch of the cemetery.

*En el carro de los muertos
Ayer pasó por aquí.
Llevaba la mano fuera :
Por ella la conocí.*

"The burial cart did bear her by,
'Twas only yesterday ;
Her little white hand outside did show :
By it I did my dear love know
Upon the graveyard way."

Could anything be briefer and more condensed than this, the anguished lament of the conscience-stricken wretch who had estranged *her*, when he discovers that all he loved and lived for is taken

from him? There is something infinitely touching in this simple little stanza, prompting one to exclaim, in the sublime words of Shelley, "No more let life divide what death can join together." The slight hiatus between one stanza and another only increases our sympathy and interest. Does conscience kill him, in order to effect elsewhere the reconciliation she was too late to witness upon earth? The *coplas* do not say. But at least she leads him to the *camposanto*, where even the flowers remind him of the beloved dead.

*No sé qué tienen las flores,
Que están en el camposanto
Que cuando las mueve el viento
Parece que están llorando.*

"Lilies that in the graveyard sleep,
Does memory or the winter wind
Stir ye with touch or breath unkind,
So that ye seem to wake and weep?"

A similar pathos is enshrined in the following *copla*, one of the *flamencas*:—

*Malhaya el dinero,
Que el dinero es causa
Que los ojitos de quien bien yo quiero
No estén en mi casa.*

"Cursed be money ;
For money is to blame
That the eyes of her whom dearly I love
Are absent from my house."

Here was plainly a lad of humble station whose sweetheart, whom he worshipped "not wisely but

too well," had proved unworthy of him, and sold herself to a richer rival. This abrupt form of expressing grief is peculiarly Spanish. English lends itself less easily to concision, and only a Shakespeare is able to compress—as where Macduff exclaims, on learning of the murder of his children by Macbeth, "he has no children"—a volume of harrowing emotion into four small words. Such a stanza as this *copla* would generally take in English the form of a short poem such as the following, whose argument we will suppose to be identical with the Spanish:—

I wooed her with such reverence as must be
Fitter for gods than men ; in act and word
Her servitor sworn I was ; how narrowly
I watched her will, her asking voice I heard.

I gathered her as one gathers a wild flower,
Thinking no baser breath than Heaven's chaste air
Had stolen the perfume from her pouting lips
Or stirred the silky strands of her black hair.

An hour ago the curt adieu was said.
An hour ago. What matters it ? The pain
Passes of every hurt ; but she, the worse than dead,
Into these arms must never creep again.

Her magic grace, the wilful looks she bent,
Her finger's touch, her kiss, her laughter clear
Are vanished, sacrificed, abandoned, spent—
And she is gone—and only I am here.

Poor little fane of hope, pure edifice
Whose altar steps this stricken lover trod
Faithfully, behold, the jealous hand of God
Smote it, and tumbled in the dust it lies.

Often our very virtue is our loss ;
They suffer oft whose willing hearts have tried
To well deserve ; and oft on such a cross
As Calvary's King our better selves are crucified.

Thus I need to express in twenty-four lines what a Spanish rustic of no education at all will better express in four. Of all the merits of the Spanish *cantares*, this, their pungent brevity, seems to me the best, as it were identifying itself with the lightning rapidity of the thought they so eloquently interpret. Their simplicity, too, derives from their obvious sincerity ; one cannot help believing that this artless poetry has been exclaimed by countless thousands of voices, as a means, not of winning applause, but of relieving the heart ; without a wider audience than God alone ; without a viler object than the conception of His presence.

This is the more apparent since it is the nature of the Spaniards to find spontaneous expression for every grief and joy in the powers of song. Listening in Spain to their *cantares*, I find the trustiest evidence of all that is most noble and ennobling, most loving and most lovable in all the land. Were I to move elsewhere, and chance to hear those strains repeated in a foreign country, they would restore to my memory the virtues and delights of the Peninsula more sweetly and more readily than any other token. No phase of the national literature has so enthralled me. They are like butterflies of rare, exotic splendour ; but I should have satisfied myself with merely wondering ; for more than once, in the attempt to convey them from their

home to mine, I have closed my hand upon their delicate forms, and when I open it I find them crushed and spoiled. Only the remnant of their beauty survives, and I have dashed from those pearly wings the bloom which, living and in their native land, they wear with so inimitable and untranslatable a grace.

CHAPTER VI.

MANNERS AND CUSTOMS (*concluded*).

EVERY country must number among its customs a portion which have fallen into absolute disuse, and yet whose study is not only fascinating but instructive; for they are one of those supplements to history with which no careful chronicler or commentator can afford to dispense. Now it is religion they illustrate, now war, and now the fine arts, but one and all they bear an intimate relation to the people who gave them birth, employed, and discontinued them, wearing with their users the selfsame dress of newness or antiquity, of gravity or frivolity, as the case may be.

The scope of this work would have to be quadrupled were I to examine in any comprehensive degree, the origin and *raison d'être* of ancient Spanish customs. An immense number relate to pious ritual; others, as I have said, are secular; others are both together; while many are local, existing merely within the bounds of a single district or *comarca*. Their aggregate is as copious as their nature is diversified, and obviously within so limited an essay it is only possible to instance three or four, out of at least as many thousands.

Says the author of the *Discursos de la Nobleza de España*, "It was customary with the Athenians, Romans, and other nations, that their cities and republics should possess a coat of arms and motto." In no country is this usage more widely spread or more deeply rooted than in Spain, for which reason a glance at the arms of her principal cities and boroughs is not irrelevant to this chapter; and let me add that they boast, not only arms, but titles in addition. Now and again, while thumbing some ancient chronicle, one finds recorded the occasion when those dignities were granted; a feat of arms, a plucky sortie, a long sustained siege, and so forth. Thus the ancient and honourable city of León displays a lion rampant (the pugilistic attitude of the forepaw is striking), and for motto *Muy Noble, Muy Leal, é Ilustre Ciudad*—to wit, *Very Noble, Very Loyal, and Illustrious City*. The arms of Cádiz are Hercules, reputedly the founder of that venerable and evil-smelling seaport. He is in the scanty costume which was well enough, perhaps, some thousands of years before our Saviour, and strokes the manes of a couple of frolicsome and diminutive lions, of the bulk of a rather undersized fox terrier. Segovia has for arms her famous viaduct; Cuenca, the Holy Grail (or so it seems), surmounted by a star; Albacete, three towers and a bat; Santander, a ship and sea, together with a tower or lighthouse, and a couple of severed human heads, floating gruesomely in a blue sky. Granada is quite a scrap-book—roses, castles, flags, kneeling figures, lions guardant, and lions rampant, to say nothing of a motto a mile long, and a

bright shield as blue as her own heaven. Málaga is represented by her alcázar; Guadalajara by a knight on horseback, leading quite a little army of men against the walls of the town, with what seems to be unnecessary craft and circumspection, for the gate is wide open, and not a sentinel is anywhere to be seen; Coruña, by what appears to be the leaning tower of Pisa, straightened out for occasion and surmounted by an open book bearing the word *Constitución*. Underneath are a skull and crossbones, and on either side three mushrooms, gloves, or ink-pots—I am uncertain which. Palma of course includes a palm. Orense is an apoplectic-looking lion, dancing a hornpipe on a very unsubstantial bridge, at one end of which is a tower. The “Noble and Loyal Town” of Cáceres has merely a castle and a lion rampant. This is in better taste. Toledo is a double eagle, with the lions and castles of the ancient kingdoms which these words imply; and Barcelona, two crosses and four crimson stripes upon a yellow ground, drawn, says the legend, by the four fingers of an old-time knight or king, with blood that trickled from his wounds upon the field of battle.

The titles may be granted on more occasions than one. Thus Barcelona is “Twice Most Noble,” but only once “Most Faithful,” twice “Notable,” but “Distinguished” (*Insigne*), upon no less than five occasions. Add to this “The Head and Column of all Cataluña,” together with “Egregious” and “Most Excellent,” and we obtain a series of appellations not unworthy of the King of Spain himself.

Generally, I find the above designations to be little less common than the Legion of Honour; for the unsparing hands of grateful sovereigns have scattered them pellmell about the kingdom; and only the little Catalán city of Gerona, who bore the earliest brunt of the French invasion during the War of Independence, is privileged to style herself "Immortal"—the little unprotected city whose occupants, both men and women, maddened with hatred and acharnement, fought inch by inch along the streets, until the French and Spanish dead lay piled in slippery walls, breast-high. *Dulce et decorum est pro patria mori.* Gerona's title is a glorious one, and gloriously deserved. As long as history lives she will remember her.

Forsaking local arms for local usages, the traveller who visits Avila, a small but ancient city not far north of Madrid, will observe, sculptured more or less roughly on the portal of many of the houses, *a pig*. Here is a surviving token, or so it is believed, of the Reconquest, inasmuch as, when the Moors were driven from the city, every inhabitant who was anxious to prove himself a staunch Christian carved a porker upon his doorway, thus proclaiming that the flesh of the animal in question, far from being repugnant to him, as to the Jews and Moslems, was one of his favourite table-morsels—a usage which Elia might surely have worked into his *Dissertation upon Roast Pig*.

Similarly the phrase, *vestir camisa los sabados* (*to put on a shirt on Saturdays*), possessed a strictly religious application, for Saturday being the Jewish sabbath, the Inquisition regarded as *judaizantes*, and

consequently within the easy and licit compass of its iron claws, all who were rash enough to indulge upon the day in question in a "wash and brush-up" and change of linen. Over and over again in the annals of the terrible tribunal this charge is specified. The proverb says that "Cleanliness comes next to godliness," *except*, in the gloss of the Holy Office, *when practised on a Saturday*.

Another usage connected with worship. In the olden time there used to be inscribed upon the bottom of every drinking tankard the legend, *Hasta verte, Jesús mío* (*Until I see Thee, Jesus mine*); and the words came to be ejaculated by every honest *bibedor* before he applied his lips to the liquor the vessel contained. This was doubtless in order to stimulate his efforts and bring him safely to the bottom of the mug. Tradition affirms that a certain jovial fellow was accustomed to fathom those ruddy depths of wine rather more easily and more often than his wife desired, in consequence of which, struck by a sudden idea she one day erased the sacred apostrophe, and with a view to scaring her consort substituted a gruesome likeness of the Evil One. True to his wont, and as soon as his customary thirst appealed to him, her husband seized the vessel—which his wife had filled to the brim—and manfully commenced to empty it. Shortly before its contents were exhausted he perceived the image of Satan. "Why," he exclaimed, "the Devil!" and adding imperturbably, "I'll be damned if I leave *him* anything," piously drained the last drop.

The shrewd Andrea Navagiero was struck on more than one occasion by the good living—meaning

good in the fleshly and gastronomic sense—of the Spanish clergy. In particular he comments on the vaults he saw at Oña, “belonging to the friars (and vaults be ever the chiefest property of these holy fathers), wherein were tuns so vast that they each contained thirty thousand *cántaros* of wine.” The truth of which statement is, if not established, at least supported by the famous habit of “taking the eleven.” For it is an unquestioned fact that the worthy friars of a bygone age observed the precepts of good living as a laudable and convenient religious exercise, and even went so far, doubtless with a view to furthering digestion—their lives being sedentary—as to indulge in an occasional sip of the fiery but favourite liquor known as *aguardiente*. I may call it the whisky of the Peninsula. But the pious fathers, with an unselfish forethought which does them infinite honour, were reluctant to excite in the bosoms of their lay neighbours the detestable and dangerous emotions of envy and uncharitableness; and so, with a significant and jocund leer, one friar would query of another, “*hermano*, have you taken the eleven?”

After which, be good enough to count the number of letters in *aguardiente*; and you will understand why those self-denying clerics were so ready to “stand up before the eleven and be bold.”

From *eleven* to *twelve* would seem to be the difference of a single unit; and yet between *eleven* and the friar's dozen (*la docena del fraile*) there intervene, mysteriously enough, two units. In fact, the friar's dozen and the English baker's dozen are identical; and the origin of the Spanish figure of speech is popularly believed to be as follows:—

Once upon a time a friar presented himself in an egg-shop, and inquired of the woman who kept it whether she knew how to count. She replied she did. "Because," said he, "I want a dozen of eggs; but inasmuch as they are to be divided between two others and myself, I shall ask you to give them me in separate batches."

The woman picked up a basketful and held them out for him to choose.

"One of my two friends," observed the man of holiness, "is to receive half of the dozen. Half of twelve—six." And he counted out six and set them apart.

"My other friend is to receive one third of the dozen. One third of twelve—four." And these also he set apart.

"As for myself," he resumed, "I am a humble and undeserving creature, and will content myself with merely a quarter. One quarter of twelve—three." And he set the three apart.

The same ingenious partition is said to have been repeated for many days before the woman realized the astuteness of her customer.

Whenever you sneeze in the company of Spaniards, and particularly of the fair sex, you are pretty certain to be met with the ejaculation "*Jesús*"; or else "*Jesús, María, y José*"; or "*Diós le ayude* (God help you)." The Sevillians commonly believe that this usage originated in their own city, in consequence of a plague which raged there in 1580 and 1581. This plague was known as the *catarro* or *moquillo*. Ortiz de Zúñiga and Espinosa, chroniclers of Seville, both make reference to it; and we learn that the stricken

persons sneezed and perished immediately, for which reason the ejaculations I have quoted were uttered by the bystanders as "a means of invoking the pity of God."

But any of my readers who should happen to be of antiquarian tastes, will recognise that the usage of addressing or saluting a sneezer is very much older than the Middle Ages; it is the same, in fact, as that denoted by Pliny, Aristotle, and other of the old writers. A German sage goes even so far as to say that when Adam and Eve were expelled from Paradise, a sneeze became the instant precursor of death, until by the prayerful intercession of Jacob the fatal significance of the omen was removed; and the custom is recorded by General Daumas and by Hernando Soto respectively, as existing of old time among the Arabs of Algiers and the indigenes of Florida. In any case it is still general enough in Spain, and is certain by its quaintness to attract the observation and awaken the curiosity of the foreigner.

It is currently and perhaps truthfully said that the English take their pleasures sadly. But it is beyond all doubt that the French take their pleasure frivolously, and the Spaniards inexpensively. The amusements that are set before an Englishman are usually of a costly and solid description. The French are fond of squandering money on trifles whose pettiness is almost laughable. But the Spaniard is able to amuse himself for next to nothing; almost, indeed, by an effort of the imagination. No matter how little his distraction costs him, so long as it lasts he revels in it. This is a healthier system than ours, for we are

admittedly a *blasé* race. The French are even more so than the English, for they are dog-tired of everything, and strain perpetually to produce something new, only to fretfully throw it aside a moment later, in favour of the next and newer trifle.

If I were asked to name the commonest of ruling Spanish customs, I should promptly declare it to be the giving of banquets, which has positively become a national disease. There is in Spain no author of a newly-published book or newly-performed play—good, bad, or indifferent—no “inventor” of a bogus cannon, or flying machine, or submarine boat; no newly-elected deputy or senator, or mayor, or police-inspector—nobody who performs the smallest action, meritorious or otherwise, capable of attracting the public eye, be it never so inconsiderably—but his followers, or toadies, or dupes, or even a swarm of people of whom he has never so much as heard—must give him a banquet.

The mania, after all, is not incomprehensible. Spaniards as a rule are not wealthy. Now, if you contribute towards making a man a costly present—say a silver cup or platter—once your share is paid you are appreciably poorer, while he is the possessor of a quantity of bullion painfully extracted from your own pocket; and *what will he do with the bullion?* There’s the rub. If you could only be confident that he would do nothing but set the gift upon his side-board and contemplate it till his dying day, the evil would be less. But mankind is so uncertain. Madrid abounds in pawnshops, and in the case of your cup or platter the recipient, as soon as your back is turned, is perfectly at liberty to take your offering

there. So that the giver of a banquet screens himself against ingratitude of this description, and gets, in a sense, his value for his money; for there is no getting over or round the fact that a dinner, once eaten, is no longer negotiable. There is absolutely no deception. In the first place you see your guest—or victim—eat; and secondly (which is more important still), you join with him in eating. You recoup yourself, as it were, for your own generosity. While you eat, he eats: you have set the dish before him and he cannot escape it; unless, like the school-boy in "*Vice Versâ*," he attempts the perilous task of sweeping his victuals into an envelope beneath the table, "to guzzle upon the sly."

A Spanish banquet averages some fifty covers, and the price of a cover, ten *pesetas*—so that the cost of the presentation per head figures out at about twenty *céntimos*, say three-halfpence, English money—less than one pays to see the animals fed at Regent's Park.

Still, this incessant giving of banquets is beginning to cloy even so long-suffering a people as the Spaniards, many of whom, and chiefly of the journalistic confraternity, are combating it with that most admirable arm, the shaft of ridicule. Not long ago a party of wags invited to a sumptuous banquet some four or five of the street-sweepers in the employ of the Town Council of Madrid. The guests made their appearance with washen hands and faces, and conducted themselves with exemplary propriety, imbibing with singular moderation and responding to the toasts with as easy a volubility as though they were accustomed to the

daily wielding of champagne cups rather than the sordid brooms and shovels of their taciturn and dusty occupation.

There is in Madrid a singular character nicknamed "Garibaldi," generally in a mild state of inebriation, who ambles up and down the streets in a frayed uniform bedecked with numerous stars and orders, and in a ponderous cocked hat, likewise the worse for wear. There is no *madrileño* who does not know "Garibaldi" better than he does the town-pump. "Garibaldi," too, has recently been banqueted. The rendezvous was a picturesque open-air restaurant in the suburbs. Punctually at nine o'clock, to the accompaniment of a flight of rockets, and most of the tag-rag and bob-tail of the city, "Garibaldi" drove up in a four-wheeler. His voice, as he stepped from his chariot, was husky with emotion; and it was whispered by the envious that he had already indulged in a preliminary potation, or, as the Spaniards euphemistically term it, an *aperitivo*—"appetite-opener."

However this may be, "Garibaldi" bore himself as valiantly as the street-sweepers; did ample and grateful justice to the excellent fare that was set before him, and proposed what some assert is destined to prove the toast, not "of the evening," but of the entire century—"Death to the giving of banquets."

It is predicted that after these instances of banquet-giving no Spanish author, playwright, or politician will be brazen enough to accept a similar tribute. But human vanity is proverbial; and only time will show.

The games and sports of Spanish boys are much the same as ours, with the notable exception of the *toro*, symbolic of the national sport. The lad who represents the bull encloses his head in a basket-work affair supposed to resemble the head of that animal, and with a couple of projections for horns. Thus equipped he gives chase to his companions, who play him, in imitation of a real *corrida*, with rags, sticks, or anything that comes handy. Among the girls the *cantares de corro* are universal. These are songs in simple language, simply versified, and many are of great beauty and even literary merit. Assuredly there are few short poems of a popular description which surpass the legend of Saint Catherine :—

*En Cádiz hay una niña,
Ay si,
Que Catalina se llama,
Ay si, etc.*

Who that is at all familiar with French is unacquainted with the song—

*Malbrough s'en va-t-en guerre,
Mironton, mironton, mirontaine ;
Malbrough s'en va-t-en guerre,
Ne sait quand reviendra.*

*Il reviendra z'à Pâques,
Mironton, mironton, mirontaine ;
Il reviendra z'à Pâques,
Ou à la Trinité.*

and so on? The reputed origin of this doggerel is as follows. After the bloody battle of Malplaquet, the French bivouacked at Quesnoy. The losses of the

English, despite their ultimate triumph, were known to have been severe; so much so that the Duke of Marlborough himself was believed to have perished. Misled by this belief, a French soldier composed and sung these verses to his comrades as a "burlesque funeral oration." Many years later, when Marie Antoinette had given birth to the Dauphin, there was engaged at the Palace as wet-nurse a sturdy countrywoman named Poitrine, who was accustomed to croon the same barbaric composition as she rocked the royal infant to sleep. The King and Queen were taken with the quaintness of the words, fell into the habit of repeating them—and indeed, they undeniably possess the quality of "running in one's head"—and were aped in turn by the obsequious courtiers. Marlborough's memory was revived; his name was given to every new fashion that appeared, coaches, dishes, apparel, and methods of dressing the hair, and the nation he had vanquished resounded with his fame from end to end. And since the relations between the French branch of the Bourbons and the Spanish throne were intimate at all times, it was only natural that what was popular in France should rapidly extend across the frontier.

Barbieri has declared that the melody to which "Malbrough" is commonly sung is greatly like the national songs of Galicia which are known as *gallegadas*. However that may be, the Spaniards with their fine ear at once caught up the song; but the pronunciation of *Malbrough* was a sad stumbling-block, so they shifted it to *Mambrú*, where it has since remained. The Castilian verses are a word for word translation of the French, and run—

*Mambrú se fué á la guerra,
Mironción, mironción, mironcela,
Mambrú se fué á la guerra,
No sé cuándo vendrá.*

*Si vendrá por la Pascua,
Mironción, mironción, mironcela,
Si vendrá por la Pascua,
O por la Trinidad.*

This extends to six verses, which are all that appear to have been rendered. Children are even readier than grown-up folk at seizing and retaining anything "catching"; and therefore the girl-children of Spain caught up and simplified and mutilated the original song—

*Mambrú se fué á la guerra,
Viva el amor,
No sé cuándo vendrá,
Viva la rosa en su rosal.*

"*Mambrú* went to the war,
Long live love,
I don't know when he will return,
Long live the rose upon the rosebush," etc.

Mambrú appears to have impressed the infant mind as something unfamiliar, mysterious, and therefore terrible, and has come to be equivalent to a bogey, so that a Spanish nurse, instead of "Hush! bogey's coming," exclaims to her charges, "Hush! look at *Mambrú*." Thus has the name of our great captain achieved an unenviable notoriety among divers millions of uneducated beings who have never so much as heard of his real name or exploits. The lamentable instance is not without a parallel. Babieca was the white charger of the Cid;

the faithful servant whom we might with reason have expected to share in some degree the glamour of his master. Yet *babieca* in modern Spanish parlance means *a fool*.

The recreation of the elder folk is largely furnished by dominoes or card-playing. The Spanish pack of cards, *naipes*, or (more commonly) *baraja*, comprises four suits, *oros* (golds), *copas* (cups), *espadas* (swords), and *bastos* (clubs). One tradition says that card-playing was introduced into Spain in 1330 by Nicolás Pepino, and that the word *naipe* derives from his initials, N and P. Another affirms their use to derive from Italy, and to have been imported from Naples during the wars of Ferdinand the Catholic, by a captain in the Spanish army. Until the year 1423, when wood-engraving came into fashion, the packs were painted by hand and very costly, after which date the Germans, ever alert to trade, printed and sold them at moderate prices and their adoption became general. The suits of the Spanish pack have a definite political significance. The *cups* or *chalices* are symbolic of the Church; the *swords*, of the nobility; the *golds*, of commerce; and the *clubs*, of agriculture—"the four arms or estates which composed the Spanish people."* Each suit comprises the ace, king, knight, knave, nine, eight, seven, six, five, four, three, and deuce.

Of the oldest card-games—the *chambo*, the *mojón*, and others—I have been unable to find definite notice. At the present day the aristocratic *juego*, corresponding in category to our whist, is *tresillo*,

* *Diccionario universal de literature, ciencia, y artes.* Madrid, 185-155.

with the laws and intricacies of which there is no need to deal in this connexion. As to *brisca*, *tute*, and *mus* (a word which Trepa and other authorities absurdly derive from the French *plus*), you will find them in merry swing in almost any tavern. *Monte* is the *predilecto* of the gaming-tables, and purely a game of chance, its only merit being the rapidity with which it eases the *jugador* of his money.

The Spanish lottery, the drawings of which are held in a saloon of the Mint three times a month, is supported, that is, worked, by Government. Throughout this volume it is my purpose to avoid looking at Spain and Spanish institutions from a purely British standpoint, in order to in some degree avert the familiar Continental imputation that we are a nation of hypocrites, revelling in foreign customs while abroad, and only returning to our native country to rave against them—an imputation not absolutely, I fear, without foundation. But I find the Spanish lottery no little of a crux. Personally, I should never for a moment object to winning the three million *peseta* Christmas prize, and regularly invest more *pesetitas* in the venture than a just attention to the state of my finances should permit. My tendency, therefore, was once upon a time to “make the wish the father to the thought,” and condone the lottery. I persuaded myself that it does no harm. I said, “It is fairly conducted; the Government only pockets a percentage; it is not like a gaming-table, over which passions work up as it were unconsciously to suicidal frenzy. It is an innocent institution, and when all is said and done ruins nobody.”

But narrower observation has convinced me that the Spanish Government Lottery is a noxious and degrading evil. It is inexact that, as I once supposed, no Spaniard ruins himself in buying lottery tickets. Fully substantiated instances have come to my knowledge of noblemen and peasants alike on whom the fatal lottery fever, the lust of gain, has grown and grown, leaving them broken and ruined creatures, victims (to the shame of their own Government) of the body they themselves maintain to protect and not to exploit them. For the lottery is simply an exploitation. It constitutes an indirect tax, levied not alone upon Spain but also upon foreign countries. It is surely significant that within the last half-dozen years the big Christmas prize has passed, once to Montevideo, and once to Portugal. But the tax is levied under false pretences. The Government pockets a great deal more than it admits, as any patient inquirer can deduce for himself by figuring out the chances. And can it be argued for a single moment that for a Government to forbid gambling on the part of its citizens at the same moment that it gambles itself at the expense of those citizens, is a decorous or wholesome example?

If I were to become the keeper of a gaming-house in Spain, and the Government were in any way to check me, I should consider myself aggrieved, and rightly. As a subject I should be hindered in the practice of what my Government had legitimized. For the legal position is briefly as follows. From the oldest antiquity Spanish law, while fostering games of skill, and especially of skill and strength combined, has prohibited games exclusively of chance. The lottery is, or

should be, a game of chance alone. Therefore it is among the most vicious of games, and morally on a level with *trente et quarante*, *baccarat*, and *monte*. It is, in fact, precisely this species of gaming which a competent Spanish legal authority denounces as "an infamous evil, which wrecks the peace of families, debases nations, and upsets the moral balance which is so essential to the preservation of the commonwealth."*

The Spanish Penal Code provides that "masters of gaming-houses . . . shall be punished with *arresto mayor* (imprisonment), and a fine of from two hundred and fifty to two thousand five hundred *pesetas*." The Spanish Government, in working the lottery, is admittedly the "master of a gaming-house." That is, it is itself punishable, and instigates its victims to become punishable, creating an anomalous and conflicting situation; for in one and the same breath it both condemns gambling and permits—nay, invites—the entire nation to gamble.

But the Spanish Government is not only the master of a gaming-house; it is the fraudulent master of a gaming-house. For it does not play fair. The only situation in which a game of chance can become even remotely justifiable is where both participants run an even risk. In the case under examination the Spanish Government runs no risk; its victims do. And at all events it is deplorable that a body of rulers of a nation, men—it should be imagined—of parts and decency, should band together in order to filch away the earnings of a poor peasant and give him nothing in return.

* Rafael Comenge. *El Jugo, estudio jurídico*. Madrid, 1888.

Lastly, there are the officials who regulate the lottery, the Administrator of Lotteries, and so forth. The people pay them, not the Government ; and if I were a Spanish citizen I would sooner be shot than contribute to the salaries of functionaries who earn their bread by prosecuting, even were it irresponsibly, the moral detriment of their native country.

In pleasing contrast with the lottery is the *frontón* or *pelota*—a sport which above all others is likely to appeal to Englishmen who travel in Spain. *Pelota*, however, is only partially Spanish, for it is the popular recreation of the Basque provinces, both Spanish and French, and the *jeu de paume* of the latter. Its real origin is probably of extreme antiquity ; but it is known to have acquired a sudden impetus and wider development towards the beginning of the eighteenth century,* when various of its champions rose to conspicuous importance—Percain, Asantza, Isidro Indart, *El hijo de Simón* (“the son of Simon”), and many others, including several curates, for the game found constant favour, both practical and moral, with the clergy. But the forms of *pelota* then in vogue, namely, the *largo*—played upon an open space without a wall—and the *rebote*, both resembling our lawn tennis in that the score advanced by fifteen points at a time,† were widely different from the *blé á cesta* of nowadays ; a modification introduced

* Peña y Goñi. *Pelota y Pelotarís*.

† There was yet another form, the *trinquete* or *cancha abierta*, possessing qualities in common with both fives and lawn-tennis ; similar to the latter in the scoring, and in the fact that the ball travelled over a net stretching across the middle of the court ; and to fives in the hardness of the ball and the presence in the back-wall of the *frails*.

into the region of the Basses Pyrenees about half a century ago.

Let us briefly imagine a game of *pelota*—such as may be witnessed in the *Frontón Central* of Madrid, or in the numerous *frontones* scattered throughout the Basque country.

The game is an important one, and the four players engaged are all of them renowned *pelotaris*. Let us designate them A and B, *versus* C and D. The site is composed of two walls at right angles, and surfaced with stone or Portland cement. These walls are the *frontis* and the *pared*. As in a fives or racquet court, a metal bar crosses the *frontis* at about three feet and a quarter above the ground. At intervals of thirteen feet the *pared* is marked out into spaces, which are known as *cuadros*, and its total length varies between two hundred and eight, and two hundred and thirty-four feet. It is upon the left hand of the court as one faces the *frontis*. The height of both *frontis* and *pared* is about forty feet; the width of the former, thirty-six feet. That part of the floor (*piso*) which comprises the parallelogram indicated by these dimensions is paved with even flags, so that the balls may rebound naturally and easily; and beyond the paving is a plain unpaved strip some four yards wide; then follow rows of seats for the spectators; and the remaining two sides of the building, facing the *pared* and *frontón* respectively, are likewise devoted to boxes and stalls for the public.

As the moment for the match approaches, the four players emerge—fine fellows, all from the northern provinces, grandly muscular, the picture of

athletes. A and B, besides white trousers and *alpargatas*, wear navy-blue shirts. They are, in consequence, called the *azules* or *blues*. Their adversaries, C and D, wear red shirts, and therefore are the *reds* or *colorados*. At the side of the *frontis* is a marking board, the score going up at the termination of every rally.

All four players have their right hand invested with the *cesta*. This is of fine tough basketwork, nearly a yard in length, hollow in shape, and curving pretty sharply towards the narrower end. At the broader end the hand fits into a leather glove fixed at the back of the basketwork, while a long cord is wound several times round and round, and then secured about a couple of pegs which project from either side of what I may call the hilt of the apparatus. The cost of a first-class *cesta*, such as is made by Lacarra of Ascaín, is from forty to fifty *pesetas*.

Before time is called for them to get to work in good earnest, the combatants prefer to get their eye and hand in by means of a preliminary knock-up, and you will probably notice at this juncture that the balls are about the size of a cricket ball. They are a heavy compound of rubber, leather, and thread, and cost five *pesetas* apiece. The choicest are considered to be those manufactured by Modesto Sáinz, of Pamplona.

At the end of a few minutes the signal is given, the judges (two in number, and a referee) take their seats, and the players, after service (*saque*) has been tossed for, their stations. The two opponents who are "up" are the *delanteros*; those who are "back" are the *zagueros*. The *delantero* A, who has won the



T. J. 195

F. J. 195

A PELOTARI.

service, stations himself some fifty feet away from the front wall and twenty-five from the side wall, on the side of the court remoter from the latter, his *delantero* opponent being between the *pared* and himself. Then, selecting one of the twelve balls offered him by the *intendente* in a basket, A bounces it to test its qualities, and tosses it to D, the opposing *zaguero*, who likewise tests it, approves, and returns it him; whereupon our *delantero* makes ready to serve. Bear in mind, therefore, that the combatant forces are composed as follows:—

A (wears blue), *delantero*. C (wears red), *delantero*.
 B („ „), *zaguero*. D („ „), *zaguero*.

Taking a short, swift run, A bounces the ball lightly on the ground, catches it on the hop in his *cesta*, and slings it by a forehanded stroke at the front wall, whence it rebounds to C, who is alertly awaiting it. However, a fault is cried by the judges. That is to say, in order that the service may be “good,” the ball is required to fall between the fourth and the seventh *cuadros* of the side wall. But a single fault is permitted; and upon a second trial A makes ample atonement for the previous failure. His service is hard, clean, low, and rapid as lightning. Striking the *frontis* barely an inch above the service-line, and darting back at an angle, the ball impinges on the side wall just where it meets the ground, and skims along in such a manner as to be completely unplayable. This is the *saque cruzado* or crossed service, terminated by a *pique*, and is one of the most difficult to deliver, as it is certainly the most difficult to take.

A, then, has scored the point, which goes up on the board in favour of *azules*, and prepares to serve again. This time he attempts to repeat the previous stroke, but misses the exact angle, and the ball flies rapidly back, almost, but not quite, touching the side-wall. "*Utzi!*" shouts D to his partner, runs swiftly up from his post near the back of the court, catches the ball on the volley (*bolca*), backhanded in the hollow of his *cesta*, strengthening his right wrist (that wears the *cesta*) by holding his left hand upon it; and, still by a backhanded stroke, slings out the missile with amazing velocity, so that it strikes the front wall with a crack like a pistol-shot, and sails back again, back, back, a couple of hundred feet before it touches ground. It bounces sharply against the back wall; B, the blue *zaguero*, catches it on the rebound, and up and out it goes again, and back once more. The rally is well started, and the expectant silence of the on-lookers, numbering perhaps five thousand people, is broken only by the abrupt crack of the ball against the *frontis* and *pared*; by the swishing report it makes as the basket hollow of the *cestas* catches it on the volley; and by the swift, sharp exclamations in their native *Vascuence* which the players direct to one another.

Sometimes the *delanteros* catch the ball; oftener they abandon it to the *zagueros*; and, indeed, the greater part of the work falls to the latter. The *zaguero's* play is naturally more onerous than the *delantero's*. His eye must be as keen as a hawk's, his judgment of distance and direction unerring, his staying power and strength of wrist enormous.

The *delantero's* play is prettier and more cunning, but not so praiseworthy. His very license to serve gives him an advantage which no *zagüero* can share; and if the service is to him, and he dislikes the look of it, or of any of the returns, he can leave them to his partner; but this latter has no ally behind him. Still, in various of the *delantero's* favourite strokes there is infinite dexterity and grace, and his duty, though less than the *zagüero's*, is certainly no sinecure.

In the meantime our rally has lasted until B vanquishes his enemies by a superb half-volley (*bote pronto*) and scores another point to *azules*. However, in course of time A is put out of service, B coming in; and thus with varying incident the game continues. Now and again the players pause, take breath, sit down for a moment, mop their faces with a towel, and drink a mouthful of lemonade or other light liquor. The number of points in the game is commonly forty or fifty, the excitement, as the figures on the scoring board creep up and up, one set alongside of the other, growing almost painful, and the betting furious and heavy. There is no need for me to weary my readers by expatiating on the thousand and one manœuvres and clevernesses embraced by this exhilarating sport; on the various kinds of volleys—the *bolea de medio brazo, de arriba, or de costado*; the *botes* or rebounds—*bote corto, recto, tirado, or bombeado*; the ruses in placing the ball—*metidas, dejadas, rasas, or cortadas sobre la raya*, and so forth, *ad infinitum*. Their name is more than legion, and in order to learn them by rote and duly appreciate their niceties, the game should be watched

and studied, not in writing, but within the walls of the *frontón*.

The resemblance between this pastime and our racquets, fives, and bat-fives is obvious; but *pelota* is more exacting, and generally, I should say, more difficult. The size of the court, the weight of the ball, the velocity with which it travels, and the herculean strain upon the wrist which wears the *cesta*, together with the fact that ninety per cent. of all the strokes are taken backhanded and volleyed, combine to render *pelota* a profession in itself. Indeed, it is rarely played by other than professionals—and these the most vigorous and muscular of men—who have practised it and trained for it from childhood upwards. The exercise, from its excessive severity, cannot be healthy; in fact, few *pelotaris* attain a ripe old age, particularly the *zagueros*, who, as I have said, endure the lion's share of the toil, and undeservedly receive the lesser share of the glory.

Being a Welshman, and therefore of a superstitious race, I must plead guilty to a lurking fondness for the history and divergencies of superstitions in all parts of the world, as well as for the folk-lore bearing upon them. The Spaniards, with the exception of the gypsies, are not largely superstitious—far less so than my own countrymen, or even than the English. In Andalusia it is a common belief that it is ill-omened to extinguish a lighted match; for this reason it is thrown down and suffered to burn itself out—a proceeding fraught with

no little danger in a crowded highway or inflammable building. But the most universal superstition in the whole of Spain—accentuated, nevertheless, more strongly in Andalusia than in other parts—is the horror of a snake, however harmless it may be. The word for snake is *culebra*; but I warn the intending traveller in those parts that if he uses it unguardedly his Spanish neighbours will surely “cut” him. The antidote to the evil influence of *culebra* is to repeat the word *lagarto* (*lizard*); and if ever you let slip a *culebra* in company it is dismally funny how your hearers, with glances of the profoundest horror, ejaculate in chorus “¡Ay, lagarto, lagarto, lagarto!” etc., *ad lib.* They will never themselves say *culebra* outright. Their manner of naming the dreaded creature is infinitely vaguer and (presumably) safer. They merely characterize it as *la bicha* (*the animal*), and even then display a tendency to cross themselves and utilize the talismanic ejaculation alluded to.

As in other countries, a baying dog is considered to portend an approaching death, and it is curious that this belief was shared by so cultured and sound a thinker as Castelar. At San Pedro del Pinatar, some days before the seizure which killed him, he heard some dogs baying. “Accursed animals,” he restlessly observed, “whose death are they predicting?”

It is also an evil omen when children during their play, roll tins about in the street. To spill salt is, as elsewhere, unlucky. So is it unlucky to set a loaf of bread face downwards; but to spill wine is fortunate, signifying *alegría* (merriment). Thirteen is the *número maldito*, and Friday the *dies nefastus*,

with which the world is familiar. Tuesday, too, is unlucky.

Needless to say, the Spaniards have numberless credences and customs which are rather religious observance than positive superstition. Foremost among them is the inveterate usage of doffing one's hat to a funeral. "It is the last salute the dead will receive on earth" is the explanation, surely a gentle and graceful as well as an ingenious one. Connected, too, with funerals is the following. It is never announced in the newspapers that a child has died, but always that it has "*subido al cielo*" (flown to Heaven); and the insertion is headed by a pathetic little cut, representing a cherub with wings.

Immediately a death occurs, a *capilla ardiente* is prepared, together with the *cama imperial* or death couch. Here, exposed to the gaze of the neighbours, surrounded by lighted tapers, and suitably dressed in quiet garb, lies the corpse. In these circumstances it is said to be *de cuerpo presente*. So it remains overnight, being watched, wake fashion, by friends and relatives. Putrefaction in these warm climates sets in so rapidly that burial is never deferred beyond the twenty-four hours, except in the rare instances where the corpse is embalmed, either in order to convey it from one place to other, or else, if the victim be a celebrity, in order that it may lie in state for a day or more. In this latter case the embalmment is the merest trifle compared with the elaborate practice of the ancients. It consists of an injection of anti-septic preparations into the femoral artery, and is only able to avert decay in quite a temporary manner.

No woman ever attends a funeral, but only male relations, acquaintances and friends. It is correct for a bachelor or spinster to be buried in a white coffin; and the chrysanthemum is preferably the flower of the dead.

The cemetery is inclosed within high walls, honeycombed with niches, each of which contains a coffin, walled in at interment. Upon the outer slab an inscription may be painted or a garland hung; and I am aware of few sights more depressing than those morbid rows of flowers as the wind sweeps through them on a wintry day.

I never pass an extravagant funeral, be it in England, Spain, or anywhere, but it moves me to contempt. How does it benefit or flatter us? We cannot see the multitude take off their hats, nor shall we spell to-morrow's daily paper. Surely it were nobler to confess that the sackcloth of the beggar and the fine linen of the millionaire are one at last, the selfsame fabric, out of use for ever. Why should the merchant overtop the mendicant by just the space between a niche that pays a pretty rent and the *fosa común*, gratis? They both of them might jostle cheek by jowl, without the shadow of reciprocal harm—the pauper without shame, the man of wealth without disgust, or loss of dignity. For where they now are summoned is neither rich nor poor, nor grand nor little, but Death's impartial, icy hand has marshalled all in undistinguished order—and all of us, and all our sins are ready perforce to stand in utter nakedness before the Lord.

CHAPTER VII.

THE NATIONAL FIESTAS.



DDLY enough, the Spanish New Year begins, precisely as with us, upon the first of January. Of course it is a *fiesta*, dignified by the revival of hoary-headed tradition, and surrounded with usages and superstitions, little and great. Upon that day the Spaniard believes, or is stated to believe, that the tokens he observes between sunrise and sunset will determine his fortune throughout the year. If gold be in his pocket, he will be wealthy; if silver, so-so; if copper, poor. Also he takes it as a propitious omen to meet a capitalist, and damns his luck if he stumble on a pauper. These or similar beliefs are common everywhere. In short, there is nothing new under the sun upon New Year's Day; and sayings and usages, both French and English, Spanish and Italian, are practically identical. Does not the Italian say that *chi é malatto a' Capodanno é malatto tutto l'anno*?

In Spain, again, the Circumcision of our Lord, together with the *misa mayor* or grand mass which accompanies it, is by no means among the least of Catholic festivals; yet even thus it is rather a *día del hogar* (a day of the hearth) than a great ecclesiastical ceremony. People seem loth to venture out

and about. Rather they remain indoors, busied with mysterious preparations of convivial import, gathering, as evening draws near, a few intimates into their private circle, and making merry in a homely fashion.

“When the oldest cask is opened,
And the largest lamp is lit ;
When the chestnuts glow in the embers,
And the kid turns on the spit ;
When young and old in circle
Around the firebrands close”—

when all this is in progress about the Spanish *hogar*, you may be sure the badinage is brisk and the laughter loud behind the folded shutters. In fact it is a New Year's party, not dissimilar to our own, save that there is no snow upon the pavement, no fog in the atmosphere, no mistletoe dangling from the ceiling, and no snapdragon.

But above all, there is plenty of frolic when the moment arrives to *echar los estrechos* ; which rite, according to Olavarria y Huarte, a leading authority on Madrid folk-lore, is performed as follows.*

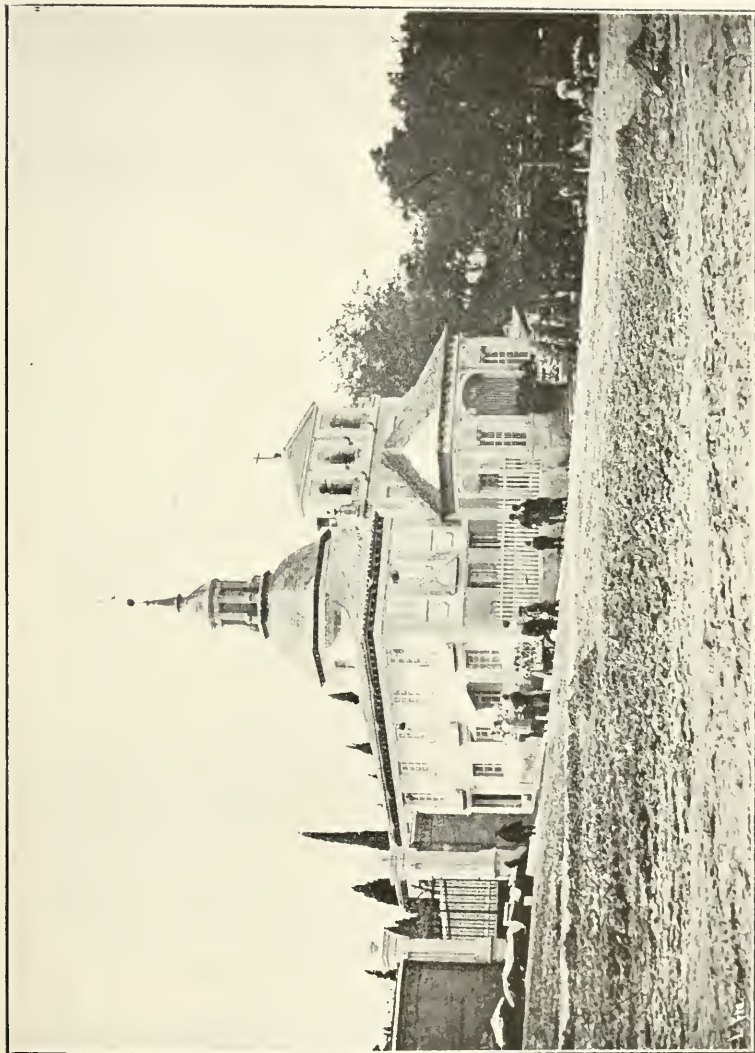
When the company are all assembled, their names are written on slips of paper and sorted, ladies' and gentlemen's respectively, into two heaps. The pairs are then drawn by lot and read aloud, to the confusion of some, the gratification of others, and the hilarity of all ; and every gallant is bound to send his partner a present upon the morrow—a box of sweets, a bouquet of flowers, or the like.

* *Biblioteca de las Tradiciones Populares Españolas.* Vol. II.

It happens not infrequently that the bond thus hinted at in jest comes to be ratified in earnest, in which cases the New Year proves himself not only a fortune-teller, but a matchmaker as well.

The next of Spanish *fiestas* falls on the 6th of January, *el Día de los Reyes* (the Day of the Kings), Epiphany with us. This, or rather the evening which precedes it, is the Santa Claus of Spanish little ones, who put out their shoes, not upon the bed, but upon the balcony, and with them, if the correct formula be observed, a wisp of straw to feed the horses of the Magi. Formerly, too, and upon the same date, the following extraordinary usage was in vogue. A number of wags recruited from the lower classes paraded the streets with a ladder and music. Their aim was to induce some simple-minded passer-by to mount the ladder and look abroad for the three kings of Scripture. No sooner was the victim of the adventure perched upon the topmost rung, than the supporter of the ladder made haste to stand away, bringing him rudely earthwards, to the infinite gibes and glee of the unmannerly conspirators. Finally, the authorities, more humane than conservative, and fearful of broken limbs, forbade the practice.

The 17th of January is a great Madrid festival; and yet it is not wholly *popular*. It is the *Día de San Antón* (the Day of Saint Anthony), patron of the moke in particular, and domestic quadrupeds in general. On this extraordinary occasion every horse, mule, and ass in Madrid is taken from his labours, bedizened with ribbons and *moños*, and ridden to the church of San Antonio in the Calle



(To face p. 156.)

MADRID : THE CHAPEL OF SAN ISIDRO.

(From a photograph by the Author.)

Hortaleza, where he receives a barley wafer and is blessed by the priest. The excursion is indeed whimsical. From early morning until eight at night transit is impossible. Up and down the Montera and the Hortaleza pass and repass the privileged to benediction in two interminable strings of trotting beasts. There is neither asinine nor equine caste distinction on Saint Anthony's Day. The champion stallion of His Excellency the Minister hobnobs with the lowly *sardina* of the *coche de alquiler*, the mettlesome courser with the omnibus mule, the Andalusian jennet with the *verdulero's* donkey. The mighty are condescending with the meek; the meek take courage and mend their pace, their ribbons flaunting on the air. On the pavement the packed throng makes merry. Maidens giggle, sly fellows whispering in their ear, *diciéndoles cosas*. Beggars and sellers of barley cakes and images of the Saint *hacen su agosto*, balconies swarm with on-lookers as thick as flies, and the portal of the church is decked with gaudy hangings. Such are *las vueltas de San Antón*.

The Carnival of a couple of centuries ago, or *Carnestolendas*, as it was then more generally termed (*Carnaval* being scouted as an Italianism) was quite as witless and extravagant, if neither so widespread nor so sumptuous as at the present day. There were the same *carrozas*, the same liberties, the same abuses, the same numskulled masqueraders, both on foot and horseback; but the jokes were coarser and more brutal, and the risk of bloodshed infinitely greater where the truculent *tizona* was ever ready to hand. For of the Spanish *caballero* of those times

it may at least be said that he hazarded his life with imperturbable coolness. He appeared to believe that amusement was his only motive for living at all; and that even the suppression of life was merely, under certain conditions, a form of recreation. Therefore, when the Angel of Death pulled his velvet cloak or made an assignation with his wife, or shot upon his head a bucket of garbage or water from an upper window, he heard the summons and was ready.

Nowadays these matters are more prudently arranged. The world is divided between one or other of two characters: the automaton, who is finally and wholly incapable of amusement; and the cynic, who allows himself to be for ever amused, viewing his entire existence as an infinite, though passive and emotionless Carnival. The Divorce Court deals peacefully and effectively with the assignation question; the buckets of offal and water are replaced by glittering *confetti* and ingratiating *serpentine*s; nor is it of life or death significance to tweak a masker's cloak. Nevertheless, not all our inkling of romanticism has even yet abandoned us, and there is something dimly seductive about these old-time swaggering cavaliers, their hand for ever upon their rapier hilt, their long mustachios *à la borgoñona* fiercely up-twirled, and sniffing at every stride, though bent ostensibly on pleasure, a bloody passage of un pitying thrusts, conducing to a double crime, a suicide and a murder.

Insipid, I fear, are modern carnivals by comparison. Here is a sketch I made four years ago, when no one carried a rapier, or not, at least, a

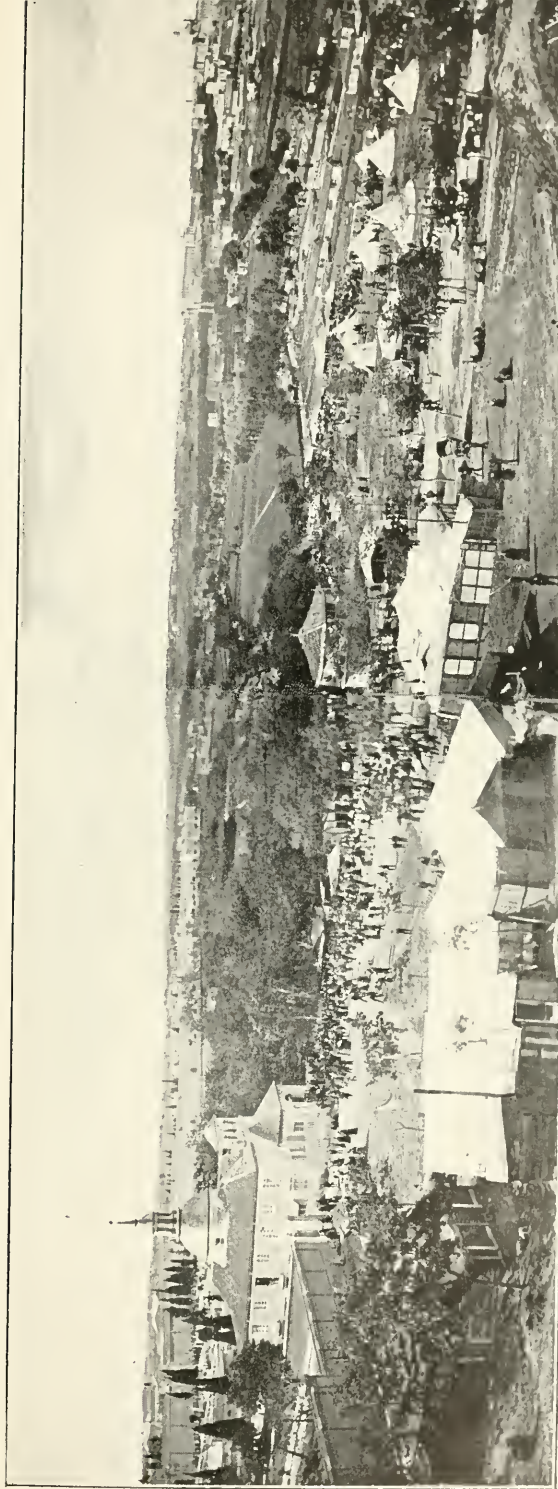
murderous one; when the sunny Madrid air was thickened with favours, not with filth; and when, if ever, there should have surely been no bloodshed and no sorrow.

The first day of Carnival: temperature, an English June—eighteen centigrade. A sky radiant with the strong and luminous turquoise that is peculiar to the South, so crisp and elemental in its purity that it seems to charge the open with solid, rather than aërial colour; and yet, on gazing deeply heavenward, the eye, as though accustoming itself to range from narrowness to space, begins to slowly fathom those magic flights of confineless transparency. Under this gorgeous canopy, serene, unspecked by any cloudlet, and immeasurably distant from those *imitation* colourings below, all the world—by which we commonly mean an atom of our infinitely tiny world called Earth—all the world and his wife were early astir, decking carriages for the *batalla de flores*, sewing and fitting costumes, trying on masks and dominos, buying, selling, swearing, laughing, gossiping; and the *confetti* vendors have done a roaring trade since daybreak, shrilly vociferating—“Five *céntimos* the packet, ten *céntimos* the packet, three packets for one *real*! The shower of a million colours! Only ten *céntimos*!”

A hundred thousand people surge between the Puerta del Sol and the Columbus Monument in the Castellana. The Calle Alcalá, Paseo de Recoletos, and Paseo de las Delicias, to say nothing of the narrower adjacent thoroughfares, are stuffed with shouting and perspiring humanity, not the interval of a head between any two; and it is a matter of

twenty minutes to turn the corner at the Ministry of War. Torrents of *confetti*; carload upon carload of revellers; paper streamers circling, unwinding, fluttering, and catching in clothes, and trees, and balconies, and lamp-posts. Ministers and nobles in their carriages, bowing and bending; the Infanta Isabel, aunt of the King, in her victoria, with half a dozen masqueraders clinging to the splashboard, whispering sweet nothings in the royal ear, and basking in the good-natured smiles of the Princess; Roman warriors and matrons in a *carroza* drawn by a dozen frisky horses; Bacchus and Bacchantes in another; Cleopatra in a litter; Clowns, Devils, Neapolitans, Moors, Galicians, Zaragozans, Andalusians, Valencians, Generals, Monks, Inquisitors—there is no end to the variety. Everything above the earth, or in it, or beneath—that runs, or flies, or creeps, or jumps, or swims—everything that has or simulates the breath of life is represented or caricatured; “devices quaint and frolics ever new tread on each other’s kibes,” and the animal and vegetable realms have been rummaged to their inmost depths to furnish subjects for King Carnival.

Beyond the crazy onrush of the crowd, and sheltered in an alley, a young girl with her sister minding her is leaning on a crutch. Her back is sadly humped, her face distorted by much suffering, and pale, and plain. No *confetti*, no *papelitos de amores* for her; none of the multicolor shower in her hair; no sweetheart in disguise to whisper in her ear, in tones familiar to herself, if strange to all the world beside; and though she bravely smiles, her eyes are full of tears.



(To face p. 166.)

MADRID: THE ROMENÍA DE SAN ISIDRO.

(From a photograph by the author.)

Not far away, a lad of some two or three and twenty, with a brave, open face tanned to a ruddy brown, and both legs amputated at the hip, is begging on the pavement. He wears the ragged suit of *rayadillo* that came with him—his only perquisite—from Cuba, and on his breast, attached to the red ribbon of the *Mérito Militar*, is pinned a silver medal.

"Ay, there's the rub." Not all a nation can be happy. A peasant woman, pointing to one of the strings of carriages, brutally cries, "It looks like a funeral," and a withered beldame crouching beside her raises her eyes and shudders at the dreadful simile. *It looks like a funeral!* It must, indeed, to thousands who are here, unselfishly doing their best to laugh and wear a carnival face; and so it would to agony-stricken thousands who have closeted themselves indoors, and never again will join the merrymakers. Who shall be bold enough to count the homes whose occupants have hidden themselves till Lent in pity for their grief impose her drear dominion, or the hearts in mourning for an absent *Juan Soldado** whose bones are bleaching on a Cuban battlefield, or possibly whose carcass some black night was tumbled to the sharks—shot overboard without a prayer, without a winding sheet?

Yet Carnival is the custom of these laughter-loving lands, and Spain must be amused. "Why, let the stricken deer go weep, the hart ungalled play." For after all, as a Spaniard at my elbow

* The colloquial expression, equivalent to "Tommy Atkins," which designates the rank and file of the Spanish Army.

readily reminds me, it is the nature of his countrymen to mingle joy with tears, and laugh and cry—the two together.

Ash Wednesday brings the absurd *Burial of the Sardine* (*Entierro de la sardina*), when it is, or more exactly speaking, was the custom to inter a strip of pork—playfully likened to a sardine—as a reminder that the occasion was a rigorous fast, when it was prohibited to eat meat in any form. And on Palm Sunday is the pretty usage of the Blessing of the Palms, which are sold for the purpose in numberless booths throughout the streets.

Beyond the river Manzanares and the meadows which fringe its bank remoter from Madrid, is a steepish piece of rising ground surmounted by a chapel. Close at hand is the cemetery of San Isidro, with gaunt cypresses peering darkly over its high wall; and equally close is the disgusting *Depósito de Cadáveres*, or depository for corpses which are awaiting burial. On ordinary occasion the locality seems wholly given up to the dead, for the situation is lonely and unvisited, and other cemeteries, San Justo, San Lorenzo, and Santa María, loom morbidly in sight. But once a year, on May 15th, and for about a week thenceforward, the scene changes. Then it is the *Romería* of San Isidro, the Saint's Day of San Isidro the Labourer, Patron of Madrid; and all the city flocks to his chapel, avowedly to do him honour. From morn till dewy eve the long and dusty road that wends from the Gate of Toledo towards the two villages of Carabanchel is blackened with a ceaseless stream of carriages and traps, which turn aside after passing



(To face p. 162)

(From a photograph by the Author.)

A GYPSY IN THE PRADERA.

the bridge of Toledo, and climb the hill which leads to the fane of the *Santo*.

To right and left are those melancholy graveyards and the scowling cypresses; but the interspace about the crest of the highroad is filled with revellers. Alas! I fear their cult of the saint is but transitory. Many, indeed, pay a hurried visit to the chapel, and bow the knee with a momentary ejaculation which possibly does duty for a prayer; but Vanity Fair is close behind, and pulls them sharply back into this wicked world. A better illustration for *The Pilgrim's Progress* could never be discovered. A dozen yards away is the solemn shrine of the pious "Labourer." Here, confronting it, are the booths and merry-go-rounds, the picnic-parties—whose saint may be Isidro, but whose god is incontestably their belly—the dancers, and the tinkling of guitars innumerable.

Day and night, night and day, the festive doings continue. The stalls or *puestos* ply a copious trade in trinkets, toys, and gewgaws of every kind, and above all, in clay images of politicians; whistles of glass tubing, decorated with artificial flowers—the famous *pitos del Santo*—and *rosquillas*, small cakes of a dry and not particularly savoury character, and smeared with sugar. The booths are handed down from generation to generation, and more than once the exact inches they must occupy have been settled—or unsettled—by the ponderous machinery of litigation.

As for the attendant public, they are chiefly of the lower and lower middle classes, though even the great ladies do not disdain to drive past and

stop to buy a whistle or a politician—I mean, the semblance of a politician. But the crowd in general is of servants, milliners, soldiers, shopmen, clerks, and the like; the men with their guitars and wine-skins (*botas*), the women in their best *mantillas*, or else bareheaded, with rich *mantones de Manila*.

The scene is typical of the careless, pleasure-loving community. Banter and love-making without end, jealousy and flouting, *regaños* and *disgustos*; so speed the noisy hours till the beautiful dawn breaks over the adjoining meadows, and then, with new relays of devotees arriving from the city, the orgies begin afresh.

To me, I own, the entertainment assumes no little of a ghastly colour, whenever my eye catches those grim cypresses above the wall, nodding a *memento mori* salutation to the carousers at their feet. Yet the *Romería de San Isidro* is one of the oldest and most curiously cherished of Madrid festivals, and where is the *madrileño* who would authorize its abolition! Certain it is that thousands of those dead and buried close at hand have once upon a time danced and sung about the *Romería* just as the living are dancing and singing still. Perhaps there is some night of the year—wintry and chill and dark, while the blasts from the Guadarrama travel moanfully across the plains of Carabanchel—when those icy inmates of the *camposanto* emerge from their sepulchres, just like the ballet of nuns in *Roberto Il Diavolo*, and holding high festival once again, with capering and flirting to the fitful glimmer of the corpse candles, renew till cockcrow their frolics of a bygone century.



(To face p. 161.)

FORTUNE-TELLING IN THE PRADERA.

(From a photograph by the Author.)

At the end of May or the beginning of June is the ecclesiastical festival of Corpus or the Eucharist, distinguished by processions which are said to be magnificent. Myself, a religious procession seldom satisfies me. The jewels upon the images are large, the dresses costly, but who shall vie the former with the sunlight or the stars, or the latter with the serene and speckless azure of the Spanish heaven? Borrowing the pagan phrase from Robert Louis Stevenson, this is to drive the coursers of the sun against Apollo. To confine our pageantry—I do not say our worship—within the walls of an edifice is well enough; but to drag it into the searching outdoor light must only expose its sorriest imperfections—the dirty shirt the priest is wearing beneath his chasuble, or the sly and ugly pranks and irreverent laughter of the choristers. There was better devotion, I think, when amid the same processional mummeries as at present, a plain rude platform was knocked up in the squares and market-places, and the populace gathered open-mouthed to witness those strong and simple parables known as the *Autos Sacramentales*.

Nevertheless, the performers in this Corpus, or any procession of the kind, think no small beer of themselves. How good they look, externally! Nay, you can even see that they *feel* good, for the moment. How comforting the sensation must be! “Assume a virtue,” says our poet, “if you have it not.” But surely, in the practical routine of life, you can improve upon the maxim and persuade *yourself* of your possession of the lacking virtue. This is the holiest and grandest solace of all, for

our own opinion of ourselves must interest us a thousand times more nearly than that of any outsider.

The *Verbena* of Madrid are nocturnal festivals attended chiefly by the lower and middle classes, and celebrated in the open air. As the *copla* recalls—

*La primera verbena
que Diós envía
Es la de San Antonio
de la Florida.*

"The first *verbena*
Which God sends us
Is that of San Antonio
De la Florida."

The Chapel of San Antonio de la Florida, on the left bank of the Manzanares, was founded in 1720, rebuilt in 1770, and again rebuilt in 1792. It has nothing remarkable except some fine frescoes by Goya in the cupola, and the entrance is approached by a pretty avenue. Hereabouts, along the roomy *paseo* of the same name, and punctually on June 13th, is held the *verbena de San Antonio*. The *verbena de San Juan* takes place in the Prado, on June 23rd; the *verbena de la Paloma* and *verbena de San Cayetano* (sacred, this latter, to the *cigarreras*), on August 15th and August 7th respectively, and in the *barrios bajos*; the *verbena del Carmen* on July 15th, in the Prado and the Calle Alcalá.

There is little difference between any one *verbena* and another. There is sure to be a *tío vivo* or merry-go-round, and a barrel organ for the dancing, while the site is decorated with flags or lanterns.



(To face p. 166.)

(From a photograph by Compañy, Madrid.)

THE MANTÓN DE MANILA.

The street or roadway is bordered with booths, whose oil illumination casts a fitful and fantastic glare upon the company. Frequently there is a *concurso de mantones*, or prize competition of Manila shawls; and maybe an additional prize for the best *peinado*, or head of hair. Each *barrio*, or district of the capital, celebrates its own *verbena*. The number of these festivals, therefore, is tending to increase, but their traditional characteristics are succumbing rapidly; and the time is fast approaching when the *mantones de Manila*, just as the silks and satins of the *manolas*, will be merely a *recuerdo*.

All Saints or "Hallowmas, the short'st of day" (November 1st), and the Day of the Dead (*Día de los Difuntos*, November 2nd), are undisputably the two most dismal anniversaries in the Spanish calendar. They are set apart for visiting the graveyards, saying masses for the dear departed, and laying flowers upon their tombs and niches. By a singular coincidence the weather is almost always bleak and wet, so that the muddy and rain-swept roads, trodden by troops of mourners clad in weeds and tramping stolidly towards the cemeteries in various attitudes of conventional woe, are infinitely cheerless. It seems a sacrilege to make the bright existence of a flower a partner in so impudent a farce.

What shall I say of Christmas? That it is a season of rejoicing, of theatre-going, and party-giving; of spending heaps of money and making none; but that it is less celebrated, and of course less chilly than in central and northern Europe, and that as a northerner I miss the change proportionally. True,

the streets resound to the music of the *comparsas*, the tintinnabulation of their *panderetas*, the tinkling of their guitars and *bandurrias*, and the rasping of their *güiros*. The Spanish world is in good humour. There are cakes and ale and revelling in many a household, and a lively expectation dwells upon all faces, for does not everyone look forward to winning the *gordo* in the lottery? But where are the bracing English night-time air, the horse's head, the holly, and the waits blowing their fingers and stamping their chilblained feet?

This reminds me that a single fashion, abhorred by housekeepers and thrifty souls in general, is equally as common in Spain as in our frigid and commercial north. I mean the *aguinaldo*, Anglicè Christmas box. As soon as ever Christmas morning comes round, so do your postman, errand-boys, and servitors at large, in order to remind you of the fact. I used to think they would disdain to accept a Christmas box from a mere foreigner. But no. With a charity I can never forget—or forgive—they condoned my alien origin, and rapped upon my door with just as genial an expectation as at my neighbour's, the attorney's, who hails from Murcia. So that with regard to these guileless visitors, I found the same humility, the same benevolent tolerance and good will towards all men blessed with a sixpence or a half *peseta*, to prevail in Madrid as ever in London; and when I put my hand in my pocket and offered to appease my *carbonero's* boy's Anglophobe convictions by the bribe of half a *duro*—he took it, as did the water-seller, the dustman, and the grocer, the newsboy, the telegraph-messenger, the *portero*, the *sereno*, and the

washerwoman's girl. Even the fair sex extended their mercy to the stranger that was within their clutches!

This, then, is the closest point of resemblance between a Spanish and an English Christmas—the good will vouchsafed by the poor to the less poor, and the Christian graciousness with which the former “spurn not the nobly born,” but accept, without a reproving word, the equalizing *aguinaldo*—however clean the hand which proffers it.

And yet, who am I to institute comparisons—always odious, according to the maxim, but especially so when perpetrated by the ignorant? Alas! what do I recall of an English Christmas? Have I not forgotten how to pull a cracker, or kiss a girl beneath the mistletoe? I have eaten my plum pudding in South Africa, where the thermometer stood at ninety-seven in the shade and the candle upon my dining-table melted and fell over into my plate; and I have spent, some gay, some grave, how many (plum puddingless) Christmases in Spain, among a kindly folk who wished me well; but my thoughts, do what I would, have travelled back a thousand miles to—*home!*

I hear the *comparsa* tramping past my window, and try to imagine that I am listening to a Christmas carol, as once I listened. “The time draws near the birth of Christ.” Perhaps the rime is glittering on the trees, and the ground is white and hard, and yielding for a moment to my fancy—or my conscience—I open the window and look out.

No. The air is calm but mild; and *that* is never a carol ringing in foreign accents on my ear. The

skies, too, "are painted with unnumbered sparks. They are all fire, and every one doth shine," but their glimmer is without the keen intensity of frost. Something is altered; something lacks. Something! Everything! For the Christmas of my boyhood, "as dear to me as are the ruddy drops that visit my sad heart," was not the same as this.

For me the Christmas of *home* is dead and in its grave, though there are times when even its memories pursue me, like accusing apparitions, into exile—the kindly associations of that mirthful season, the meeting with old friends and kin, the simple pleasure in being happy, and in contriving happiness for others—these memories all, with terrible gestures, denounce me as their murderer.

No matter. The punishment must be borne. Do what I will, I cannot make my victims breathe again; and all they were survives for me but as those unsubstantial phantoms of a younger, and a better, and a brighter life!

CHAPTER VIII.

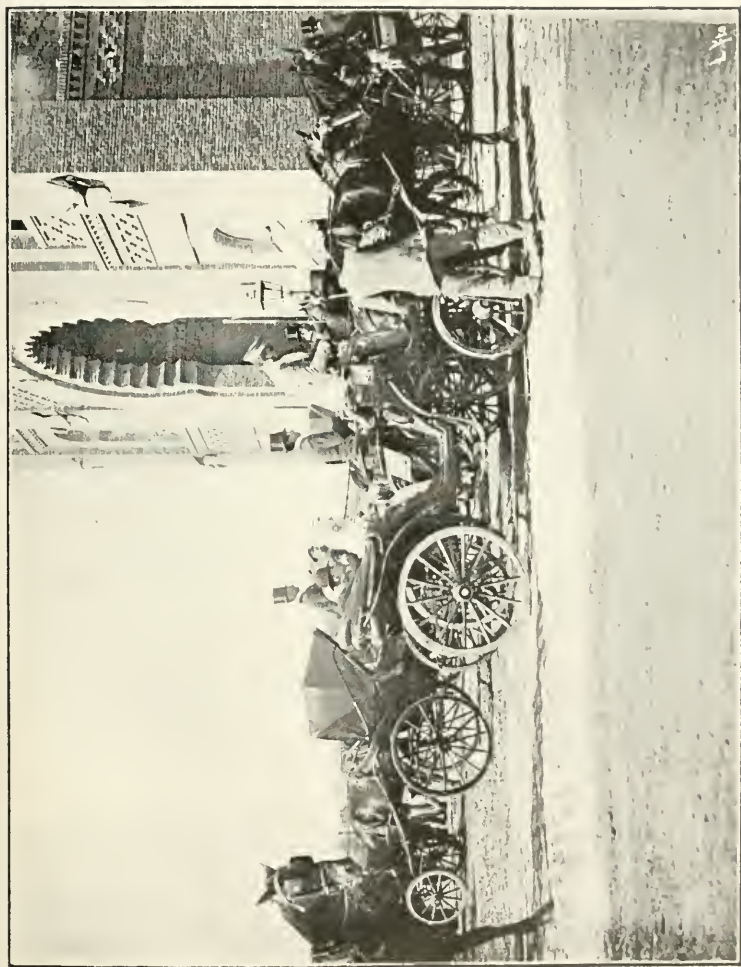
THE BULLFIGHT.

 HERE is an air about my street which tells me, plainer than any notice in the paper or placard on the wall, that my neighbours are preparing to enjoy themselves. The barber's shop is better patronized than usual, and I observe a number of familiar faces scrupulously scraped that go unshaven all the week. The *patatera* downstairs is brushing out her *mantón de Manila* while the boy puts up the shutter, and the privileged *chulo* who lives upon her earnings and passes for her lawful spouse runs off to call a *simón*. Surely, too, it was the *peinadora* I saw emerging from the first-floor *gabinete* opposite, the private residence of the *prestamista*, whose three delightful daughters I happen to know are *abonadas* to the *tendidos de sombra* of the bull-ring, together with their chaperon and mamma, for paterfamilias, like the busy bee of the maxim, is not to be wooed from his pursuit of golden honey.

The Spaniard attends the bullfight, if he be rich, luxuriously; if poor, modestly; if penniless, fraudulently, scurvily, raggedly, what you will; but by a notable coincidence he is never so poor as not to attend it at all, or at least some portion of it. The aristocrat, handling the ribbons himself, must

drive his spanking team, a-jangling with the bells upon their harness, up to the principal entrance of the *plaza*, his wife and daughters resplendent in silks and satins and the classical *mantilla*. Theirs is the olympic and costly *palco*, whence they survey with serene superciliousness the vulgarer *público* at their feet. The merely well-to-do, without a title to his name, or a million to his *cuenta corriente* at the bank, contents himself with a *delantera de gradas* or a *barrera* in the shade; the less *acomodado* with a ditto or ditto in the sun; the government clerk or shopman with a plain *asiento de tendido*; the *necesitado* with the *andanadas* or the upper and cheaper *tendidos de sol*. Nay, even the *golfillos* or little urchins who lurk in countless swarms about the *plaza*, and who certainly have not a *céntimo* at all wherewith to bless (or is it curse?) themselves, have discovered a number of porous spots in the ironwork which ventilates the outer wall, and squeeze and clamber through a space which would appear incapable of admitting a fives ball, much less a human head and body. Adventurous ragamuffins! Hence they witness, not so much the bullfight, as the historic, awe-inspiring territory where the bullfight is actually being celebrated.

On Sunday afternoons throughout the season, and regularly between the hours of half-past three and half-past four, a prodigious stream of traffic roars up and along the Calle Alcalá in the direction of the bull-ring, a mile and a half from the Puerta del Sol. The entire length and breadth of that ample roadway is filled with every class of vehicle that ever was built or grew into existence—for dozens of those shandrydans seem too extravagant



(From a photograph by the Author.)

MADRID: THE ARRIVAL AT THE PLAZA DE TOROS.

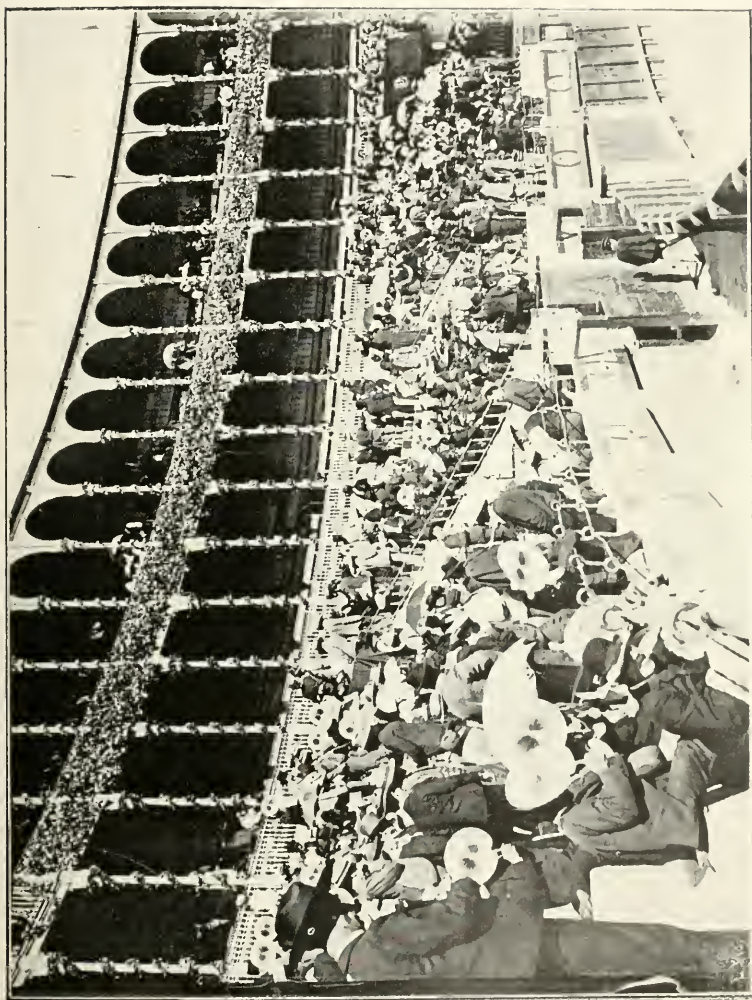
(To Jac p. 172.)

by far to have been planned by human ingenuity or fashioned by human fingers. However, some with six mules or horses, others with five, four, three or two, and the *coches de alquiler* with their single lean *sardina*, these multiform conveyances wend feverishly towards the *plaza*. Omnibuses, private and public carriages, tram cars, electric and otherwise, as well as the galley-like monstrosities which seat four dozen desperadoes inside and on the tottering roof, roar on and on, past the *Cibcles* fountain, round the Arch of Alcalá, past the statue of imperturbable Espartero, and up full-gallop along the final stretch that breaks away from the *Camino de las Ventas del Espíritu Santo*. On they go, those whirring wheels, those straining beasts, those frantic, shouting, sweating, gesticulating Jehus; on, on, in pitiless, seething, desperate, life-jeopardizing, blood-curdling competition to reach, not Heaven, or wealth, or health, or glory, but something indescribably superior—the *plaza*! And what is the *plaza*: that happy goal so infinitely prized, and yet which all Madrid is competent to attain? For remember that even our *golfillos* have stealthily hung behind the backs of many a carriage, and reached this earthly paradise—at the trifling risk of a broken bone or two, or a tickling with the lash—free, gratis, and for nothing. For nothing, did I say? For everything! For the *corrida de toros*!

✕ A circular, two-storeyed edifice, solidly built of blood-red brick, in an imitation of Moorish architecture that is obviously sham and modern, but neither inelegant nor tawdry. There! I have sprung from the footboard of the tram upon a waterseller's toe.

He glares at me, and to mollify him I buy a glass of water; truly, as he claims for it, the coldest and best obtainable, from the *Fuente del Berro*, the limpid spring that gurgles gratefully past yonder hill. Laboriously I elbow past the sellers of nuts, and fans, and oranges, and seats for the *corrida*, laboriously through the labyrinth of wheels, laboriously between the narrow turnstiles, thronged with candidates for entrance, laboriously along the packed passages, and out into the roomier *redondel* or ring, where the fight will be within three-quarters of an hour, but swarming now with fashionables and *aficionados* of every degree, but chiefly of the exquisite and *pollo* order, who like to air their Sunday suits, clean linen, and Córdoba hats, and generally appear *de moda*.

Ha! There is Fulano; "*Buenas tardes, pollo!*" And Mengano, with his wife upon his arm. "*A los pies de Vd., Señora.*" The *brillante banda del Hospicio*, as the programmes somewhat euphemistically term it, are tootling their *escogidas piezas*, surrounded by quite a little army of enthusiasts; and over and above them the *plaza* is filling rapidly. The huge amphitheatre consists of tier after tier of seats, both wooden and stone. The lower rows are stone throughout; and the lowest of all, and consequently the nearest to the *barrera*—and the bull—are called the *barreras* and the *contrabarreras*. Receding from these are the stone *tendidos*, rising one above another to the number of twelve. Once more, above these are the *gradas*, wooden benches, under cover of the first floor; the *delanteras* or foremost row adjoin a balustrade; then come the *gradas* proper, one, two,



(To face p. 17.)

IN THE TENDIDOS.

(From a photograph by the Author.)

three, four, five rows. In the upper storey are the four rows of *andanadas*, also rising above their *delanteras*; as well as the *palcos* or boxes, between which and the *andanadas* the whole floor is divided.

A very elementary knowledge of astronomy will serve to appreciate that if the sun during his two or two and a half hours' passage over the arena leaves, to begin with, one half of the plaza completely in shade, this shaded half increases in proportion as the sun's rim dips behind the western wall of the building. This circumstance controls the prices. The dearest seats, whether *tendidos*, *gradas*, or *palcos*, are those which are in shade from the very outset. These are the *localidades de sombra*, and you pay a premium, not for seeing better, but for keeping cool. Cheaper are those places which soon fall into shadow, but are not so at the first. These are the *localidades de sol y sombra* (sun and shadow); and of course the cheapest of all are those which have the naked glare throughout. Here you sit sweltering, even when screened by a sunshade, or a newspaper, or programme, or by one of the gorgeous paper fans which are offered at the modest price of a single *perra chica*.*

There is a gateway leading from the arena to the courtyard where the *toreros* assemble as they reach the *plaza*; and this *patio* also is thronged with *aficionados*, smoking, laughing, swaggering, glancing impatiently at their watches (such as have one), and

* *Perra chica* (little dog), slang for 5 *céntimos*—or one halfpenny. The term is due, I believe, to the canine aspect of the lion on the obverse of the coin. It goes without saying that the penny piece of 10 *céntimos* is a *perra grande*, or big dog.

X exchanging animated prognostications (*cambiando impresiones*) as to the merits of the fight. For even if you have not seen the bulls this morning, before they were boxed into the *chiqueros* ready for the fray, you must at least pretend you have, and air your knowledge of their qualities, after borrowing it at second-hand from your halfpenny programme. At one point is Fuentes, one of the *matadores*, just arrived with his *cuadrilla* or subordinates, the spangles upon his magnificent *capote de paseo* glittering keenly in the brilliant atmosphere. He is, or affects to be, as cool as a cucumber, and his acquaintances and toadies form a knot about him, justly elated at being seen to be on speaking terms with so great and good a man. Elsewhere is a *picador* ready equipped upon his Rosinante. Needless to say his garb is infinitely plainer than his chief's, consisting of the familiar broad-brimmed *picador's* hat with its pompon; the short jacket of coloured velvet and black braid; the light yellow leather breeches opening over the boot; the *faja* or scarf about the waist, narrow cravat, frilled shirt front, and low waistcoat. Poor *picador*; his lot is a hard one; more falls than halfpence. Nobody cares for him—no, not they. His only privilege is to tumble heavily and often for a niggardly remuneration; and his expression, as he draws on the leathern glove which aids his right hand to properly grip the *vara*, is moody and uncompanionable. Elsewhere some half-a-dozen of the *monos sabios* in their scarlet shirts are squatted on the paving, unctuously preparing the little balls of tow which are to stop *pro tem*. the wounds of the horses and economize a *peseta* or two to the contractor. Along one of the walls

are ranged the victims themselves, the inevitably doomed, twitching their ears in blest unconsciousness, and even swishing the flies away, within, perhaps, a quarter of an hour of death. The ponderous *picador's* saddles, with bucket stirrups, are already on their backs, throwing, from their very bulk, those wasted rumps and withers into more prominent contrast. Shylock might probe in vain for a pound of flesh upon the entire herd, diseased, emaciated, tottering with age and ailments, shattered in wind and limb, a pitiable museum of equine skeletons. Those needle horns should ultimately prove a mercy to them.

There is a stir about the other gateway leading into the road and out of the *patio*. The little ragged boys who jostle there in battalions, encroaching as narrowly as they dare upon the ground it costs the price of an *entrada* to tread, gape ecstatically round a wagonette which has just pulled up smartly. It is Reverte, also with his *cuadrilla*. The *matador* himself is superbly dressed in coffee-coloured silk and gold. His lieutenants are in plainer attire, —two in carmine and silver, one in silver and black; but all the dresses are handsome. Reverte swings his *capote de paseo*—white, with an elaborate border of gold lace two feet six inches wide—across his arm, and leaping, followed by his suite, from the carriage, strides into the yard, where, as with his predecessor, a crowd of friends and worshippers rally round him. They shake his hand until his arm must ache, the more curious peering enthusiastically at the gold bobbins on his jacket, or the lace of his *capote*; but he only laughs good-naturedly, and puffs nonchalantly

at a cigarette. A moment later drives up the last of his companion *matadores*, the incomparable Rafael Guerra, "Guerrita," older by a good many years than the other two, but a fine figure of a man, alert and muscular, and dressed in gold and dove colour.

As I move away to find my place, the *toreros* pass into the chapel yonder, adjoining the ominous infirmary, and duly followed by his *cuadrilla*, each *matador* uncovers reverently, bends his knee, and offers his *oración á la Virgen*. The service is short but solemn. "*Diós te salve, María*" ("God save thee, Mary"). There is something of the old gladiator in this brief address: *Morituri te salutant*—and then—a sign of the Cross and ready for the trial.

I am agreeably surprised to find myself between an *aficionado* of the old school, a septuagenarian, at least, and a spruce young *revistero de toros*, representing, as I subsequently learn, the *Estocada*, a bullfighting review published weekly. Though not for the moment a *moriturus*, I salute this Cæsar of the taurine press. Possibly my accent surprises him—*pingue quidquam atque alienum*, as Cicero expressed it. So he (the reviewer, not Tully) stares at me a little curiously. Am I a Spaniard? No, but I have lived a great many years in Spain. I call myself, in fact, a *medio-español*, or semi-Spaniard. "*¿Aficionado á los toros?*" ("A lover of the bullfight"?) I reply, by all means. I rise in the reviewer's estimation, the more so when I offer him a cigar; and presently we become fast friends. He continues to ply me with questions, and discovers a new bond of fellowship. "What, a *periodista*?" ("Also a journalist?"). Perhaps he had believed himself

alone in his affliction ; at any rate, he gazes at me and I at him commiseratingly ; and we pass the time very companionably, damning the vicissitudes of our calling with acrid and sarcastic comment, until the arena is cleared (*despejado*) and the president waves his handkerchief as a signal for the *corrida* to begin.

Nowhere in the world is colour so diversified and exuberant condensed into so limited a space as in a Spanish bull-ring. Unfortunately, the mere enumeration of a thousand hues conveys no valid idea of their beauty. Here, then, are from ten to twenty thousand people, bent upon enjoyment—this last a point worth noticing. *La cara*, says the proverb, *es el espejo del alma*—"the face is the mirror of the soul." But rather would I declare that the dress is the mirror of the emotions. If all this congregation were attending a funeral, or any gathering of a momentous and sober character, they would clothe themselves accordingly, and the effect would be unutterably vast, but also unutterably dreary. But the bullfight is of all spectacles the one which is expected to claim the greatest cheerfulness on the part of the on-lookers. Numbers of the marriageable maidens who attend it care but little for the dexterity and even the valour of the brave *toreros* ; but at least the *plaza* is as likely a place as any to light upon a *novio*—and who can even anticipate the wedded state without contentment ! Therefore, oh dark-eyed damsels of the South, flirting your fans with so intuitive and pretty a grace, and exhibiting (of course by accident) those tiniest of *piecitos*, when were your smiles more sunny

• or more inviting to companionship—even though it were lifelong—than on this *día de toros*?

The men, too, are in their highest good-humour. Not a few are genuine *aficionados*, who derive a keen enjoyment from the kaleidoscopic and ever virgin incidents of the *corrida*. Others, it would seem, are pleasurably intoxicated by the general animation, by the simple sight of so much life in simultaneous movement, or by the glorious influence of that speckless heaven and ambrosial temperature. Others are hedonist *guasones*, who reverence alike a pretty woman—be she in *palcos* or *tendidos*, a bold *torero*, or a sip of *tinto* from a comrade's *bota*. But one and all are prone to doff their “customary suits of solemn black,” and wear a holiday look and smart cravat, and jaunty Cordovese *sombrero*. None go to cavil or wear a surly face.

The *corrida* is a *lleno completo*: above me the boxes and *andanadas* are packed to overflowing, so are the *tendidos* to either side, and the *barreras* and *contra-barreras* beneath: not a seat is vacant, even among the 13,011 the *plaza* is stated to contain. Everything is restless, nervous, merry, excited, exuberant motion; hands and faces, dresses and fans, and black *mantillas* and white. Threading their way between the serried ranks, and husky with shouting “¿*Quien les quiere tost-a-os*?” “*Quien les quiere*?”* and similar invitations, are the sellers of nuts and oranges, lemonade, and water.

The president, then, quite *de rigueur* in top-hat and frock coat, satisfied that the proper moment has

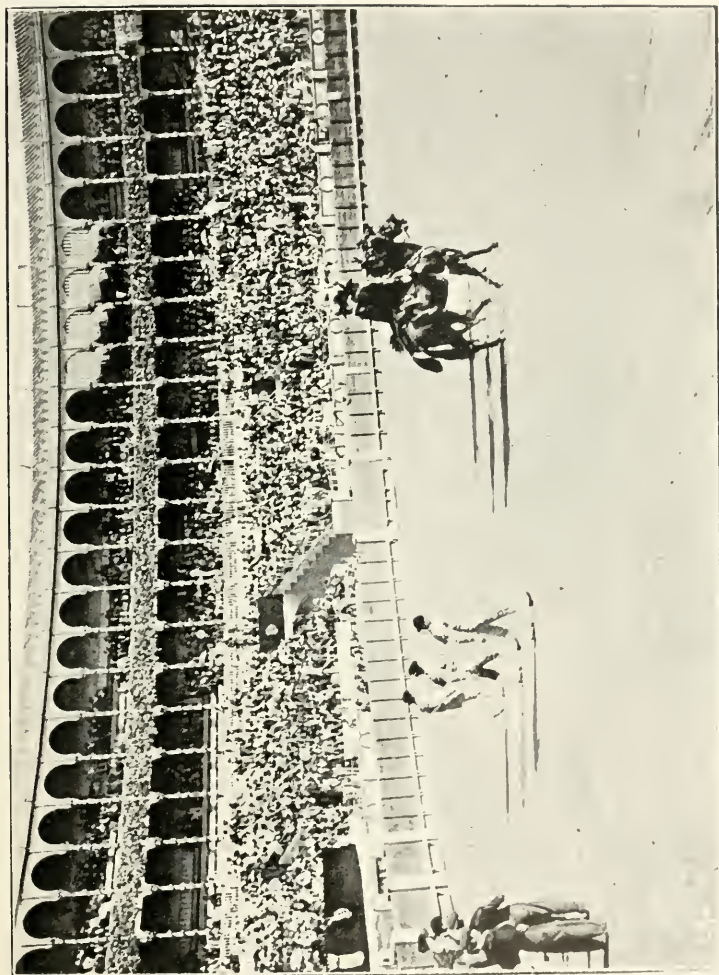
* “Who wants them, toasted?” (beans). “Who wants them?”

arrived, leans forward in his chair, and waves his handkerchief. The last of the *aficionados* has vanished from the *redondel*, and the arena is as vacant as Sahara. Nevertheless, the historic custom of the *despejo* ("clearing") is piously simulated; so, in order to comply with it, the two *alguaciles* emerge from the gate beneath the *presidencia*. They are excellently mounted on prancing steeds in sleek condition, and are dressed in black velvet breeches, with a short cloak of the same material, and black hats with variegated plumes. Cantering round either semi-circle of the ring, they meet at its further side and dashing spurs into their horses gallop back together, salute the president hat in hand, and disappear within the archway. A minute later they again emerge by the opposite entrance; the band, perched aloft among the *andanadas*, strikes up a stirring *paso-doble*, and now begins the pretty and imposing spectacle known as the *paseo de las cuadrillas*, or march-out of the fighters. The strictest etiquette is observed. Foremost are the *alguaciles* on their capering stallions, the plumes in the hats nodding in time to the hoofs. Close behind come the three *matadores*, striding abreast, their *trajes de luces* flashing splendidly. By a usage which is never transgressed, the oldest to have taken the *alternativa*, or doctor's degree, so to speak, of bullfighting, goes always on the left; the next oldest on the right; the latest in the middle. In the present instance, therefore, the veteran's post is occupied by *Guerrita*; next him is Fuentes; and on the right Reverte. Their glittering *capotes de paseo* rest upon their left shoulder, but the body of the cloak, passed round

the waist from right to left, is caught up and held with the left hand over the left hip, leaving the right arm free. After the *matadores* come their *banderilleros*; then the mounted *picadores*; then the attendants in the ring, vulgarly known as the *monos sabios* (*wise monkeys*),* who attend upon the horses, staunch the holes gored in them with the pellets of tow before-mentioned, and thwack them to their feet; and lastly the *arrastres*, or teams of mules to drag away the fallen beasts, both equine and bovine.

Arriving at a dignified, swinging stride beneath the presidential box, all the fighters lift their *monteras* in honour of the president, who acknowledges the courtesy by lifting his immaculate *chistera*; and the procession breaks up. The *alguaciles* and the teams of mules gallop away out of the ring, and out of sight; so do the *picadores*, excepting two, who grasp their *garrochas* or pikes, and station themselves a few yards apart, the first being some twenty yards to the left of the *toril*. They are then said to be *de tanda*; while those who await their turn outside the ring are *de reserva*. The *toreros* throw their costly *capotes de pasco* to their friends among the spectators, to fold and keep for them, and take instead, *matadores* and *banderilleros* alike, the well-worn *capas* of red and yellow *percal* (print), faded, as a rule, by long

* I have read that the origin of the nickname, "wise monkeys," is as follows. Half a century ago a foreigner brought to Madrid a troupe of performing monkeys, which attracted general attention by the cleverness of their antics. Their costume consisted of a scarlet jacket, similar to the scarlet uniform worn by the attendants of the *plaza de toros*. Naturally enough, the coincidence was not slow in striking the wags of the city, who lost no time in transferring the title of the quadrupeds to the certainly as nimble, and possibly not more highly educated bipeds.



(To face p. 122.)

THE PASEO DE LAS CUADRILLAS.

(From a photograph by the Author.)

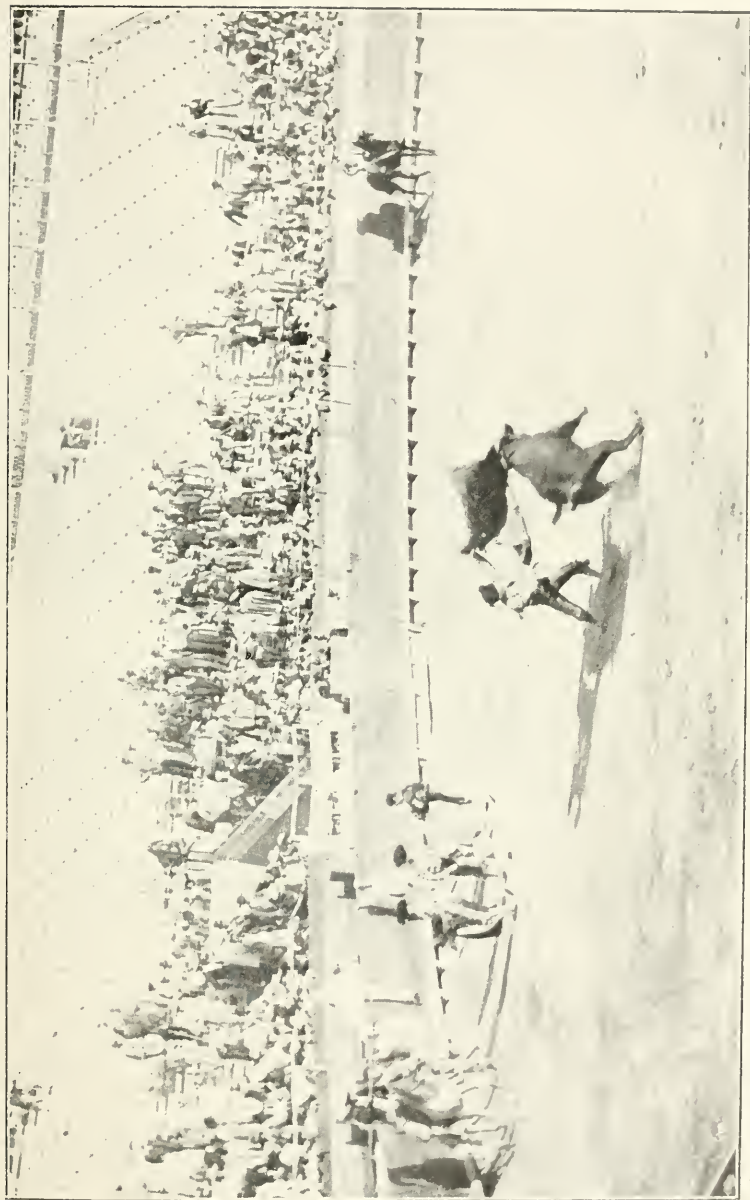
exposure to the sun, and smeared with ominous stains, mementoes of other *corridas*, that are patently other than a vegetable dye. Some throw away their cigarette; others bandy a joke with their acquaintances among the *público*, or make sure their running-shoes are safely on at heel, or rinse their mouths from a *botijo*; but all are as cool as ice. Then, *capa* in hand, they wait by the *barrera*.

All are ready, *picadores*, *matadores*, and *peones*; and again the president waves his handkerchief. A drum and trumpet sound the appointed call which summons the egress of the bull; and one of the *alguaciles*, reëmerging, catches in his hat the key of the *toril*, which the presiding genius also tosses down, decked with ribbons, and scours across the arena. A veteran functionary, dressed in a seedy bullfighting costume* (who in Madrid is unfamiliar with *El Buñolero*?), waltzes in a decrepit manner round the *alguacil's* horse, catches the key in his *montera*, and while the other escapes, moves away to the *toril*, where are the genuine heroes of the hour—the bulls.

The *Buñolero* is an old hand at his work. You can see that from the unemotional manner in which he inserts the heavy key, and retiring, as he opens, within the space 'tween barriers, swings back the—look! It is open! With a fiery snort of rage—if you are close enough you can see him blow quite a little cloud of sand into the air—*Hermit* (such is his name) is in the ring, swirls round, sights or

* Would it be an act of excessive *esplendidez* on the part of the *empresa* to present him with a new *traje*?

smells the two *picadores de tanda* ; feints at them one after the other, as they lower their *garrochas* in self-defence ; and has put the whole arena behind him in about six seconds. Everything in the semblance of a fighter, except, of course, the *picadores*, has lightly vaulted the *barrera*, and is safe in the *callejón*, or space, some seven feet wide, between the barriers. No ! Reverte, cloak in hand, leaps back again, advances from the barrier, and calls to *Hermit* with a quick little cry, " Hoi ! Hoi ! " *Hermit* darts round angrily, pulls up dead, and surveys his enemy, some twenty feet away, and holding his *capote* in both hands, directly in front of his body. To snort and charge at the cloak and the man is the work of a swifter second than was ever told by clock. Where is the bold Reverte ? In pieces ? Not he. Without moving his feet so much as the literal breadth of a hair, he swings his cloak out to the right with both arms, and the deadly weapons that would transfix a three-inch oaken plank have grazed the golden bobbins on his jacket, and the danger is thirty feet away. *Hermit*, as soon as the violence of his onrush allows him, pulls up, turns, and repeats the charge, to pass again beneath his enemy's arm ; and again, and again, till the eye turns giddy at the lightning-like manœuvre ; and at every turn the valiant fighter makes that indescribable, graceful bend of his lithe body, and swings out his *capa* with unerring art. The masterpiece is yet to come. On the bull's charging for the seventh time, Reverte gives an abrupt half-turn, trails his cloak over his shoulder, and walks deliberately away, *Hermit* staring stupidly after him, without attempting to follow. The victory



(To face p. 184.)

A VERÓNICA.

(From a photograph by the Author.)

of manly over brute intelligence is triumphantly declared, amid a rapid tempest of applause, just like the rattle of shingle on a stormy beach. "*Siete verónicas y un recorte*," says my neighbour, the reviewer, scribbling in his note-book. And the hero of the ovation, with a modest wave of his hand, presses his *montera* to his head, and seeks new worlds to conquer.

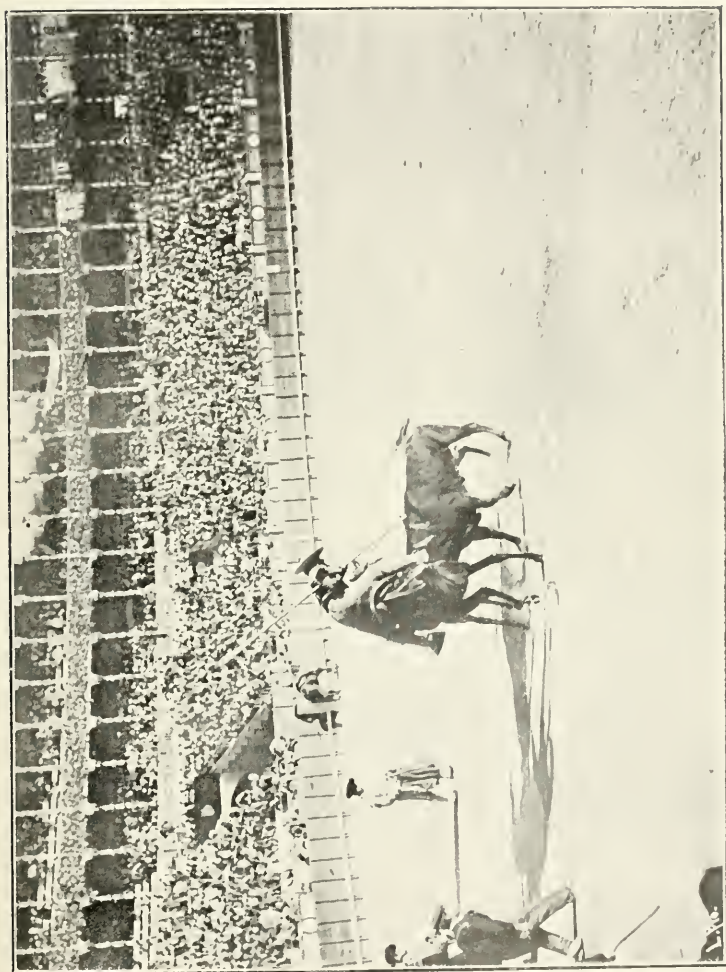
The ice is broken. *Hermil*, snorting and pawing the sand, is spoiling for another duel. Nor has he long to wait. The *picadores*, while the preceding incident was in progress, have cantered round the *barrera*, and pull up almost facing him. *Guerrita* orders one of them to *picar*; and the man, arranging the bandage over the right eye of his nag, sets spurs to the already half-frightened beast, and resolutely advances, followed by the impatient exhortations of the multitude, who gibe and jeer without stint, if they suspect him to be funkng. "*Saca más vara*," they yell, "*y anda derecho!*"*

The bull, three yards or so away, sniffs, drops his head, and—half a yard of horn in the horse's chest; both animal and rider rolling over and over, the man, as safety obviously demands, keeping to the side nearer the *barrera*; the horse, bleeding profusely from a ghastly hole, and struggling desperately to rise to his feet, between him and the bull. The bandage has fallen off, and the *penco's* eyes are wild and terror-stricken. But there is life and utility in him yet, and while *Guerrita* performs the *quite*, which consists in drawing off the *res* with a graceful turn

* "Lengthen your lance and at him!"

of his *capa*, the "wise monkeys" rush valiantly out from the barrier, and flog him, trembling in every limb, to his feet. The rider curses him, prods him angrily with his *garrocha*, and remounts. Again the bull is ready, as are the horse and rider. At the second *pica* the heart is touched—the horse's, I mean, not the spectators'. The victim, as soon as the shock is over, and *Hermit* is again drawn off, this time by Fuentes, does not fall, but the *picador*, who ought to know what is taking place, dismounts. He, at least, has felt the death-stroke of the beast; and sure enough, from close behind the top of the fore leg the bright arterial blood begins to issue; at first in little jets, then spouting with the volume of a hose. The stricken animal rocks dully to and fro, and falls prone, twitching his ears and moving his underlip convulsively. Is there no *coup de grace*? Ah, yes. A *mono sabio* relieves him in a leisurely manner of saddle and bridle, plants his foot upon his head, and taking out a small *puntilla* from his shirt, drives it smartly into the base of the brain and shakes it to and fro. A desperate kick or two; the eyes grow dim; the lip drops, disclosing the grinning teeth; and all is over. R. I. P. The *mono sabio* extracts the *puntilla*, wipes it on the poor *jamelgo's* hide, and attaching the halter, prepares his neck for the *arrastre*. *Væ victis!* The first of the *morituri* has fallen, and the populace, intoxicated with carnage, are roaring for fresh bloodshed.

The *picador*, hampered by the *gregoriana* which covers his right leg, has limped off for a remount, and while a *reserva* emerges, number one supplies his place. This time the *suerte* proves more gory still.



(From a photograph by the A. O. O. O. O.)

BUENA VISTA

(To see p. 184)

Hermit, the blood from the previous *picas* trickling from his neck, and staining the fluttering *divisa* to a uniform maroon, is warming to his work. He dives at the belly of his prey and tears it open through a quarter of its length. The guts, dripping with blood and excrement, fall out and about the sand, and their reeling owner stamps upon them wildly. A man in front of me points pleasantly to the shining, bleeding entrails. "*Todos los trastos de la cocina*,"* he remarks; the neighbours join in his laughter, and the joke passes for a good one.

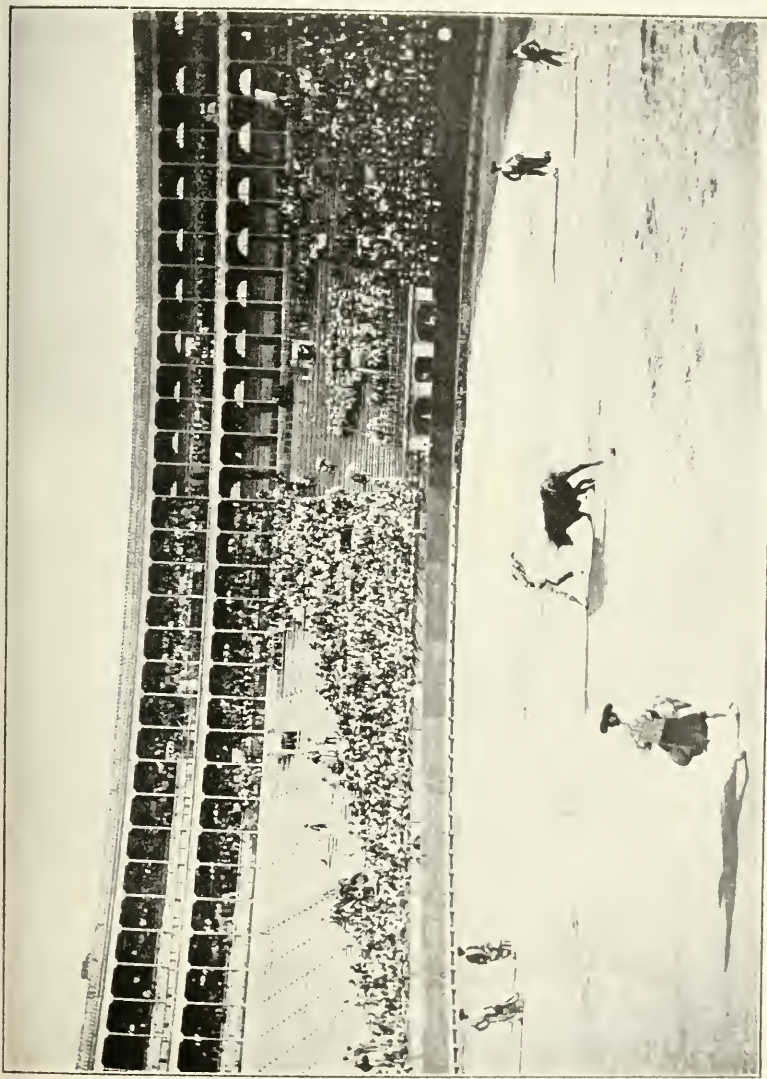
A new relay of cavalry arrives, and *Hermit* is still game. But the *picador* is strong of wrist, and leaves him heavily *castigado*, driving the *garrocha* pitilessly into his shoulder, and holding it there "while men might count a score." The horse is untouched, but *Hermit*, by the time *Reverte* practises the *quite* on him, is bleeding hard. "*Buena vara*," shout the enraptured onlookers, and the *picador*, one of a class that earns more tumbles than *pesetas*, touches his *castoreño*, and rides off, grinning.

The president makes the appointed signal, the cornet sounds for the *suerte de banderillas*, and the cavalry retire. *Guerrita*, by right of *antigüedad* in the matter of his *alternativa*, is to kill the bull, and his two *banderilleros*, one of them his brother Antonio, hand their *capotes* over the barrier and grasp the *banderillas*, a pair apiece. These are of ash, rather over two feet in length, about two-thirds of which is decorated with coloured paper, cut in narrow strips. At the tip is a solid barb. The *banderillero*, then,

* "All the pots and pans of the kitchen."

whose turn it is, moves off to meet the *res*, and finds him standing motionless near the *tablas*, forming an angle with them. Standing some six yards away, and fully facing him, the *banderillero* calls to *Hermit*, alternately lifting the *palos* to arms' length, and lowering them, and rising lightly on his toes. He is now said to be *alegrando* or "cheering" the bull. Finally, when the latter's attention is sufficiently fixed, he swoops upon him, and describing part of a circle in order to keep clear of the horns, lifts his arms, and keeping both hands close together, *metiendo los brazos*, drives the barbed sticks into *Hermit's* neck. Our hero has *clavado un buen par* in the manner which is known as *al sesgo*, and the feat is greeted with a roar of applause. The two barbs are planted close together, and exactly as the art demands, directly behind the head, neither too far forward nor too far back; and the *banderillas*, as *Hermit* bellows and paws the ground at the receipt of this additional courtesy, fall gracefully aslant on either side of his face.

The collocation of the second pair, a task pertaining to *banderillero* number two, is a longer affair. *Hermit* is prepared for anything and everything, and as crafty as a Jew. His adversary, attempting the same device as his predecessor, hallooos to him and springs as high as heaven, then shifts his ground and repeats the experiment. At length, when the proceedings have lasted rather longer than is opportune, and the spectators are revealing unmistakable signs of boredom, he resorts to treachery. For this purpose he sidles behind his quarry, and making ready the *palos* and giving an abrupt cry, brings the



(To face p. 18.)

PLANTING THE BANDERILLAS.

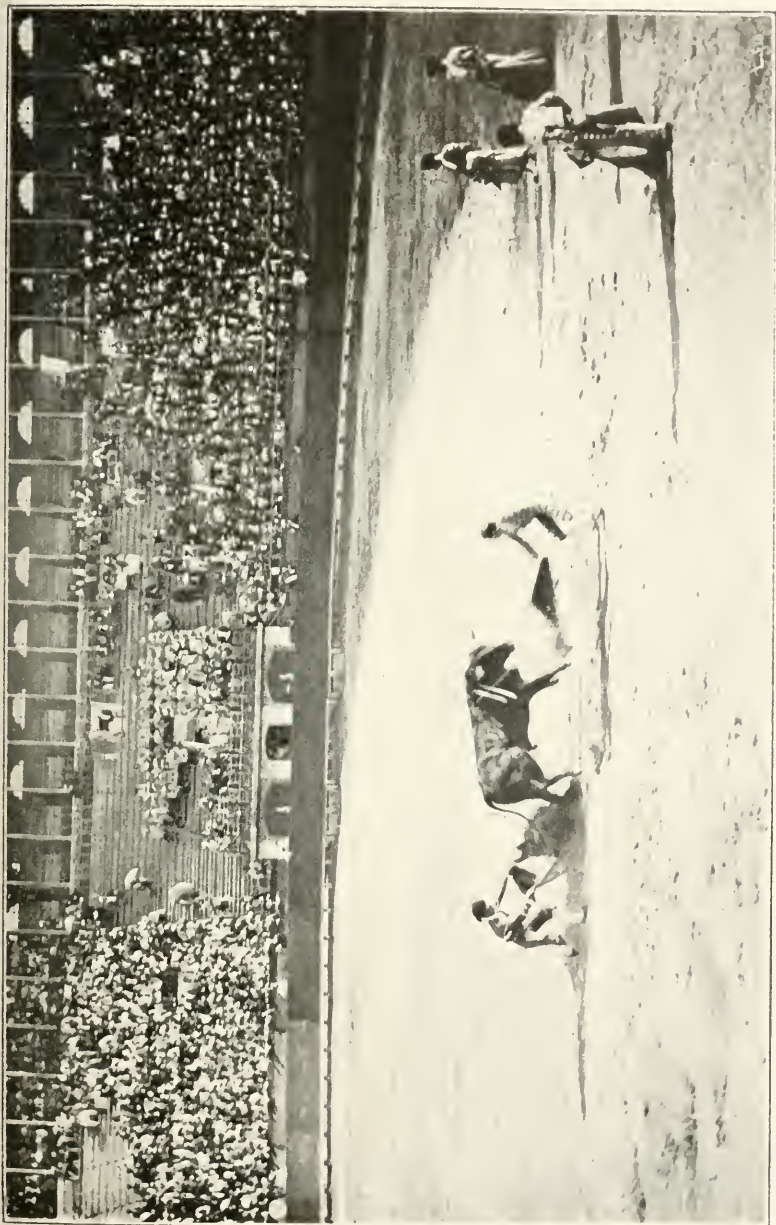
(From a photograph by the Author.)

enemy swinging round upon him, and driving in the *banderillas*, darts nimbly away upon the other side of *Hermit's* head. This is *de media vuelta*—"half a turn"; and being executed *como Dios manda*, is met with renewed applause. *Banderillero* number one drives in a third pair, *de frente*, a trifle *abierto*, that is, with more space between the *palos* than should be, and therefore not so unimpeachably artistic as the others, and *Hermit*, with the six gay-coloured, blood-bespotted harpoons dangling from his withers, is ready for the supreme *suerte* and dissolution.

The cornet sounds again, and *Guerrita*, who for some little while has been resting by the barrier, advances, *estoque* and *muleta* in hand, to just beneath the presidential box. The president raises his hat, *Guerrita* his, and holding both sword and *engaño* in his left hand, and emphasizing every period with a flourish of the *montera*, delivers his *brindis*, or *matadorial* speech. The oration, fortunately for the impatient multitude, is not a long one; in fact, a dozen seconds will have covered it all, when Raphael, swinging his *montera* jauntily round him and up into the *tendidos*, turns on his heel and strides majestically forward to complete the doom of *Ermitaño*.

The executioner's first step is to wave off all his men, "*¡fuera gente!*" an action that is always popular as signifying pluck, and professional *pundonor*. Then, *liando el trapo*, namely, adjusting the scarlet *muleta* to a small stick, from the end of which a spike projects and secures the cloth, he advances to within three yards of his opponent and sidles warily round him, gradually describing almost the complete circumference of a circle, and keenly scrutinizing his every

movement. In these moments you may be sure *Guerrita* is deciding on the nature and even the number of the *pases de muleta* he means to employ. When his mind is made up, and *Hermit* has been suitably circumnavigated, the *matador* thrusts out the *engaño* on his left, holding it in his left hand, and almost brushing it against his victim's nose. He is now said to be *empapando*, or smothering the bull's face with the red cloth. *Hermit*, dropping his head, charges the *muleta*. To all appearances he is oblivious of the man, who, without moving his feet, raises the cloth, and sweeps it backwards, followed by the bull, both *bicho* and *trapo* describing with infinite swiftness a small portion of a circle. This manœuvre is the *pase natural*, and *Guerrita*, always with the same sure-footedness and calm, repeats it no less than seven times. The vigilant, reflexive dexterity of the human, as opposed to the blind, impetuous savagery of the brute, seems to have left the latter completely stunned and silly; but any *aficionado* will tell you that *Hermit* carries his head too low; so the *diestro* gives him a couple *pases por alto*, lifting the *muleta* at each sweep over and across the horns, and when he finds him to be sufficiently *cuadrado*, with fore and hind legs properly set together, and head at the desired elevation, prepares for the *volapié*. Lifting in his right hand the gleaming *estoque* to the level of his shoulder, and aiming, by running his eye along the blade, for all the world as though he were sighting a rifle, at the scientific point on the top of the bull's neck, with his left hand he extends the *muleta* beyond his right side, under his sword arm, and *perfilándose* with his body, that is,



(To face p. 100.)

FINISHING A FASE DE PECHO.

(From a photograph by the Author.)

planting himself sideways in the same line with the bull's length, delivers the thrust at the same juncture that he darts forward, smothering as he does so, *Hermit's* face with the *muleta*, and giving the animal the *salida* on his right, at the identical instant that he himself escapes to his left. The *estocada*, in the hands of so consummate a *classic*, is naturally perfection's self, and the only visible vestige of the weapon is the *cruz*, or hilt, peeping from the flesh, deluged with welling crimson, of the victim. Yet even thus it is a matter of a good many moments before the vanquished falls to earth—*se echa*. First of all the *peones* dash forward, and throwing out their *capotes*, whirl him alternately to right and left, but this is resented by the spectators as a violation of fair play, and *Guerrita* again steps forth to execute the *descabello*. Newly confronting his foe, he dazes him by a number of short sharp *pases* known as *de pitón á pitón*, and carefully taking aim, almost by feeling with the point of the *estoque* for the spot desired, namely, the base of the brain, delivers one vicious little dig, and over rolls the valorous but unfortunate *cornúpeto*. The indispensable "wise monkeys" harness his stiffening remains for the *arastre*, the *banderillas* are dragged out, likewise the *estoque*, the *peones* withdraw to the *estribo*, and the incomparable *Guerrita*, after repeating, this time without the rhetoric, his salute to the president, moves triumphantly round the ring to the inspiring strains, emitted by the Hospicio Band, of a popular *tango*, and the frenzied acclamations of his worshippers. Quite a warehouse of hats is thrown down to him, and cigars galore. The latter he disdains to

grope for, leaving them to an attendant *peón*; but he gathers up the headgear, sends it with his own hand spinning back to its proprietor, and even takes a quarter of a mouthful from a *bota*, obsequiously lowered from a *tendido*. If ever in this weary world a mortal be capable of unalloyed contentment, that mortal must be Rafael Guerra (*Guerrita*). He has achieved an *estocada monumental*, as well as an immaculate *descabello á pulso*, and for the time being he is the most conspicuous and the most applauded man in Europe.

It is a pity that *Hermit*, the crimson puddle on his *morrillo* already beginning to clot and darken, and kicking his toes nonchalantly in air, is past appreciating the dignity conferred upon him in dragging him out the last of all the victims,* and after the fragments (*broken meats*, with a vengeance) of the horses have preceded him to glory and the *desolladero*. For here is a mark of distinction in exacting which the Madrid *público* is absolutely inflexible. There is no commiseration for *Hermit* while he lives; but dead—observe the delicacy of the ideal—his figure ceases to be bestial, and becomes heroic. And so the jangling teams of mules come in and gallop out, and first one *penco* is made fast to them, and secondly the other; and then, with never a salute or word of thanks, ungrateful *Hermit* is the last to disappear.

The first bull, then, is fought and killed; and the same general procedure will be adopted with the five remaining. Of course the incidents and

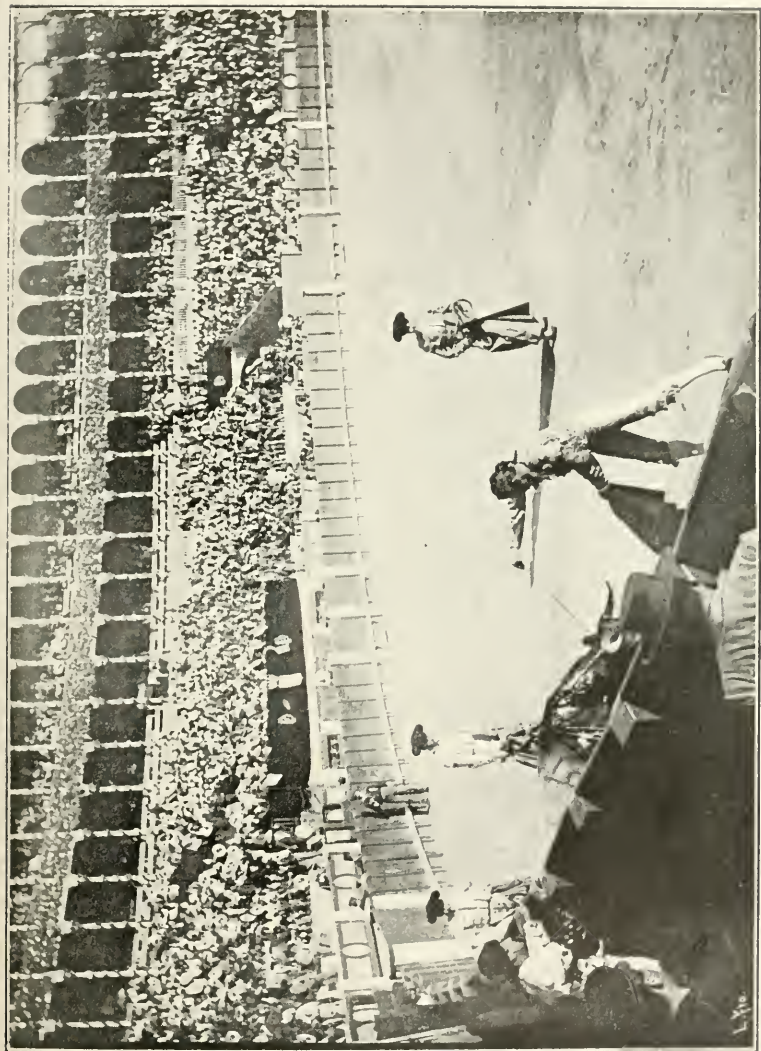
* Except, of course, wherever the contingency should arise, a biped.

detail vary. Now and again a *peón*, opening his cloak (*abriendo el capote*), is harder pressed than he anticipated, escapes precipitately (*saliendo por piés*), and vaults the barrier into the *callejón*. It goes without saying that some of the *quites* are more showy (*lucidos*) than others: now it is *Guerrita* who surpasses himself, now *Fuentes*, and now *Reverte*. These three *matadores* possess characteristics which strongly distinguish them; just as no one singer's voice, or painter's touch, is identical with another's. The course of the *corrida* includes manœuvres so many, and so variously executed by one or other of these heroes, as well as by the members of their *cuadrillas*, that to attempt to describe them all would be inevitably to bewilder—now a *larga*, now a *galleo*, now a *pase de pecho* by the *matador*, now a *pase cambiado*, now a *pase de telón*, now a faultless *estocada* up to the hilt, now a *tendida* almost horizontal, now a *media*, or half, now a *pinchazo* which does the beast no harm at all, now a *bajonazo* or stroke delivered below the proper point—an enormity which evokes the gibes and execrations of the *aficionados*; for however hard it may prove to be a bullfighter, it appears to be simplicity itself to damn one.

But the general outline of the programme does not vary. Each bull is first of all attacked and weakened by the *picadores*, then he passes on to the *banderilleros*, and finally to the *espada*. On one occasion, during a *suerte de vara*, the *picador*, through carelessness, or funk, or want of skill, leaves his *garrocha* sticking in the bull's neck, and while the brute is being enticed sufficiently near to the barrier

to lug away the projecting shaft, the *público* riddle the cowering misdemeanant with volley upon volley of oaths and ribald epithets. Horses, fewer or more as the case may be, will fall and be thwacked again to their feet by the assiduous "wise monkeys," and gored in every possible manner, until they are ripped to shreds, and little of their flesh and nothing of their life remains to them; and then the teams of the *arrastre*, to the music of their merry bells, will drag them away and out of sight; and upon the morrow, says your neighbour facetiously, the price of *chorizos* will be cheaper.

But the prettiest and most interesting detail of the whole *corrida* is when *Guerrita* and Fuentes, in response to the clamorous petition of the spectators, consent to *banderillear* the fifth bull, for each of these famous *matadores* is also the beau ideal of a *banderillero*. *Guerrita*, who takes the first pair, in spite of his verging upon forty years is as active as a springbuck, and glories, before actually planting the *palos*, in making believe that he is going to plant them; in playing, as it were, with his enemy, in exhibiting a series of *salidas en falso*, or feints, electrifying the *aficionados* by these masterly and classical *adornos*. But between *Rafael* and Fuentes there is little if anything to choose. If one has his darling method, so has the other, and when *Guerrita* has *clavado* his *par* as *magistralmente* as is his wont, the other advances towards the bull, pulls out his handkerchief, lays it on the ground, plants both feet upon it, and then, by dint of calling and *alegrando* him for quite a while, induces him to charge. As he does so, and without stirring a hair's



(To face p. 101.)

(From a photograph by A. A. A. A.)

FUENTES PERFORMING THE DESCABELLO A' PULSO.

breadth from the handkerchief, but merely swaying his body to one side, Fuentes drives in the *banderillas* to perfection, while the bull, sweeping impetuously onwards, grazes his very *taleguilla*.

"¡ Vaya un par quebrando !" says my neighbour ; and you may be sure that Fuentes goes down in his good books.

But the cloudless afternoon is ripening into sundown, shadows fall deeply over all the *plaza*, and before Fuentes has despatched the sixth and last *bicho*, the concourse begins to melt away. My friend the *revistero* eagerly gathers up his hastily scrawled *cuartillas*, and bidding me adieu, vanishes. As a student of human, as well as of animal nature, I prefer, for my own part, to wait until the very end, and even later ; till the *acomodadores* have gathered up the leather cushions from the *tendidos*, and the tag-rag and bob-tail who vaulted feverishly into the *anillo* when the last blow was struck and *taurus* reluctantly gave up the ghost, have frolicked about him to their hearts' content, and kicked his flanks, and poked him with sticks ; and the mules have dragged him away to join his brethren.

A stream of light, as red as the blood that just now colored the arena, pours through a western doorway, striking the desolate files of empty benches. The president has left his box, and the multitude gathers about the exits, till the last and laziest find egress, and the *plaza* is wholly deserted. Outside, at the door of the *patio de caballos*, the *cuadrillas* are in their respective *jardineras*, mopping their streaming foreheads, nodding a cheery greeting to their friends, or shaking hands with the nearest. Finally the *mozo de estokes*,

with his bag of swords under his arm, leaps on the box, the whip cracks, the horses jangle their bells and break into a gallop. A number of urchins, never absent on this occasion, dive feverishly after the vehicle and spring upon the step, the *toreros* good-naturedly ignoring them. The serried ranks begin to part in all directions, some on tram cars, some in carriages or cabs, a few on horseback, the greater part afoot. All are quieter by far than when they came. The animation of even the Spaniards is not perpetual. Or perhaps they are disappointed that there is nothing more to see. The fight has been a good one, but alas, until next Sunday, it is over.

CHAPTER IX.

ARCANA TAURINA.

IN the preceding chapter I attempted a plain relation of a *corrida* from start to finish. In order, however, to avoid confusion, I found it unavoidable to omit a quantity of matter more or less impertinent to the narrative proper, and yet which has to do with bullfighting. Who breeds the bulls, and where? How are they brought to the ring? What are they worth? What is the price of a *corrida*, or of the services of the *matadores* and their helpers? Many such queries must occur to the curious, and I hope the following data will answer them at least in part, before I sketch the origin and growth of Spain's most ancient and severe recreation.

By far the greater number of the *toros bravos*, or fighting-bulls, are Andalusian, the property of one or other of various breeders (*ganaderos*), who are invariably men of wealth, and sometimes of title. Among the names of noble *ganaderos*, past or actual, are those of the Marquises of Gaviria, la Conquista, Salas, Sales, Gandul, Villamarta, los Castellones, Saltillo, Ruchena, Medina, Castrojuanillos, and Villavelviestre, the Counts of Patilla and Vistahermosa, and the Dukes of San Lorenzo, Osuna, and Veragua. Ladies, too, commonly by inheriting the

cattle from their husbands, are and have been *ganaderos*, or I suppose I should say *ganaderas*—the Duchess of Santoña, the Marchioness of Saltillo, Doña Carmen López, Doña Dolores Zembrano, Doña Celsa Fontfrede, Doña Cecilia Montoya, Doña Carlota Sánchez, and others. And curiously enough three priests have figured in the profession—Don Diego Hidalgo Barquero, Don Francisco Mendoza, and Don Antero López. The latter, indeed, went so far as to brand his bulls with a priest's cap or bonnet, for which reason the breed was known as the *Bonetillo*.

As I have said, the majority of the *ganado* comes from Andalusia, particularly the neighbourhood of Jerez, Seville, and Huelva, in whose whereabouts live the best-known *ganaderos*, excepting the Duke of Veragua. This nobleman, the direct descendant of Columbus—bearing, in fact, the very name of *Cristóbal Colón*—is the possessor of one of the oldest and most famous breeds of fighting cattle, though his bulls appear to be deteriorating rapidly. Their pasturage is at Colmenar la Vieja, not far from Madrid. The Andalusian cattle graze upon the plains or *dehesas* of San Juan de las Cabezas, and other of those thinly-populated districts.

Every year the *ganadero* holds his *tienta*, or trial of the fighting qualities of the calves, a ceremony which is intended to weed the bad *becerros* from the good, these to be fought throughout the *plazas* of the country, the faulty ones to be sold for killing or agriculture. An intermediate class are those which are fought under the name of *novillos* by second-rate *matadores* or *novilleros*, and not in the *corridas*

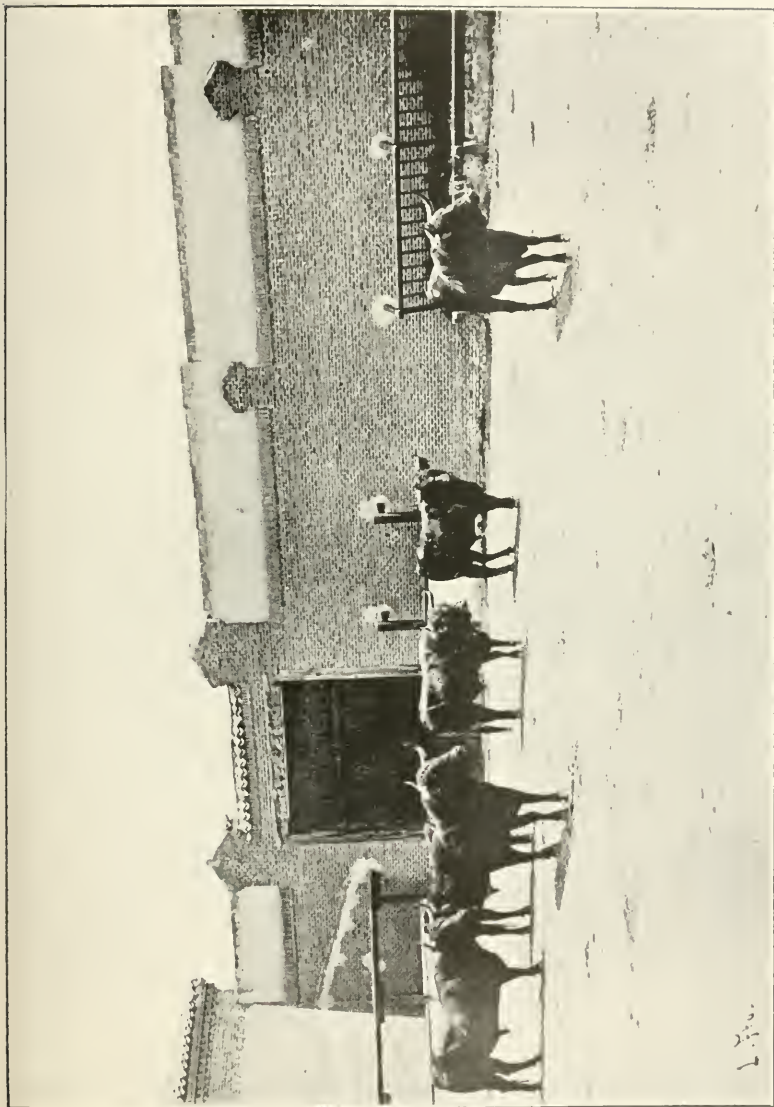
formales, but at *novilladas*. These *novillos* belong to the *desccho de tienta*, the "rejected in the proof," but it is not unusual for them to make a very respectable fight, notwithstanding. The *tienta* can be performed in more ways than one, but as a rule the young animals are driven singly into a yard where a horseman, preferably a *picador*, aided by a helper afoot with a *capote*, offers at them with a lance tipped with a very small goad, and considerably shorter than the *garrochas* employed in the ring proper. If the bull dashes at the horse, ignores the pain of the goad, and returns with spirit to the charge, he will do, and is promoted to the *aprobados*, or selected candidates. The heifers are also tested, since the mettle of the dam must narrowly concern her offspring, and the *semental* or stud-bull is sure to be a stately and expensive beast of noble presence and proven lineage.

It is a matter of impossibility to determine which is the best *ganadería*. The best are many. Each has its record of doughty achievements, and spares no effort or expense to keep abreast of its rivals. The leading cattle at the present day are those of Cámara, Miura, Muruve, Pérez de la Concha, Conradi, Adalid, Ibarra, Saltillo, and Anastasio Martín. All of these are Andalusian. Among Castilian cattle the Duke of Veragua's are becoming steadily worse and worse, but Don Estéban Hernández, also a *vecino* of Madrid, is able, at a pinch, to produce an excellent *corrida*.

The *ganadero* sells his beasts a *corrida* at a time, the usual number being consequently four, or six, or eight, and the price per head, in the case of the

choicest cattle, ranging from four to six hundred dollars, or between sixty and one hundred pounds sterling. The conveyance of the bulls to their destination is no easy matter. Where the distance is comparatively short, as from one point of Andalusia to another, they are driven through the unfrequented parts of the country gathered in a little herd, pasturing by day and proceeding by night, surrounded by the *cabestros*, or tame, trained cattle with bells round their necks. These intelligent beasts keep the wild ones together and out of mischief with the same unerring watchfulness as a collie controlling a flock of sheep, and lightening to an incalculable extent the labours of the accompanying horsemen.

The entry into the town or village is made by night, the sides of the roads in the vicinity of the bull-ring being strongly barricaded, and the compact herd, headed by two riders careering one after the other, is driven at full gallop plump into the *corrales* of the *plaza*. If a moon be shining, the spectacle, viewed from the windows overlooking the *corral*, is indescribably picturesque and eerie; nor am I aware of any detail of Spanish life so intensely singular and original as these Andalusian *encierros*, such as I have witnessed, times without number, at Linea de la Concepción and elsewhere. The safe side of the barricade is packed with eager *aficionados*, straining their eyes and ears and speaking in a whisper; the rest of the *población* (imagine it to be half-past one of the morning) is profoundly silent, until the barking of dogs, suddenly impinging on the night-time air, announces that the *corrida* is approaching.



(To face p. 29.)

A CORRIDA OF MURA FIGHTING-BULLS.

(From a photograph by the Author.)

The doors of the *corral* are opened wide, and presently, amid a column of dust, the clattering group of beasts and riders has galloped desperately within and all is business and tumult, the bulls bellowing and snorting with confusion at their novel durance; the bells of the *cabestros* tinkling furiously; the herdsmen shouting, swearing, and cajoling.

For longer distances the cattle are conveyed by rail, in ponderous boxes not unlike a small bathing-machine in shape, but with a lift-up end. It is needless to say that each bull is enclosed in a separate box. On arriving at their destination, and in order to restore them after the journey, it is customary to pasture them for at least some days before the *corrida* takes place.

Shortly before the fight, the bulls are coaxed into the *chiqueros*—dark cells with massive doors that open and shut by means of ropes pulled from above. Here also each bull occupies a single cell, and passes, when his destiny arrives, into a kind of narrow tunnel, and thence into the arena. The work of coaxing the beasts, one by one, and always with the aid of the *cabestros*, from the *corral* into the *chiqueros*, requires great ingenuity and patience, and frequently occupies an hour or more. It is customary, in return for a small fee, to admit the public, who occupy a platform overhead, together with the herdsmen, who run from point to point, slackening or hauling the ropes that open and close the doors, and prodding with a *garrocha* refractory *reses* into the position desired.

I mentioned the register kept by the *ganaderos*. In spite of the scrupulous care bestowed upon the

tienta, the indications then observed are by no means infallible, and it is impossible to predict with more than approximate confidence whether a given *res*, when the fatal moment arrives, will make a creditable fight or no. However, as a general rule, the bulls of certain *ganaderías* have certain peculiarities, "marks of the beast," so to speak, or idiosyncrasies of attack and defence which the fighters are solicitous to bear in mind. Now and again a bull distinguishes himself by a more than usually heroic resistance, and (very rarely) the Spanish public, after the usage of their ancestors, the Romans, intercede for his life. Thus, *Cantarero*, fought at Jerez on July 26th, 1871, accepted thirty-two *varas*, killing nine horses and wounding eleven. At the request of the *respectable público* his life was spared. *Cartero*, fought at Madrid in 1844, killed eleven horses in twelve *varas*. *Centella*, fought at Cádiz in 1851, accepted fifty-three *varas*, killing nine horses and injuring four. His life was pardoned also. And *Corcito*, the third bull fought at Alicante on July 31st, 1881, accepted ten *varas*, killing three horses. He then re-charged upon *Pinto*, a *picador*, and dashed both him and his horse *through the barrera*, depositing them in the *callejón*, killing the horse, and leaving *Pinto* in a very delicate situation, till the *matadores*, *Cara-Ancha* and *Gordito*, drew off the *fiera's* attention.

There are numerous instances such as the foregoing, and they surely prove that a fighting-bull is in fact a wild beast, and as such incomparable with any domesticated *taurus* of the rest of Europe. Yet the inexperienced are sometimes deceived into imagining that because the Spanish *res* is clean of limb,

long of body, rather than tall, and proportioned with graceful symmetry, he is therefore inclined to be weak and undersized. Never was a greater error. In freedom from superfluous fat the Spanish beast, I will not deny, might readily disappoint those cattle-show experts of ours who lay such paramount stress upon the *aldermanic* dimensions of the competitors; but infinitely dearer to the *ganadero* is the *toro bravo's* condition; and condition, from the gladiatorial point of view, means perfect speed, perfect courage, and perfect ferocity.

Not for a moment should I elect to wander about an English meadow in company with an English bull; but although this latter might readily tackle a defenceless mortal like myself, it would astonish me greatly to see him accept a second, much less a twenty-second *puyazo* from an armed and mounted *picador*; and after that three pairs of *banderillas*; and after that the sword of the *matador*. All, of course, is within the bounds of the possible; but, given the placid education of the British *res*, and the tranquillity with which he is allowed to fill his belly to overflowing, and degenerate into a cade and comfortable sleekness, the chances should be altogether in favour of my argument.

Ford was persuaded that the Spanish animal is the weaker of the two; but it does not seem to be so when at Seville, in the summer of 1898, a Muruve bull walked from the *barrera* to the middle of the ring with a horse and man upon his horns; nor is it unusual for any *toro bravo* to throw a *picador's* saddle ten feet into the air; but it takes two men to carry the saddle. As to the Spanish bull's superior agility,

this, at least, is beyond all possibility of question. It is an everyday feat for them to clear the *barrera* at least once; and the barrier's height averages considerably over five feet. At Málaga, some six years ago, a bull leaped over the barrier at precisely the same spot, *fourteen* times in swift succession. At Madrid, in 1898, another cleared *both* barriers, landing with his head among the spectators, but falling back into the *callejón*. On April 30th, 1899, at Madrid, *Ermitaño*, the second bull of the *corrida*, cleared the barrier four times, jamming a carpenter between a pair of doors and severely injuring him. All of the above I have myself witnessed; but other feats, perfectly authenticated, are even more remarkable. At Valdepeñas, on June 15th, 1876, *Totobío* completely cleared both barriers, killed a child, wounded two attendants of the *plaza*, and committed other havoc; and only four years ago another animal repeated the same experiment and had to be shot by a *guardia civil*. I may say that the inner barrier or *contrabarrera* is two and a half feet higher than the outer. Does not this prove that, when he chooses, the Spanish bull can leap like any greyhound?

The bullfighter, then, is called upon to outwit an animal which is always strong, swift, and savage, and occasionally crafty. The course of *taurine* studies is therefore likely to be a long one, before the aspirant can hope to become at all proficient in the "art of Montes." Many begin as hangers-on at *plazas* of small importance, with now and then a poke with the *estoque* at a *becerrada*. Others frequent the *matadero* or slaughterhouse, where they find abundant oppor-

tunity for scrutinizing the behaviour and movements of the cattle, and can gather hints as to how to play and kill them. For the characters of bulls, like those of humans, vary very greatly. Some will charge the man in preference to the *engaño*—*muleta* or *capote*, as the case may be—and are, in consequence, exceptionally troublesome to deal with. They are said to *comerle el terreno* or “eat the ground” from before the *torero*, when they invade his territory, encroaching restlessly upon the ground he occupies in order to fight them. As a general rule, the more cowardly the bull, the more dangerous and difficult he is to fight. When he faces his tormentor without flinching, charges straight, and struggles honestly to the last, he is said to be *noble*. But a good bull is often turned into a coward by unskilful fighting.

The accomplished *matador*, therefore, must realize what kind of beast he is killing, and make his “passes” with suitable circumspection. A “noble” bull lends itself, during the *lidia*, to a number of effective *suertes*, where the same *suertes*, attempted with a cowardly beast, would infallibly mean a *cogida*. Any *matador* whose name is well before the public and who fights at Madrid, Seville, and other of the leading *plazas*, as well as during the principal *ferias* throughout the provinces, has reached the top of the tree, and is supposed to have some years of *taurine* education behind him, so that he is fitted, as far as practice can make him, to judge what kind of animal confronts him. In all probability he started as a *novillero*, or fighter of young or defective cattle, or else—perhaps in addition—he has served as a *banderillero* in the *cuadrilla* of some bygone worthy,

figuring now and again as *sobresaliente*, or *matador* in reserve. In any case, practice will have taught him much. "*La letra*," says the Spanish pedagogic adage, "*con sangre entra*"—"lessons are thrashed in with whipping"; so our hero, by dint of repeated *revolcones*, and probably a nasty *cogida* or two, will have learned to scan his enemy with a wary eye, before he makes his pretty speech to the *presidencia* and advances sword in hand to meet him.

But not all the practice in the world can render the *torero's* trade a sinecure. Mistakes are common to humanity, and a bull often turns out to be other than was anticipated. Even a slip may prove the *matador's* undoing, especially where, as at Madrid, the bestial custom is resorted to of pelting an unlucky fighter with oranges. In the actual moment of delivering the *estocada*, the *matador* must achieve both one and other of two objects. He must kill the bull, and avoid being killed himself; the first by driving his sword with proper strength and in the proper direction, into a very limited and un-get-at-able area; the second, by simultaneously affording the animal a proper egress with the *muleta*. Of course this sounds particularly easy, but possibly, with those needle-like horns a couple of inches from your chest, the impression is less exhilarating.

Neither is the risk run by the *banderilleros* a slight one; for to drive a couple of barbs at a short yard's distance into the hide of a furious and nimble beast, is also an operation of considerable nicety, although, as we saw in the last chapter, the initiated may perform it in more ways than one. *Gucerrita*, whenever he condescends to take "the



(To face p. 206.)

(From a photograph by Compañy, Madrid.)

ANTONIO FUENTES.

sticks" in his hand, is a superb *banderillero*; so is Fuentes. These, of course, are *matadores*, but the public sometimes shout for the principals to *banderillar* a single bull, generally the fifth, and the *maestros* not infrequently concede the favour. The graceful perfection with which the two *diestros* in question and a few others execute the *suerte*, shows that they have never forgotten the lessons they learned by heart in earlier and humbler days. However, although the merit of any efficient *banderillero* is always applauded, his pay, in absolute disproportion to that of the *matador*, seldom exceeds a couple of hundred *pesetas* per *corrida*.

The *picadores* appear to run the greatest risk of all. They have a long way to fall, and are attacked by the bull while he is quite fresh, added to which, if they tumble *al descubierto*, on the side of the barrier furthest from it and nearest to the bull, they are in a bad plight, for a metal case is upon their leg, so that they are powerless to rise without assistance. Nevertheless, a *picador* is seldom killed outright, unless, which rarely happens, his head be cleanly dashed against the barrier. His body is padded like those of Tweedledum and Tweedledee when they made ready for the duel in the forest, and frequent tumbles would seem to have converted him into a veritable pachyderm. He trusts, then, to his lucky star, if he have one, and looks about for the softest spot to fall on. If he bestrides his Rosinante firmly, sticks out his *vara* far enough, and marches straight upon his enemy, without indulging in the vice which is known as *cuarteando*, he has done all that is expected of him.

The *banderillero* must be cool, alert, patient, quick of eye and light of heel; the *matador* all this and more besides. Not only must he thoroughly understand the duties of his *cuadrilla* in order to capably direct their work—although nowadays there is scarcely any competent *director de la lidia*, with the exception of Mazzantini—but his judgment must be ripe and accurate, his nerve unflinching. He must be impervious to the animadversions of the multitude, from whom he is sure to hear, upon an “off day,” a deal of ribald criticism and insolent censure. Nothing, however aggravating, must put him out of temper. He must trust implicitly to his experience of the dangerous beasts he has to kill. He must make his “passes” close to his enemy without shifting his feet, which is always ugly, and prone to be interpreted as *asco* or “funk.” He must *pass* in rigid accordance with the precepts of the game, employing certain “passes” to correspond with certain indications on the part of the bull, and when he has worked the latter to a proper posture, squarely planted (*cuadrado*), exactly facing him, with head at a suitable elevation, and each pair of feet planted closely together, he must drive the *estoque* home at the proper spot, and provide for his own exit. Under certain contingencies he must be ready to kill the bull *recibiendo*, or *aguantando*, effective strokes, but always dangerous and crucial. If he can do all this, and do it well and often, he is a great *espada*.

The magnificent costume of a *matador de alternativa* adds very considerably to the brilliance of the spectacle. His glittering attire costs him

between eight and fifteen hundred *pesetas*, and consists of the black, curly cap or *montera*; jacket, waistcoat, and breeches, all three elaborately worked, and heavily loaded with flashing bobbins of gold thread; white embroidered shirt, with narrow wristbands and low collar, long, narrow tie, silk sash, two pairs of stockings, and heelless running-shoes. All this, together with the gorgeous *capote de paseo* or "parade cloak," completes the outward *matador*.

Just as though he were some theatrical artiste, he is dressed by his *criado*, who puts him through the lengthy process of drawing on two pairs of tight-fitting stockings, the under pair of white cotton, the upper of flesh-coloured silk; then winding him round and round in his sash—seven times is the approved number—and "doing his hair," that is, attaching to the natural *coleta* or diminutive pigtail twisted up at the back of the head, the mushroom-shaped bunch of black silk known as the *moño*.

Thus equipped, he smokes a cigarette or two, chats with his friends, and awaits the carriage-wheels and the fateful arena.

In point of social status the bullfighters as a class have lost ground, though their trade (or is it a profession?) is just as popular as ever. The *toreros de rumbo*, who loaded themselves with diamonds, and basked in the adulatory smiles of dukes and duchesses, are a reminiscence of the past. The *torero* of to-day is commonly a respectable soul enough, associating by preference with his equals. He offends nobody so long as nobody

offends him, and makes as good a husband, father, and friend as any other citizen, while towards such of his *compañeros* as are sick or needy, he is generous almost to excess.

A familiar exception to the usual run of unlettered *toreros* is Luis Mazzantini y Eguía. Here is—I am about to use a detestable word, but the English language has no better for the purpose—a gentleman. In private life he drops the bullfighter altogether, brushes his *coleta* onto the top of his head, so that his hat shall cover it, or his height conceal it (for he is well over the six-foot mark), and abjures the telltale short jacket and tight trousers which constitute the mufti of the normal *torero*. His education and tastes are unexceptionable. He is well-read, an intelligent musical critic, and a patron of the fine arts generally. The very furnishing of his study betrays innate refinement and the instincts of a (here it is again!) gentleman. Pictures, and statuettes, and photographs of non-*torero* friends, but nothing suggestive of *shop*; never a bull's head stuffed, not a single framed programme of a famous *corrida*, no gory *banderillas* on the wall, or flaming *moñas*; only the landlord and man of means and culture, quietly busy with his books and correspondence. In aid of others less affluent or fortunate than himself his purse is always open, and the name of Luis Mazzantini must prove a grateful memory to many of his poor and suffering countrymen.

Guerrita, the greatest *classic* of the modern taurine art, is quite a different type, both mentally and physically. He is shorter of stature than



(To face p. 219.)

From a photograph by C. F. M. M. M.

LUIS MAZZANTINI.

Mazzantini, and quicker on his feet. Mazzantini trusts preëminently to his strength, which is prodigious; *Guerrita* to his cunning. The movements of the latter are the very embodiment of litheness, prettiness, and grace; his *pases de muleta* are classically correct; so is his manner of planting *banderillas*; and he detects at a glance the exact temperament of every bull he fights, and the exact strokes and artifices it requires.

Personally, he bears a reputation for stinginess, but, fairly speaking, he is careful of his money rather than miserly. He has made an enormous fortune, but his family is large, and he has expressed his determination to provide liberally for his sons. Friends who have visited him at Córdoba during the shooting season, when the *plazas* are idle, assure me that they have met with royal hospitality and lacked nothing. But *Guerrita* is quite impervious to criticism, which has the precise effect of maddening his critics. He cares for no *revistero*, no, not he, and not many of the *revisteros* care for him, though they are frequently compelled to applaud his superlative dexterity. He is fully conscious of his worth, treats the press with disdain rather than with anger, and can command, all over Spain and in the south of France, almost any remuneration he pleases.*

Bullfighters are fond of a joke, and will often crack one with the best. Mínguez and Berned, in a volume titled *Curiosidades Taurinas*, have gathered

*The incomparable *Guerrita* has now retired into private life. I therefore maintain these observations in memory of the Last of the Mohicans—I mean, the last of the Caliphs of Córdoba—*Rafael the Second*.

a heap of good things relative to the *torero*-kind. Here are a couple.

Frascuélo, a dozen years ago the king of Spanish bullfighters, and Gayarre, the famous tenor, were walking arm-in-arm along the beach at San Sebastián, when a discussion arose between them as to which occupation was the more trying—the arena or the operatic stage. After a sharp succession of *pros* and *cons*, the clinching word fell to *Frascuélo*. "You see," he exclaimed, "you can rehearse your performance, but I'm d . . . d if I can mine!"

A ludicrous *malapropism* was once committed by an attendant of the Madrid *plaza*. A wounded fighter withdrew to the infirmary, whereupon a number of his sympathizers leaned anxiously over, and beckoning to a "wise monkey," hurried him off to make inquiries. As soon as the latter presented himself, "It is nothing," said the doctor, "nothing at all; a mere *puntazo* in the *œsophagus*."

Somehow or other, as our hero ran back into the ring, *œsophagus* sounded half familiar to him.

"Well," he was asked, "and what is the matter?"

"Oh, nothing to speak of. Just a scratch in his *sarcophagus*."

Infinitely more embarrassing was the blunder committed in the presence of Queen Isabella the Second by *Lavi*, a *torero* of gypsy blood, and a brave fighter, but intensely ignorant and boorish. On one occasion, during a state *corrida*, he had distinguished himself by tearing out the *moña*, or bunch of ribbons in the bull's neck, and it occurred, or, more probably, was suggested to him that he should offer it to the royal lady. Accordingly

he ascended the stairs to the royal box, and walked boldly in, brandishing the *moña*. "Here," he exclaimed, holding out the trophy towards astonished monarchy, "this is the first *moña* your Majesty *has had the honour of receiving at my hands.*"

When a fighter, whatever his category, is "caught" and dashed to the ground, without the bull's affording him time to rise, his best chance of escaping with a minimum of injury obviously consists in lying perfectly motionless, face downwards. Here, again, is a maxim more easily dictated than observed, yet the presence of mind these plucky fellows retain throughout so crucial a moment is quite astonishing. On certain occasions it is possible for a *torero* to save a comrade's life by *coleano*, or hanging from the bull's tail, a risky and self-sacrificing act, which I have seen performed by Mazzantini, Antonio Guerra (*Guerrita's* brother), and others. Mazzantini, in fact, is the most unselfish as well as the most muscular of bull-fighters, and the *picadores* whose lives he has saved by a hazardous *quite* must amount to many hundreds.

Nevertheless, and in spite of all precautions, the list of accidents in the ring—*cogidas*, fatal, or otherwise—is a terribly long one. Among the deaths caused by a *cornada* have been those of José Cándido, 1771; *Pepe-Illo*, 1801; Francisco Herrera Rodríguez (*Curro Guillén*), 1820; Manuel Jiménez (*El Cano*), 1852; Manuel Parra, 1829; Pedro Párraga, 1859; José Ponce, 1872; José Rodríguez (*Pepe*), 1862; Antonio Romero, 1802; Gaspar

Romero, 1802; Manuel García (*Espartero*), 1894; and Domingo del Campo (*Dominguín*), 1900. Among the *picadores* I find ten deaths recorded, though the number should undoubtedly be much larger; and among the *banderilleros* nine deaths.

In the bull-ring, as elsewhere, misfortunes seem prone to occur in batches. Between April 30th and May 2nd, 1899, *Machaquito* was badly gored at Bilbao; *Segurita* at Carabanchel Bajo; *Minuto* and *Bonarillo* were both *cogidos*, though not seriously, at Madrid; and *Fabrilo* was "caught" and killed at Valencia. A year before, *Fabrilo's* elder brother had been also killed in the same *plaza*, and wearing, by a tragic coincidence, the same *traje de luces*.

Another *dies nefastus* was October 7th, 1900—*cogida* and death of *Dominguín* at Barcelona; two *cogidas* of *novilleros* at Carabanchel; *cogida* of *Parrao* at Granada; the *picador* *Telillas* with his collar-bone broken at Madrid; and *cogida* of *Bombita* in the same *plaza*.

These runs of *cogidas* are naturally not of constant occurrence, but even a slight wound caused by a bull's horn requires delicate treatment, and is predisposed to complications. Apart from the splintering of the *asta*, it is sure to be covered with grit and sand, or steeped in the blood of diseased horses. Owing, again, to the positions commonly adopted by the fighters in order to perform their work, a *cogida* is more often than not about the groin or thighs, jeopardizing the femoral artery, the intestines, and the kidneys, in short, the most vulnerable portions of the body.

Yet however great and however gruesome the danger, there is never a lack of aspirants to the laurels of *Frascuelo* and *Guerrita*. The Calle Sevilla swarms at almost any hour with hordes of *maletas*,* who delude themselves into the belief that by growing a *coleta à la Chinoise*, and doing no work, there remains but a single step between their present condition and the pinnacle of taurine fame. They block the pavement to the prejudice of passers-by, and figure not infrequently in the registers of the police court. Yet an indulgent nation tolerates them without a murmur; for are they not devoted to the art of Montes? And is not the nation also?

And now we arrive at the ethical question—is bullfighting a cruel custom, unworthy of a polite people, and which ought to be abolished? In this respect it is not my intention to emit any opinion of a personal nature. Whether I am myself an *aficionado* is a detail which can hardly be of moment to my readers; and during these three chapters on the national sport of the Peninsula, I am scrupulously limiting myself to the bald narration of a group of facts, together with the points immediately deducible from them. I cannot admit an obligation to do more. A book on Spain without a notice of the *toreo* would be glaringly incomplete: therefore I have included the said art, which fills the said three chapters. The allowance of space is really disproportionate; for with strict regard to the popularity of the *toreo* I should have filled, not three

* A slang term bestowed upon the incapable and out-of-a-job class of bullfighter.

chapters, but rather thirty. Not so very many years have elapsed since his Catholic Majesty King Ferdinand the Seventh established a national bull-fighting academy. At the present moment there are no columns in the newspapers of greater consequence than those containing the *reseña* of the *corridos*, both in Madrid and in the provinces. Without going so far as to say that the *torero's coleta* is as dearly venerated an emblem as the Chinaman's pigtail, there are many reasons why the bullfighter should think no small beer of himself, especially if he dies in harness, in the infirmary of the *plaza*, and surrounded by sentimental *revisteros* and his *cuadrilla*. Then, indeed, no words can illustrate the splendour of his apotheosis. His likeness, artistically festooned with crape, will be exhibited in many a photographer's window. His funeral is sure to be the very best obtainable, and as a rule subscribed for by his admirers. The press, avidous of sensation, is certain to omit no detail of the ceremony; how the martyr's aged father beats his breast, and utters harrowing groans; how his mother and his "sisters and his cousins and his aunts" are seized by one *síncope* after another; how the multitude, breaking tumultuously into the cemetery, jostles and fights and ruthlessly tears up the tombs of other and less sainted beings in order to gaze upon the darling's coffin to the very last; and how, by an invariable coincidence, a mysterious and anonymous female, of "distinguished carriage" and "extraordinary beauty," though, oddly enough, with "her head and features impenetrably concealed by a veil," falls in a fit wherever the concourse is thickest, and refuses

in her most conspicuous and anguished tones to quit the *camposanto*, and her *querido's* beneficent remains. It is assuredly worth while to battle with wild beasts for such an end as this. Believe me, in the *lidia* alone are glory and good works deservedly esteemed and generously rewarded; for, to cite a single instance, the tomb erected to the peerless *Espartero* is such as many a philanthropist might justly envy.

Not many Spaniards have been evil or short-sighted enough to exclaim against the bullfight — Isabella the First, Jovellanos, the Count of Aranda, Charles the Third, Emilio Castelar, Martínez Campos—people “of no importance,” all of them; and, among the living, the editor of *El Correo*, Sr Ferreras.

Spain pays no heed to any of these agitators, but continues unmoved the proud traditions of the arena. The superb bull-ring inaugurated not long ago at Barcelona was consecrated by the clergy in procession,* on the very day on which a novel of the naughty Tolstoi was thrust upon the list *librorum expurgatorum*; and even in France the *afición* is swiftly gaining ground.

The polemics engendered by the Spaniards themselves in favour of and against bullfighting, are a worthy match for the virulence of her political *partidos*; and indeed some of the arguments, however earnestly intended, are not devoid of humour. I have before me a number of

* A measure with which I must avow my honest sympathy; for the accumulated bull-rings of the world have been responsible for less bloodshed than the pulpit of many a single cathedral!

polemico-aurine pamphlets, besides the criticism of Jovellanos, and the *conferencia* delivered by Don Luis Vidart in the Madrid Ateneo.* Not the least original of Señor Vidart's claims is the one that bullfighting has exercised a beneficent influence on literature! It is obvious, he declares, that Moratín owed his famous *Fiesta de Toros en Madrid* to the noble art of the *toreo*; unlike the misguided Ricardo de la Vega, and José Navarrete—this last “a renegade to his native land of Andalusia”—who have made it, not the altar of their inspiration, but the target for their ridicule.

Again and again these battles have been violent and lengthy. Velarde, in his *Letters to Don José Navarrete, enemy of bullfighting*,† boldly proclaims why a *corrida* is only possible in Spain: because in Spain, and Spain alone, is it possible to find a man sufficiently brave to face the *reses bravas* of Iberia. “What,” inquires the pamphleteer, “would a foreigner do before a Miura bull? How would the graceful garments of the *torero* sit upon his clumsy body?”

Personally, I used to imagine that a Spaniard's body was very much the same in shape as that of any other mortal; and I am grateful to Señor Velarde for undeceiving me. Ye countrymen of Garibaldi, and Joan of Arc, and Nelson, and Garfield, and Charles the Bold—ye are vetoed from becoming bullfighters! Remember the prohibition; weep; and tremble! Therefore your *sangre torera* must

* *La España del Siglo XIX.*, Vol. III.

† *Toros y Chimborazos*. Madrid, 1886.

limit itself to admiring the fervid energy of these militant pamphleteers. Divers are the pleas put forward by the *aficionados* in favour of the national sport: the advancement of literature, of agriculture, of courage, of morals, and, I doubt not, of religion. The indefatigable López Martínez—not the enchanting *tiple* of the Eslava Theatre, but a member of “the Superior Council of Agriculture”—adduces in favour of the *lidia* some singular observations.* He says that in 1878 there were in Spain thirty-seven million cattle, of which no more than twenty thousand were fighting - bulls. What loss, he infers, could the national agriculture suffer from so limited a reservation? Again, in the space of one hundred and twenty-seven years, there were killed in the *plazas* of the country, thirty-eight thousand fighting-bulls, which sum, at an average cost of four thousand *reales* apiece, one hundred and fifty-two million *reales*. The same number of tame cattle would have fetched no more than fifty-seven million one hundred and fifty thousand *reales*: so that there is a balance in favour of the fighting-bulls of nearly ninety-five million *reales*. *Ergo*, the nation reaps a solid profit from the existence of *ganado bravo*. It will be seen that Señor López Martínez’ knowledge of political economy is somewhat primitive, but his good intentions are undeniable. Elsewhere he includes eloquent statistics to prove that the provinces where there is most bullfighting produce no greater number of criminals than the remainder. I

* *Observaciones sobre las Corridas de Toros, y contra la Supresión oficial de las mismas.* Madrid, 1878.

notice in the table he appends for 1863, that Madrid province, with a population of four hundred and eighty-nine thousand five hundred souls, and fifty-two bullfights per annum, produces one jail bird in thirteen hundred and fifty-two persons, whereas Zaragoza province, with three hundred and ninety thousand six hundred *habitantes*, and only twenty *corridos*, shows one per eleven hundred and seventy-three. Other figures, equally instructive, follow. The moral is obvious—the universal substitution of academies of the art of *Pepe-Illo* for the do-nothing atmosphere of a Spanish prison, or the treadmills of Great Britain.

Verily we must applaud Señor López Martínez to the echo; if not for the unimpeachable soundness of his economics, at least for a virtue becoming all too rare in these degenerate and selfish days—his sterling *buena fé*.

The argument that only the staunch *aficionado á los toros* is incapable of “showing the white feather,” is equally noteworthy. The same Señor López Martínez declares that “the man who is unable without trembling or shuddering to fix his eyes upon the mutilated entrails of a horse, will end by being horrified at the dying agony of a sheep, or the convulsions of a perishing fowl; and this is unworthy of the lord of creation, to whom the Almighty has subjected nature.” Another severe assertion is that of *Pepe-Illo* himself, who was unable to sign his name, but, according to Señor Vidart, “wrote” a treatise on bullfighting. In *Illo*’s opinion, Isabella the Catholic, by opposing the sport, demonstrated “a cowardly and envious



(To face p. 220.)

(From a photograph by the Author.)

MADRID: A VIEW ON THE MANZANARES.



spirit, and a character of extreme weakness and apathy."

But no matter what may be the language of the disputants, the fact remains that Spaniards as a race are *pro-torero* to the core; and the *sangre torera* courses in their veins as hotly and abundantly as ever. With ample reason the Madrid *Heraldo* recalls that "while we were losing Portugal, and all but losing Cataluña, the populace of Madrid, without heeding the situation, resorted for amusement to the *vega* of the Manzanares, or a royal *fiesta* in the Plaza Mayor or the Retiro; and a century and a half later, while the French were capturing the citadels of Barcelona and Pamplona, and the castle of Figueras, the same populace rushed enthusiastically to the bullfight, paying no regard to the invasion, and taking no offence at the excesses committed by Murat in the very streets of the city." I recollect myself, that when the question with the United States, only a couple of years ago, was approaching its most serious stage, the whole of Madrid flocked to the *plaza* to see, not a *corrida formal*, nor even a tolerable *novillada*, but a *lucha* (?)—which naturally never came off—between a bull and the tame baby elephant of the Retiro Zoo. Let me observe, *en passant*, that it is not the first time I have descried, in a similar connexion, the credulity of my excellent friends the *madrileños*. Every now and then there is given in the *plaza de toros* a struggle (so-called) between a wild beast (also so-called) and a bull. *Camamas* of this nature are extremely simple, and I have no doubt from the managerial point of view extremely economical. The secret consists in buying from a

tamer, and at a nominal cost, a toothless and decrepit *fiera* (?), bred in captivity and therefore irretrievably *mansa*, which is to be murdered by a fresh young bull. The "fight" takes place in an iron cage in the centre of the *plaza*; every means is adopted that the superannuated lion or tiger shall be placed in every detail at a disadvantage; and it is seldom the work of more than a couple of seconds before the defenceless *inválido* is gored to pieces, and the "victory" decided in favour of the noble beast of Iberia.

I am glad that a Spaniard, Antonio Flores, has been before me in denouncing these abominable *luchas de fieras*. For my own part, although I am scrupulous enough not to rant against the bullfight proper, I cannot imagine any spectacle more craven and degrading than these other parodies of sport. Only a single detail is praiseworthy; the almost pathetic resignation of the Madrid *público* to have their *pelo tomado*!

To return to the popularity of the *corridas de toros*. We have already seen that in more instances than one the clergy have not been loth to supplement their slender emoluments by breeding and negotiating *reses bravas*. It could never be expected, therefore, that this venerable and venerated body should abstain from haunting the *plazas* in the purely passive capacity of on-lookers; and sure enough, the *padre cura* is frequently as intelligent an *aficionado* as any of his flock. "It was useless," says López Martínez, "to call the *corridas* inhuman, immoral, barbarous, and anti-agricultural; *priests*, foreigners, the very censurers of the bullfight, trans-

ported by that species of magnetic current which thrills along the road to the *plaza* on any day appointed for a *corrida*, throng joyously to watch the entertainment. Painters portray the *suertes* of the *torero*; poets describe them with a golden pen; and blind men sing them to enrapture the multitude."

Nor is the *afición* limited to merely a passive enthusiasm. I suppose there is no village in all the land, that does not celebrate, at least during the *feria*, a bullfight of an amateur description, such as the *capeas*, of one of which Vicálvaro must still retain a gory recollection.* Similarly disastrous was the "entertainment" afforded to the inhabitants of Montemayor on August 31st, 1899—one amateur gored to death, and three dangerously injured.

When, as occasionally happens, foreigners are dragged into the question of the *pros* and *cons* of bullfighting, the bulk of the onslaught is directed against the English, as I submit, unjustly. It is perfectly true that prizefighting is a British and a bloody relaxation; but I am not aware of any law in the codes of the United Kingdom which compels a citizen to become a "bruiser" against his will; whereas it is extremely possible that a *penco* destined for immolation in the bull-ring, if the query were put to him in answerable form, would elect to be spared, if only for decency's sake, the ripping open of his belly in public.

* A small town near Madrid. At a *capea* held there in August of 1898, one amateur was gored in the stomach and killed on the spot; and twenty-seven were injured, some seriously.

However, apart from this, I am by no means certain that the English are generally adverse to the bullfight. Far from it. The French maintain a growing number of *plazas de toros* in the south of France: but England, curiously enough, may be stated to maintain two *plazas* on Spanish territory. On the threshold of Gibraltar are two handsome little bull-rings, those of Algeciras and La Línea, capable of seating some seven or eight thousand souls apiece, and which are practically dependent for their support upon the British garrison and the semi-British population of the Rock; nor are the *plaza* gates sooner opened, a couple of hours before the spectacle is advertised to begin, than officers in mufti, and privates, corporals, lance corporals, and sergeants in dazzling Sunday uniform, together with their friends, families, and sweethearts, stream truculently in, as ceaseless as the Ganges. The English *practical* opinion of a Spanish bullfight is well expressed by the following observation. It was during Algeciras fair, when a bullfight is given on each of three successive days, that I asked the English wife of an English army captain how she had relished that afternoon's *corrida*. "Oh, it is dreadful," she replied, "horrible; but" (with a gleam of pleasurable anticipation) "*I'm going again to-morrow.*"

I submit that on the grounds of utility alone the bullfight should be State-protected, and even receive a generous State subvention; for think of the number of persons who earn their livelihood in or about the *plazas*, who, but for the *corridas*, would be driven to earn it in some other manner! The pensions which the Spanish Government already pays might well be

increased by about a couple of thousand for the widows and orphans of *toreros malogrados*; and a mausoleum for bullfighters in San Francisco el Grande might well be constructed on the same lines as our Poets' Corner in Westminster Abbey. And where would be the harm if Señor Silvela, instead of buying or building ironclads which never steam, or cannon which never go off, except at the breech, should, when next he assume office as Premier of Spain, establish a bullfighting academy in every province? For here is an evident and potent reason why the theory and practice of the *lidia* should enter into, not an occasional, but every education. I read in the *Liberal*, in July of 1899—

"Yesterday morning, a savage cow who was being taken to the slaughterhouse, made her escape in the Ronda de Segovia, attacking an assistant at the egg-shop of Don —, inflicting a number of bruises on him, and ruining his wares.

"The animal continued her course along the Paseo of the Virgen del Puerto, dashing at everybody she met, including a lady with a child in her arms; an elderly porter carrying two glass doors, which were smashed to atoms; and a servant of the Town Council.

"The *matador* of *novillos*, Valentin Conde, who happened to be passing on his way to the Northern Railway Station, made use of a sword stick, and a blouse—which served him for *muleta*—handed him by a bystander, and killed the cow to the applause of the on-lookers."

Now it is clear that a Society which, in view of contingencies such as the above, persists in de-

nouncing the indispensable practice of the *torreo*, ceases to be the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, and at once becomes the Society for the Endangering of Human Life. If the lady, and the egg-vendor, and the elderly porter had all attended bullfighting classes from their infancy upwards, and carried a neat little sword stick apiece, the *vaca brava* would have been brought to a full stop long before she reached the Virgen del Puerto. In the words of Robert Louis Stevenson, "a discreet and gentlemanly" (or ladylike) "fence"; and the danger would have been conjured from the very outset, "to the applause of the on-lookers."

CHAPTER X.

THE HISTORY OF THE BULLFIGHT.

THE bullfight is as old as Adam. Some writers, notwithstanding, ascribe its introduction to the early Spaniards, or the Moors. Others give it a Roman origin, and point to the ancient theatres at Murviedro, Mérida, and Tarragona, as having served for celebrating it. These latter commentators, after recalling that a considerable number of Spanish bulls were sent to Rome for use in the Roman games, argue that a slave or Christian pitted in single combat against a wild bull may well have dodged the creature for some time in order to save his own skin and purely as a matter of instinct, thus inducing, unawares, the idea of playing him with cloaks and in a scientific manner. The theory is ingenious, but farfetched. Weighing the evidence fairly, it may be said that the Moors, though certainly not the inventors of the sport, did more than anyone else to make it popular. Under their auspices, from a mere hunt or chase, after the fashion of modern pig-sticking, it grew to be the favourite amusement of the aristocracy, both infidel and Christian, assuming the form of a combat held within a *coso cerrado*, or closed space, and alternating with the tourney, or *tablado*.

The bull was fought from horseback with a sword or lance, and encounters of this nature are reported as early as the eleventh century. The Cid is stated to have been a dexterous *alanceador*.

The sport was thus confined, in general, to the upper classes; but it is possible that some of the menial *peones*, or footmen, who waited upon the cavaliers in the ring, may also have amused themselves by baiting the animal in one way or another; for if certain chroniclers are to be credited it was the Moors who invented the *suerte de banderillas*, executed, of course, on foot, though in a form widely different from that of the present day. They carried a cloak over the left arm, and used but one weapon at a time, which they threw, not planted. This was a small barb, or dart, called an *azagaya*. Later, it came to be known as a *rehilete*, or *arpón*, and is now the *banderilla*. A spirited drawing by Goya represents a Moslem practising the feat, duly equipped with his cloak and dart.

By the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries the art of bullfighting had become essential to every *caballero*. When a knight's horse was disabled, when he himself was thrown, or when he dropped his hat, or lance, or glove, he was compelled by the laws of the ring to draw his sword and kill the bull on foot. This mode of prosecuting the combat was called the *foot-attack*, or *empeño de á pié*, and must have been most dangerous and protracted.

Always popular, the sport continued to make steady progress, though Isabella the Catholic was violently opposed to it, and Pius the Fifth thundered against it in a *Bull* of November 20th, 1567, threaten-

ing to excommunicate all princes who suffered its exercise within their dominions, and forbidding Christian burial to bullfighters who met their death within the arena. The lance or sword gave place to the *rejón*, still used upon extraordinary occasions. The *rejón* is a lance in miniature, some five feet long. It is of brittle wood, tipped with a rose-leaf shaped spearhead. About ten inches from the point the shaft is deeply nicked, so as to snap with ease. Driving it into the neck of the charging beast, the horseman, by a quick turn of the wrist, breaks the shaft away from the head, depending on his adroitness to save his horse. The feat may be performed in either of two ways. According to the first, the *rejoneador* is accompanied by one or more fighters afoot, who play the bull with their cloaks and work him to the inclination of the rider. But the classical mode of planting the *rejones* dispenses with the footmen, except that a page accompanies his master at a discreet distance, in order to hand him a new weapon whenever required.

It is pretty to watch the *rejoneador* as he careers round and round the bull, eyeing his every movement, and waiting for an opportunity to make the fatal thrust; and that the feat is difficult to a degree, requiring admirable horsemanship and nerve, is proved by the fact that there are not a dozen equestrians in Spain and Portugal, I may say in Europe, who can achieve it. I have only seen it irreproachably performed by Señores Heredia, Ledesma, and Grané.

Throughout the seventeenth century the national pastime held its own. A list I have before me of

famed *rejoneadores* includes an emperor, a king, eight dukes, a marquis, and three counts; and among the commonalty figures the illustrious conqueror of Peru, Fernando de Pizarro.

With the dawn of the eighteenth century, bullfighting by means of the *rejón* had overpassed its prime. Thenceforward the sport declined, not in popularity, but in dignity, and dropped from the sumptuous recreation of the high and mighty to a lower category altogether. The *plebs* began to practise it, holding *capeas* and *novilladas*, and those who discovered talent exhibited for hire, transgressing the ancient Spanish law which says that "they who fight with wild beasts for money debase themselves . . . but when a man fighteth another, without reward, in order to deliver himself, or his friend, or with a wild animal in order to prove his strength, then shall he not debase himself therefore, but rather be esteemed a valiant man and strong."*

Roughly, then, it may be said that down to the Catholic Sovereigns or Charles the Fifth was the age of the lance; from then till the close of the Hapsburg dynasty, the age of the *rejón*, or, as it was also called, the *rejoncillo*; and from the accession of the Bourbons until the present day, the modern bullfight.

The honour of inventing this latter, more or less as now practised, belongs to the little city of Ronda, high poised among the mountains of southern Andalusia. Here was born, in or about the year 1700, Francisco Romero, the first great exponent of

* Ley IV., Tit. VI., Partida 7a.

the modern *torero*. Francisco was destined by his parents for a shoemaker, but his passion for the *reses bravas* getting the better of him, he quitted his awl and last and became a bullfighter, the pioneer of his profession. We learn that in his early years, in order to witness a *corrida* he was content to attend upon the gentlemen *rejoneadores* as their page or *auxiliador*, and in this subservient capacity he mastered the rudiments of his art. Being plucky and persevering he soon acquired a name for courage and dexterity, and by and by, forsaking the hybrid manner of fighting then in vogue, invented and began to regularly practise the *suerte de muleta*; so that when you see in the hands of a modern *matador* the little red rag which caused a revolution in the sport, think of the quondam cobbler. His fame rapidly extended far beyond his native Ronda, and though the details we possess of his life are not many, it is certain that he travelled from place to place, exhibiting his powers in all the principal cities of Andalusia, and reaping a munificent harvest. He met the bull, we are told, face to face as it charged, after playing it into position with the *muleta*, and killed it with a single thrust of his sword, *á pié quieto*. After thirty years of admirable fighting, he died tranquilly in his bed, "esteemed and respected by all who knew him."

Francisco Romero, then, was the first of the Ronda school, or rather family, of bullfighters. He communicated the secrets of his art to his son Juan, who had served in his *cuadrilla* and acted as his *segundo espada*, or second in command. Of Juan, also, we know little, but he fought at Seville,

Valencia, Murcia, Zaragoza, Pamplona, and elsewhere, and died at the early age of a hundred and two. He had long been succeeded professionally by his firstborn, Pedro, the greatest *taurine* artist of the family, and to whom I shall presently return.

In the meantime a rival to Ronda and the sturdy generation of the Romeros was cropping up in Seville, the smiling mother of ninety per cent. of all the Spanish bullfighters. Among the prominent Sevillian *toreros* of the same era as the Romeros, father, son, and grandchild, we find the Palomos, Juan and Pedro; Manuel Bellón (*El Africano*); Lorenzo Manuel (*Lorencillo*), the reputed inventor of the *salto del testuz*; Joaquín Rodríguez (*Costillares*); and *Pepe-Illo*. The schools of Ronda and Seville were entirely distinct. The keynote of the Sevillians was *arrojo*, daring; of the Rondeños *serenidad*, coolness. The former fought *á pié movido*, shifting their feet; the latter *á pié quieto*, keeping them still. This latter method was undoubtedly the more complete and meritorious. It demanded an equal degree of nerve, and an infinitely greater study of the bull. Where the Sevillians risked, the Rondeños calculated. These latter were artists, who made it their boast to despatch their bulls with elegance and neatness, not to jeopardize their lives in breakneck exploits; although on one occasion, which I shall describe immediately, Pedro Romero committed the exception which is said to prove the rule. The measured coolness of the Rondeños evidently explains the longevity of the Romero clan, and the fact of Pedro's having killed several thousands of bulls, nearly all of them *recibiendo*.

The Sevillians, on the contrary, aimed at keeping the spectators in a fever by the extravagance, and even folly of their tricks, executing *suertes* nowadays never heard of. The *salto del trascuerno*, or leap across the bull's head, was quite a common item of their programme. So was the *salto del testuz*, or leap along the bull's back. But the veriest dare-devil of all was Martín Barcáiztegui, *Martincho*. As the surname indicates, he was a native of the northern provinces, a cowherd of Guipúzcoa. A fighter of some note, named José Leguregui, had exhibited in those parts, and we are told that *Martincho* assisted and took lessons from him. The pupil's reputation rapidly exceeded the master's. His feats "sowed panic among the spectators." His favourite accomplishment was to mount upon a table, where his legs were closely fettered with massive irons. The whole was then set opposite the *toril*. The bull, emerging, sighted the table, covered with a crimson cloth, and charged it, when *Martincho* would leap along his back from head to tail, and alight in perfect safety. The table, one presumes, went flying into splinters. On a certain occasion, at Zaragoza, *Martincho*, seated in a chair, killed a bull by a single thrust, using his hat as a *muleta*. This extraordinary mortal, justly titled "the inimitable," after doing what lay in his power to get himself torn limb from limb, died peacefully in his bed, *anno* 1800. He was a boon companion of Goya. The two lodged together during a portion of their lives, and the Aragonese included him in various of his bullfighting cartoons.

Pedro Romero, the third and greatest of the

Ronda family, was born in 1754. He grew to be a tall youth, broad-shouldered, strongly set on his legs, and fearless and confident in his behaviour. Carefully drilled by his father and grandsire, he soon acquired the tricks of his trade, besides a degree of artistic skill that was all his own. Yet the task of pushing his reputation was no easy one, for the great Sevillians, *Costillares* and *Pepe-Illo*, were then working in the principal *plazas*. A letter from Romero to a friend gives a naïve account of his *competencia* with *Illo*.

"In the year 1778," it says, "I knew José Delgado (*Illo*, or *Pepe-Illo*), and worked with him as *matador* in the *plaza* of Cádiz. One day I called the barber to shave me. He was the same who shaved *Illo*. He asked me, was I the young fellow who was to kill bulls at Cadiz. I replied I was. 'Why, then,' said he, '*Illo* was saying at my house that he is having masses said for the weather to mend' (for it was raining), 'that he may work in company with the fine gentleman.' I answered the barber that when the time arrived each would do his best.

"The first bullfight day I took the sword and *muleta* and gave up the first bull to *Illo*. He played it with his tall hat* and killed it, and since his followers and friends were many, and I a stranger, I leave you to imagine the riot they made about him.

"The second bull was mine, and when the *suerte de matar* sounded, was standing just about

* As then worn.

the middle of the ring, while all the spectators were agog to see what I would do. So taking the *muleta* I went towards the bull, and calling to him from pretty near, attracted his notice. Then, before he charged, I tossed the *muleta* from me, took off my *cofia* and tossed it after the *muleta*, and laid hold of a little comb, a couple of inches broad, which kept the *cofia* in its place. I took two or three steps towards him; on seeing me so close he charged, and driving in my sword as clean and deep as ever was, I gave him an *estocada* which rolled him over at my feet. A pretty fuss they made about me then!"

It is gratifying to learn that the rivalry was not of a rancorous nature. "We became fast friends," continues Romero in the same epistle, "and the worst he ever used to say of me behind my back (and others told me of it) was, 'Yonder is a fellow who stands upon his mettle.'"

The attitude of the various kings of Spain towards bullfighting requires notice. More than one of the Bourbons, though personally indifferent or even hostile to the sport, was timid of prohibiting a custom so deeply popular and ancient. The first *plaza de toros* proper, constructed in Madrid, dated from 1743. It was a poor affair, of wood, situated about a couple of hundred yards from the Gate of Alcalá, and was replaced, eleven years later, by the solidier edifice known as the *plaza vieja*, which survived until 1874, so that Madrid has possessed in all three *plazas*, the present one, nearly three-quarters of a mile beyond the site of the former two, being twenty-eight years old.

Ferdinand the Sixth, doubtless with the intention of keeping the number of *corridas* within reasonable bounds, commanded that they should be celebrated only in the interests of a charity, a limitation which grew to be interpreted with a good deal of looseness. Charles the Third, as well as his minister, the Count of Aranda, was personally an anti-bullfighter, but he too was reluctant to veto the national *afición*, and the *corridas*, after much deliberation, continued as before, with the by this time familiar proviso that their product was to be devoted to the hospitals. Charles the Fourth, the *Bondadoso*, was of so accommodating a disposition that in all probability he would have consented to bullfighting in the throne-room of the palace; but Godoy, the all-powerful favourite of María Luisa, dreaded the massing together of so many people as menacing his own supremacy; thanks to his initiative the sport was forbidden throughout the kingdom, and Spain, *mirabile dictu*, existed for three successive years without a single *corrida*.

This was in 1805, 1806, and 1807. Before this time, however, the great trio of fighters of that period, Pedro Romero, *Costillares*, and *Pepe-Illo*, had disappeared from the arena. *Costillares* had contracted a tumour in his right hand which completely incapacitated him, and died at Madrid in 1800; and a year later, in the *plaza* of the same city, *Pepe-Illo* was horribly gored and killed outright. Only Romero, of all the three, was yet alive; he had, however, retired into private life in 1799, and after directing for a while the academy of bullfighting founded by Ferdinand the Seventh at

Seville, died at his native Ronda in 1839, at the ripe age of eighty-five. It is said that during his fighting career of thirty years, he killed 5,600 bulls, the greater part of them, as I have mentioned, *recibiendo*. *Costillares*, too, had done invaluable service to the *toreo*, having invented the graceful and effective method of killing the bull which is known as the *volapié*, universally adopted or attempted by all the *matadores* of the present day.

The year 1808 witnessed the final downfall of Godoy and the entry into Madrid, as King of Spain, of Joseph, brother of Napoleon. The "intrusive" monarch, as the Spaniards delighted—and delight—to call him, was far from averse to the classical amusement of his new subjects, and on various occasions accorded them his special permission to celebrate a magnificent *corrida*. The times, however, were deeply troubled; Joseph's position proved to be untenable, and in 1814 Ferdinand, *the Desired*, was restored to the throne of his ancestors. As Prince of Asturias, Ferdinand had passed for a keen *aficionado*; and it is singular that one of his earliest measures after his return to Madrid was to peremptorily suppress the bullfights, proving in this respect a more unpatriotic Spaniard than his predecessor.

In the following year the prohibition was again withdrawn; but the art of the *toreo* seems to have been passing through an era of transition, and the only really eminent fighters were José Jerónimo Cándido, who had been a pupil of Pedro Romero, and Francisco Herrera Rodríguez (*Curro Guillén*). The latter was killed in the ring at Ronda, in 1820. In

1832 there fought, for the first time at Madrid, the Romero of modern bullfighting, Francisco Montes, a native of Chiclana, in Andalusia, and the son of parents who had seen better days and "come down in the world." Through the influence of Cándido, sub-manager of the academy of bullfighting, founded, as we have seen, by Ferdinand the Seventh, Montes was nominated a pupil, with a pension of six *reales* daily; and emerging after a brief course of instruction, secured immediate recognition as the master-*torero* of his century. He is still quoted as a paragon of the art, uniting the theories of the "old masters" with novel and brilliant *suertes* of his own origination. His active triumph, however, was not long-lived. In 1850 a severe *cornada* undermined his health, and retiring to his native town he died a few months later at the age of forty-six.

The method of Montes may be regarded as the boundary line between the old style of bullfighting and that which obtains at the present day. He published a guide to the sport, *El arte de torear á pié y á caballo*, considered to be the *torero's* very Bible for the infallible wisdom of its precepts; and his practical directions, delivered in the ring and propagated among the *cuadrillas* who worked in his employ, have descended in one shape or other to numerous of his successors. Between his time and the present there have been various eminent *matadores*, among them Francisco Arjona Herrera (*Cúchares*); José Redondo (*El Chiclanero*); Francisco Arjona Reyes (*Currito*); Antonio Carmona (*El Gordito*); Julián Casas (*El Salamanquino*); and José Sánchez del

Campo (*Cara-ancha*); but none have occupied a larger share of the *afición*'s, or as we should say, the *fancy*'s attention, than Salvador Sánchez (*Fras-cuelo*, 1844-1898) and Rafael Molina (*Lagartijo*, 1841-1900), two giants of the sport, whose rivalries of a dozen or fifteen years ago are never likely to be obliterated from the eventful annals of the *lidia*.

At the present moment there is a distinct dearth of first-rate *matadores*; and, indeed, death and disablement have made away with not a few. Notwithstanding, Fuentes, *El Algabeño*, and Mazzantini are still available, the first two of these being yet in the prime of manhood, and there are plucky stripplings, such as *Machaquito* and *Revertito*, whom time may develop, if their lives are spared, into something worthy of the old traditions; but for obvious reasons the future of a *torero* is shrouded in uncertainty, and providence, in the form of a brace of *astas*, is apt to upset the variest of prophecies.

Fairly considered, the merits of latter-day bullfighting should not be appreciably less than in the days of *Costillares* and *Pepe-Illo*; but the manner of fighting has been largely modified, and for this reason it is not easy to draw a just comparison between the old style and the new. At first sight, when we read of the *Romeros* killing the majority of their bulls by the exceedingly difficult *suerte de recibir*, not attempted nowadays so much as twice or thrice a year; or of José Cándido, with merely a dagger in his hand, killing a bull as it swept past him, it would appear that the *toreros* of to-day were very degenerate creatures indeed. But it must also be borne in mind that in the earlier epoch the *suerte de*

picar was so severe as to leave the bull more dead than alive. The horses were better; the heads of the *garrochas* were larger and keener, and it was the custom of the *picadores* to drive them home both oftener and harder. In fact, the *picador* was then as important a participant as any. His name figured first upon the programme (the only privilege he has been able to retain until the present), and his pay, if not munificent, was at least in approximate relation to the arduous work he was called upon to perform. This suggests a momentary comparison of the sums then earned with those now ruling among bullfighters generally. About the year 1780, Joaquín Rodríguez (*Costillares*) earned seven hundred and fifty *pesetas* for a whole day's *corrida*. This was then regarded as extraordinarily liberal. I may add that formerly the bullfight was held in both the morning and the afternoon, and the number of bulls would rise to as many as eighteen, apportioned, as a rule, between two *espadas*. Even if we descend to much later times, I cannot find that Montes ever earned so much as a thousand *pesetas* for a *media corrida*, or afternoon's fight. At the present day a leading *matador* earns—or demands, and gets—four, five, and even six thousand *pesetas* for killing two or three bulls. Out of this sum he pays his *cuadrilla*, not an exorbitant item when one considers that a *banderillero* rarely earns more than fifty dollars, and a *picador* not so much.

The modern *espada*, then, if once he contrives to push himself into notice, earns considerably more money than his prototypes. In social position he has not progressed. Possibly the novelty of

petting and patronizing a *torero* is not so keen as in the days of *Pepe-Illo* and the beautiful Duchess of Alba. The *picador* has degenerated into the merest accessory, and the *banderillero* occupies a position intermediate between the *picador* and the *espada*. Occasionally a *banderillero* thinks fit to promote himself to an *espada*, and it naturally depends upon circumstances whether he remain a *novillero* or aspire to become a *matador de alternativa*. In these more exalted capacities he may do either well or badly, according to his *condiciones*, application, courage, and so forth, but it is certainly preferable to see him remain a good *banderillero* than decline into a third-rate *matador*, for the market is already overstocked with *maletas*, and the plums, though luscious and inviting, are few and far between.

Another detail of the *torero* that has undergone a gradual but ample change is the *indumentaria*, or costume. At the middle of the eighteenth century this was nothing more showy than a plain, buff-coloured jacket and breeches, with low shoes and a leather belt. Thirty years later *Costillares* replaced the belt by a sash resembling that now worn, and later still, in the time of *Pepe-Illo*, the severity of the uniform was further improved into a similitude of the present *traje de luces*, but the trimmings upon the jacket were merely of black braid. Some twenty years later this was replaced by the massive gold embroidery which has continued to the present.

CHAPTER XI.

THE PAST OF THE PRESENT.

 T seems no little of a leap from the chronicles of the *plaza de toros* to a retrospect of social and political Spain, and yet there is a close analogy between the essentially national pastime of the Spaniards upon the one hand, and their politics and temperament upon the other. The bullfight is the emblem of the merits and demerits of its patrons. It is a bloody spectacle, but perhaps we English incline too far in the opposite direction of ultrahumanity. We are becoming the most neurotic of races, disposed to whimper over the very least and lightest of our fellow men's and fellow animals' mishaps, and the day, I fear, is fast approaching when a daddy longlegs with a fractured *tibia* will throw us into a convulsion. The sight of bloodshed, therefore, is tonic and advisable at intervals, but the Spaniards have been over-glutted with it, and here we find another point of analogy between their darling sport—the bull-fight—and their darling business—war. Yet it is singular to reflect that if Spain had defended her West Indian colonies as tenaciously and vigorously as she has defended the bullfight against the veto of various of her kings, Cuba would still belong to the Spanish Crown!

The Spaniard's disregard of danger and misfortune, his love of radiant sunshine and gay colours, his admiration for a showy act of skill, or daring, or both together, all this is embodied in the bullfight, and has ever been so. In the ensuing paragraphs we shall remark how the national craving for entertainment, chiefly in the form of the bull-fights in the Plaza Mayor, became at one time a positive and deadly disease. Is all this at an end? Why, it was on my way from the bull-ring that I—and thousands upon thousands of the Madrileños—first learned of the disaster to the Spanish fleet at Cavite. There was a good deal of crowding about the notice board, and a transitory outcry of anxiety and dismay; but the general interest was obviously concentrated, not on the vessels shot to pieces oversea so much as on the death of the last bull!

Four hundred years ago Spain reached the zenith of her grandeur. Never was she so rich or happy as on the winter morning when her banner floated from the pinnacles of the Alhambra, and the mighty work of the Reconquest stood apparently complete. Ages of war had ended in the final triumph of the Spaniards. The last and loveliest portion of their territory had fallen back into their power; the rest of their dominions had been welded by the marriage of their princes. Their queen was as a mother to them; their king had led them on to victory. One might indeed have thought that as the national armies knelt in prayer beneath those glad Granada skies, their only prospect was to strip at last the harness from their back and break the sword across their knee, living thenceforth in peace

and brotherhood with all the world, and cherishing the land a grateful heaven had restored to them.

But in an evil hour the Admiral's caravels survived their fateful voyage. In an evil hour Ferdinand the Catholic married his crazy daughter to Philip the Handsome of the Netherlands, and set about his needless wars in Italy; and in the evillest hours of all Philip the Third and his contemptible son succeeded to the vast and agitated kingdom of the Spains—monarchs whose criminal neglect contributed more than any other factor to bring about a monstrous poverty and backsliding of their people.

The baneful effect on Spain's affairs of the discovery of the New World has never been sufficiently examined, or at least exposed. From delicate motives of admiration for a great seaman—for it was only on shipboard that Columbus' talents were by any means supreme—historians and economists have charitably held their tongues. But just as Spain had been the first to discover the New World, so was she the first to suffer the tremendous consequences of the discovery. She found herself face to face with the abrupt necessity of becoming a great financial power. Having no alternative—short of relinquishing her dazzling gains—other than to tackle this necessity, she did her best, and was badly beaten. *C'est le premier pas qui coûte*. So was it the first seceder from the common track of European warfare and domestic statecraft who had to pay the ruinous penalty of her experiment, and other nations such as the Netherlands and England, who subsequently forged ahead in the stupendous enterprise of seizing, governing and retaining colonies,

were warned in time to profit by the lesson of their rival.

Once the New World was discovered at all, it is difficult to believe that Spain, given her peculiar history and characteristics, could have done much better than she actually did, for the problem presented to her—presented to a people vigorous, military, valiant, and active, but highly imaginative and illusionable, and the merest infants in the sciences of commerce, economics, and finance—was a problem to have taxed, if not confounded, the experience and matured skill of any twentieth century administration.

The earlier efforts of Castile on behalf of her colonies were crude, but praiseworthy in motive. To some extent she civilized, improved, and set in order. In this the guiding influence of Isabella is clearly visible. But the keen scrutiny of the Sovereigns, which interpenetrated every nook and cranny of Spain, failed to extend beyond the seas. Legends of "the Lord of the Golden House" and other fabulously rich caciques began their fatal work among a people whose impressionable temper and warm imagination have always needed a rigid, even if it were an affectionate control. That control was now removed. The Admiral's authority was disputed, partly from deficiencies in his rule, partly because he was a foreigner, partly because his brothers meddled in prerogatives and powers which were his alone, and rendered him increasingly unpopular. He was succeeded in the government of Hispaniola by a fool, Bobadilla, and by a butcher, Ovando. The colony grew to be a hotbed of discord

and intrigue; and the difficulty Ferdinand and Isabella experienced in dealing with it is patent from the anxious language of their Indian Ordinances, while their harsh treatment of Columbus was the outcome, not of partiality or injustice, but of confusion.

Notwithstanding, so long as the Catholic Sovereigns lived, the worst continued in abeyance. They were succeeded by a ruler whose manners were Flemish rather than Castilian. Of all his dominions he seems to have valued Spain the least, save as his money-chest. Together with his ascent to the throne all hope of educating or humanizing the natives or colonists of the New World was irrecoverably lost. Charles, indeed, though easy-tempered when unopposed, was no humanitarian. As a soldier, the Spaniards admired him, being themselves a nation of warriors; but they never loved him. They had been the cherished, almost the spoiled children of Isabella: they were her grandson's merest vassalage.

The Emperor did much to cripple and debase the Spanish character. He was the first of those autocrats who helped to ruin the commonwealth by encroaching upon its actual rights. Ferdinand and Isabella had curbed the arrogance of the nobles, but the civil and popular liberties were scrupulously respected. Charles trod the latter underfoot upon the field of Villalar, and the temper of the people, crushed by the iron heel of the despot, became at once more selfish and more sly.

The colonists who flocked to the New World, infected with this general vitiation, changed also for the worse. A lower, meaner class of men set sail



(To face p. 246.)

(From a photograph by Moreno, from the portrait by Pantoja.)

CHARLES THE FIFTH.

for those possessions. In older days the efforts of the expeditionists had been, comparatively speaking, honest, or at least invigorating, for the physical energy required to open up the country and subdue the natives restrained them from the mischief of inaction. They now became a greedy gang of traffickers in slaves and bullion. Wherever they worked or wandered it was for gold alone. In this their interest coincided with the Emperor's, for Charles, embroiled in conquests or campaigns all over Europe, was ever in need of money. Mine after mine was struck, in Boriquen, in Tierra Firme, in Veragua. Silver and gold; gold and silver! How strong is their contamination! The more his subjects found, the more the Emperor demanded; the decrees of the Consejo de Indias were travestied into a vulgar batch of bonds; and *the souls of the Indians*—according to the phrase which was so often heard to fall from the lips of Isabella—were irretrievably abandoned.

It proved indeed a *día de mala sombra* for Spain when first her caravels touched the verdant and alluring anchorages of Hispaniola. Never in the world's history have a few shiploads of metal brought so thorough a damnation on their consignee. Or we may liken the gold and silver which overflowed the quays of Cádiz to the sprite escaping from Pandora's casket, instigated by a malevolent design of spoiling and debasing human happiness, and in the present instance beginning with the very hands which had released him from his hiding-place.

I shall revert to the fact that in subsequent years the Indies came to form the only source of national

revenue—a source irregular and fluctuating, to be sure, but ever a handy scapegoat whereon all deficits might be laid. “The King,” said a journal of 1637, “has sent the Council a demand for eleven millions and a half of ducats for next year’s campaign. ’Tis thought that he will squeeze it out of his presents from the Indies.”

The misery and degradation of a later age grew to be so fantastic in their ghastliness that I fear that many of the statistics I shall soon adduce will hardly be credited. Apart from the fatal illusion that their wealth was inexhaustible, the pestilent El Doradoes oversea begot an avarice, a sordid, cruel greed, a prevalence of villainy and slyness that drove the nation frenzied. While labourers—the few that were left—were famishing in the fields; while noblemen whose retinues were princely in their number and the splendour of their liveries, died without a ducat to pay their funeral, there was no poverty; for were there not the Indies? Every gentleman about the court of the House of Austria lived in imaginary occupation of his Barataria. We are told that when Philip the Second was petitioned for grants of money, he was accustomed to inscribe these words:—“*Diga de dónde lo hé de sacar*” (“Let him tell me where it is to come from”). Doubtless if his applicants had dared to answer so terrible a king, they would have exclaimed—what was already festering in their fancy—“From the Indies.”

The spoliation of the colonies killed honourable commerce. What every man could grasp, by fair means or foul, was his; and the foulest means prevailed. “In Seville they are waiting for the

treasure-ships and making great endeavour to prevent *extravagance* of the silver. Alcalde Márquez is busy-ing himself with this concern, and has ordered the seizure of all letters arriving from the Indies for private persons. 'Tis feared the Dutchmen may cut off the fleet; or if not, and the fleet should get to harbour, that *His Majesty may seize the silver.*"

Such, viewed in a colder light of criticism than is usual, was the legacy of Columbus to his adopted countrymen—a national intoxication; king, favourites, and subjects hurling themselves beneath the Juggernaut of Mammon, grovelling in luxurious want or squalid ostentation, or striving feverishly in the vilest and most enervating of all occupations—the pursuit of riches for the sake alone of their most sensual enjoyment. How eloquently are we told that "industrial work, still under bondage to Mammon, the rational soul of it not yet awakened, is a tragic spectacle. Men in the rapidest motion and self-motion; restless, with convulsive energy, as if driven by Galvanism, as if possessed by a Devil; tearing asunder mountains—to no purpose, for Mammon is always Midas-eared."*

Speaking somewhat paradoxically, the ruin of Spain was brought about by the very character of her aggrandizement; and Picatoste, following the fallacious assertions of other writers, was wrong in declaring that "Charles the Fifth's was the initial influence; his policy was the needle which guided our statecraft into a false direction."† For

* Carlyle. *Past and Present.*

† *Estudios sobre la grandeza y decadencia de España.*

the rule of Ferdinand and Isabella is divisible into the retrospective, or what they effected in order to begin to reconstruct a disunited and debilitated state; and the prevoyant, or what they disposed in order that the work of reconstruction should continue after their death. Of these two classes of their government, the former has almost entirely engrossed the attention of historians; and it has often surprised me that the triumphs attributable to a great reign should blind the student so completely to its faults and vices. The rebuilding of Spain by Ferdinand and Isabella was indeed an effort of unprecedented grandeur. During the earlier portion of their reign those monarchs strengthened what was weak, restored the fallen, purified the debauched and vitiated court of the contemptible Henry the Impotent, developed and protected trade, and equalized the laws, administering impartial justice "to all men, great and mean, whoso should ask it."* They found their country tottering and dismembered; they fortified and revived her, recovering all that was needed to complete her sanity and welfare. But subsequently their evil genius triumphed, and the glorious work they had accomplished with one hand, they dashed incontinently to pieces with the other.

In this connexion I would repeat a judgment upon the Catholic Sovereigns which I believe to be more intimate and fair than any other. It was written in 1513 by Francesco Guicciardini, among his *Ricordi*, "a series of biographical notices replete

* "*A chicos é grandes, quantos querían pedirlo.*"

with moral and political criticism." Guicciardini, Florentine ambassador at the court of Ferdinand, was the author of several well-known works, the *History of Italy*, the *History of Florence*, the *Dialogue respecting the Administration of Florence*, and other lucid treatises, together with the *Ricordi* already mentioned. He was eminently fitted to criticize the government of Ferdinand and Isabella. Perspicacious and cool-headed, he combined the prudent insight of the diplomat with the inquisitive zeal and diligence of the just historian. While visiting the principal Spanish cities he more than once conversed with Ferdinand in person, and was consequently enabled to form a direct opinion of his statecraft and that of his first consort. His negotiations at the court of Castile were not of sufficient weightiness to bias him either one way or the other, and he devoted his almost exclusive attention to scrutinizing from the historian's as well as from the ambassador's standpoint the condition of Spain and the internal administration of her princes; yet while, with respect to these latter, he fully recognizes and records their merits, liberally applauding the multi-fold benefits they had conferred upon their country, he nowhere allows the lustre of their glories to blind him to the gravity of their errors and improvidence. For this reason his testimony is of singular value. He says:—

"King Henry had been a man of poor capacity, and besides he had divided all that belonged to him, bestowing on the lords well-nigh all the cities of the realm, together with their revenues; so that he was very needy and powerless; and for this reason

the nobles, naturally troublesome to deal with, had become so haughty that they hardly paid the least obedience to the king or his ministers. Justice was at a standstill; and Castile swarmed with robbers, so that it was impossible to emerge from town or city without a risk of being assassinated. Every city and castle throughout the land was openly disaffected towards the king; the force of arms was constantly resorted to; and not a day elapsed without the committal of murder. Another deplorable evil consisted in the state's being thronged with Jews and heretics; the greater part of the population were infected with heresy, and in the hands of heretics were all the principal offices and emoluments of the kingdom, so much so that Spain might readily be observed to have rapidly and completely seceded from the Catholic faith."

"These disorders had eaten into the very bowels of the state, and the important province of Granada was in the hands of the Moors—a disgrace, however, from which even at so troublous a period those fortunately mated consorts Ferdinand and Isabella were able to release themselves, as well as from every other difficulty.

"These sovereigns, after some while had elapsed, and without openly breaking with the nobles, contrived to regain from them such state belongings as Henry the Fourth had unwisely alienated from the Crown, and gradually reduced them to submission in such wise that hearkening to one single voice of authority, they one and all obeyed, or else were sent to prison."

Here follows a paragraph on the Princes' summary treatment of robbers and bandits. Guicciardini then continues:—

“They busied themselves with matters relating to the Faith, nominating by apostolic authority inquisitors throughout the kingdom, and these, by confiscating or burning the effects of the heretics, have inspired a general alarm. In Córdoba a couple of hundred persons have suffered at the stake, and numberless Jews are making their escape from the city; but it is believed that if once the panic were over, they would behave the same as previously.

“Once these matters were attended to, the Sovereigns bethought themselves of the kingdom of Granada, and conquered it after a war extending over many years. The Moorish king had fled, and they found there two young children of his whom they caused to be baptized. On that occasion, too, they offered to respect the creed of the Moslems, but after a few years published an edict compelling them to become Christians, or if they refused, to leave Spain, wherefore nearly all who were rich and powerful emigrated to Africa, and those who remained were baptized. For this action, and with justice, the Pope awarded the title of Catholic to the Sovereigns.

“So that at the present day there are none but Christians in all Spain, excepting Aragón, where dwell a number of Moors in the enjoyment of their mosques and religious usages, and these Moors the kings of that country have borne with for a long while because they pay large taxes.

“In all these deeds I have enumerated, the glory

of the Queen was on a par with that of her husband ; nay, it is even considered to have been greater, since the affairs of Castile were governed principally by her mediation and authority. The more important business she looked after in person ; and in those of less moment it was as profitable to appeal to her as to the King. This, however, must not be attributed to want of ability upon the King's part, whose worth was proven by his subsequent policy ; we must take it, therefore, either that the talents of the Queen were so egregious as to excel her husband's, or else that with a laudable inclination he intrusted the kingdom of Castile to her direction, she being its natural ruler.

“ It is said that the Queen was just and chaste, and both loved and feared by her subjects ; ambitious of renown and generous ; insomuch that she challenges comparison with the greatest ladies of her time. It is also said that although the King was naturally addicted to gaming, notwithstanding, from regard for her he would only play on rare occasions and for ordinary stakes ; a statement which is borne out by the fact that after her death he played both heavily and often, and at games of an extravagant and dishonourable character, squandering upon this vice more time than is befitting to a monarch that is ruler of so many kingdoms . . .

“ His actions, words, and customs, together with the prevalent opinion which is entertained of them, prove him to be of an exceedingly reserved nature, discussing concerns of graver moment only when need arises. He is patient and orderly in his mode of living ; thus making good use of his time,

is aware of everything, be it weighty or trifling, that passes within his realm, and every concern goes through his hands, while even if he appear to hearken attentively to all men's judgments, it is he who decides the issue, and he who pronounces the orders relating to it. He is commonly believed to be avaricious, but I know not whether this proceed from his native bent or whether the important businesses in which he is engaged, and the heavy expenses—as compared with his scanty revenue—which they involve, may cause him to appear so. Also it is believed that he proceeds with discretion, and reduces his expenditure as far as possible. He is skilful in the use of arms, as he has shown both before his coronation and after, and seems to be very devout, speaking of godly affairs with great reverence, and attributing all things to God. He also displays great piety at religious offices and ceremonies, a trait, indeed, which is common to the whole nation. He is illiterate but courtly, easy of access, and his manner of replying is pleasing and attentive, so that there are few who do not leave his presence contented, at least with his words. But report says that in his fulfilment he departs very greatly from his promise, and that he takes no further notice of what he has previously engaged to perform, be it wilfully or else because ensuing events distract him from his purpose. I am assured he is a rare master at dissimulation, but I cannot determine whether this be an actual fault of his or no, since it is common for those who bear the name of prudent persons to incur the suspicion of

exceeding in their caution to such a degree as to seek their own advantage without respecting the weal of others; but not unfrequently these accusations are unfounded. In short, he is a notable sovereign, of many and great qualities, and the only charge brought against him is that of being closefisted and a promise-breaker. In every other respect he is distinguished for courtly and considerate manners; nor is he boastful, but his lips give utterance only to well-weighed words, and fitting to prudent and upright men.

"These admirable qualities are aided by his luck, since up to the present day he may be accounted among the favourites of fortune, rising from the second son of a poor king of Aragón to be supreme, the husband of so distinguished a wife, who brought him broad dominions as her dowry; nor has fortune abandoned him in any of his enterprises, enabling him besides to embark upon his wars with excellent motive, as in the campaigns of Granada and Africa, and lastly in that with France, begun under the pretext of defending the spiritual and temporal welfare of the Church. The only instance of his wanting reason was in his partition of the Neapolitan states with France. . . ."

This is obviously the judgment of Ferdinand and Isabella from which a number of historians have derived their own reports and supported their own prejudices, but always with a tendency to dwell too lightly on the censorious and too extravagantly on the eulogistic. It is clear that Ferdinand's income would never have properly admitted of his engaging in extraterritorial con-

quest, and in fairness to Charles the Fifth and his successors, the common admission that Spain attempted more than her resources would allow should be taken to date, not from the Emperor's reign, but from the prior and equally as culpable policy of the Catholic Sovereigns.

It is, then, too usual a weakness to overlook the errors committed by Ferdinand and Isabella. Their virtues were indeed conspicuous, but their mistakes, justly considered, were also conspicuous, as Guicciardini hints with all possible plainness; nor is it always justifiable to contend that those mistakes were natural to the period, for the Florentine ambassador, who fully appreciated them, was nevertheless their contemporary.

It is advisable to strike the suitable mean in estimating the characters of these illustrious sovereigns—for illustrious, in spite of all, they must for ever deserve to be titled. Ferdinand was less ingenuous and noble than his queen. He simulated sentiments, rather than was stirred by them, and for this reason a Spanish writer has aptly remarked that "Isabella was devout by nature, Ferdinand by education."* Again, the man's character lacked the unflinching resolution of the woman's, in addition to which his power of grasping a critical situation was undoubtedly less than hers. It is commonly considered that the duty of the female is to perfect and round off the attributes of the male, but in this case Isabella was the essential, Ferdinand the accessory; and the Queen alone,

* Abdón de Paz. *La España de la Edad Media.*

had providence designed her to remain unmarried, would beyond all question have proved not greatly, if at all inferior to her husband and herself together. Various of her biographers have portrayed her as effeminate, and meek and mild in quite a ludicrous degree—a judgment possibly induced by her suave demeanour and winsome expression ; but so have many of our modern diplomats—even the most inflexible—a winsome expression. It is a part of their business. Isabella of Castile in this much played her necessary part and played it admirably. A lover of her people she certainly was ; but her practical statecraft reveals her as more than a match for the shrewdest rulers of her day—as a political schemer of iron will and limitless ambition.

There is a curious point to be noticed in connexion with her errors of political judgment ; I mean her predisposition to undo with one hand what she had constructed with the other. Her very devoutness terrorized her people, consigning them to the infamous horrors of the Inquisition ; or else infecting them with a religious fever, which as soon as its novelty wore off declined into a ruinous fanaticism. At the same time that she issued strict commands for the humane treatment of her Indian subjects, she despatched Ovando, who mistreated them, and bowed submissively before the brutal and insulting demands of Torquemada. Together with her husband, she encouraged in other respects the national industries and commerce, yet re-established the *tasa* upon cereals, and expelled the Jews, the leading capitalists of the country. Finally, she united the kingdoms of the Spains

under a single sovereignty that might have continued with admirable oneness to the present day; and then, without so much as suffering the foundations to harden, effected for her child the ambitious matrimonial design which was to undermine the whole of that magnificent and costly structure. In short, there was scarcely a measure of reform ordained by Isabella of Castile but she crippled, if not completely nullified it by a prejudiced or shortsighted counter-measure; and it is only by fairly and squarely asserting this fact that it is possible, I do not say to attenuate, so much as comprehend, the acts of her successors.

It is not appreciated, therefore, as frankly as it should be, that the Catholic Sovereigns, inflated with their triumph over the infidels of Granada, gradually forsook their wholesomer and simpler ideals, and aimed, towards the close of their reign and after Ferdinand's tampering with the Italian states, at a broader and extraterritorial rule for their successors. The burden of this ideal fell in the first instance upon their grandson, the Emperor Charles; and the task which was set him no ruler in history could have performed. He failed to execute the impossible.

In order to make the effort with even the slightest prospect of success, Charles lacked two quantities, men and money; * for the influx of precious

* Even Cánovas del Castillo admits the constant impecuniosity of the Spanish Crown. "*El mal estaba fundamentalmente en la enorme desproporción que siempre hubo entre nuestros escasos recursos interiores, y las múltiples y vastas empresas en que nos fuimos empeñando.*" *Revista de España*. Vol. I. *Del principio y fin que tuvo la supremacía militar de los Españoles en Europa, con algunas particularidades de la batalla de Rocroy.*

metal from the New World had not yet acquired the same proportions as it was to do in the following century, nor had the richest mines been yet discovered. What subsidies he had he drew from Spain, but with extreme difficulty. While the Court was at Valladolid in 1527, he made a strenuous effort to force a loan, but was flatly told he must abandon all hope of a grant from the Cortes. The Aragonese Cortes of 1536 refused any grant whatever; indeed, their privileges were dangerously ample. The utmost tax derivable from that region was two hundred thousand *escudos* yearly; and even this moderate amount was strictly subjected to the sanction of the Cortes of Aragón.* Such money as was offered Charles at all proceeded from private sources. A number of gentlemen placed their fortunes at his disposal, and the *Comendadores* of the Military Orders laid at his feet the fifth of their entire revenue; but the procurators, apologizing for the poverty of the lower classes, declared their inability to collect four hundred thousand ducats for his marriage. The clergy, it is true, volunteered to supply him with such funds as they could raise—while warning him that any attempt to coerce the Cortes would be vigorously opposed—and the prelates and heads of convents offered him the plate of their churches, hinting, however, that they were relinquishing property which, rightly speaking, was sacred and inalienable. The Order of San Benito alone gave Charles twelve thousand doubloons. But

* A. Llorente. *La primera crisis de Hacienda durante el reinado de Felipe II.* Revista de España. Vol. I.

were all the sums thus painfully amassed a proper capital wherewith to subjugate Europe?

Here was the first and foremost obstacle to that extravagant dream of conquest—lack of money. “Thenceforward,” says a critic,* “began to be clearly felt that affliction which has oppressed Spain so often as to have become a chronic evil—that of never possessing resources sufficient to meet her needs or aspirations. All through the sixteenth century and the reigns of the Emperor and his son, the evil was wont to reach so grave a pitch as to produce what we now call bankruptcy; and even if it were designated then by less alarming terms—although its consequences were just as serious—it did not at the moment bear such fatal fruit as at a later date, since other European nations were accustomed to experience similar privations and mishaps, and because the conduct of military affairs was widely different from the present, it being at that period as usual for the troops to go without their pay as that they should subsist exactly as they pleased upon the land they occupied.”

As a matter of fact, the Spanish army—say the Spanish historians what they may—had changed deplorably for the worse. During the Granada campaigns it was so finely disciplined that “punishment was hardly ever needful.” During certain months in the year the peasant quitted his family, went through his drills and military service, and returned to his cottage when the fighting was postponed until the following spring. His functions

* D. Antonio María Fabié.

were purely patriotic; he was defending his own possessions from the usurper. It is impossible to insist too strongly upon this paramount distinction. The soldiers of Ferdinand and Isabella who warred in Andalusia were struggling to recover their own heritage; the soldiers of the succeeding Spanish kings, to loot the heritage of others.

So it was that when once the mercenary lust of subjugating Europe had supplanted the zeal of achieving a noble and unselfish triumph, the character of the Spanish soldier deteriorated rapidly. Under the Marquis of Pescara, Antonio de Leyva, and other talented commanders, he continued, indeed, to fight with some success; but his primitive earnest bravery degenerated into a reckless, devil may care, swashbuckler fury, which smacked at times of insubordination, and which, though captivating enough in romantic chronicles or in the comedies *de capa y espada*, is not the highest or wholesomest form of personal courage.

The rift between Charles and his Spanish subjects, caused by their persistent opposition to his huge campaigns and by his remarkable obstinacy in prosecuting those campaigns, grew gradually wider, and when, in 1555, he retired to spend the remainder of his days at Yuste, the relations between the Crown and the nation were so strained as to be almost critical. Nor did the irritation caused by the rising of the *Comunidades* slip out of memory; and the popularity thus lost to the Emperor was never recovered.

The Emperor possessed many of the parts of a great ruler. In those days it was still an advan-

tage for a sovereign to win distinction as the leader of his armies, and Charles as merely a warrior was active, dexterous, and endowed with a vigorous frame and considerable courage. Nor was he devoid of shrewdness in certain of his other affairs, and the toleration he extended towards a number of persons who differed from his own opinions was generally in advance of the spirit of the age. But he repeatedly needed to resort to drastic measures in order to pursue his fantastic and ambitious schemes of conquest; the application—necessarily a severe one—of those measures wounded acutely the haughty temper of his subjects; and these ended by positively disliking a monarch whose face—so little was he among them—they hardly knew, and whose only motive for visiting their country was the extraction of exorbitant grants of money.

So it was that when Charles landed at Laredo and proceeded to Yuste, he was astonished at the want of enthusiasm and the small number of Spanish nobles who came forward to receive him; nor was this unpopularity ephemeral, or limited merely to his own among the royal persons. On the first visit paid by Philip the Second to Aragón the people refused all lodging to his courtiers; and Charles' sisters, the Queens-dowager of France and Hungary, in travelling from Jarandilla to Burgos were received more rudely still, so much so that the Duke del Infantado flatly objected to lending them his palace at Guadalajara. It is significant that Charles on learning of the incident declined to meddle with so powerful a nobleman.

Cabrera records that Philip, on succeeding to the

throne, found his kingdom "some of it but novel, far from benevolently inclined towards him, and disunited, as well as vast and ill-distributed." The new monarch, therefore, was not entirely responsible for the difficulties he had to contend with throughout his reign; but he certainly multiplied and aggravated various of them by his amazing opposition to the Pope, a curious annal of history which is entirely attributable to his "spirit of domineering,"* and has been admirably detailed by Ranke and others.† Seldom has any sovereign committed an act so

* Manuel Pedregal y Cañedo. *Postrimerías de la Casa de Austria en España*.

† See an interesting work published at Madrid, in 1869, *Guerra de un año entre el Papa Paulo IV. y Felipe II., Rey de España*. The writer makes strenuous but ineffectual endeavours to exculpate the Spanish king; for it is evident that Philip was bent upon war from the very outset of the negotiations, otherwise he would never have entrusted the conduct of so delicate an affair to the brusque and undiplomatic Duke of Alva; nor would the Marquis of Sarriá have received his instructions to quit Rome while the Count of San Valentino was in the very act of laying his complaints before the Pope. On the Marquis' being accorded the farewell audience, "the Pope, masking, as befitted so public a ceremony, his true sentiments and choler, replied amiably that inasmuch as he had always rejoiced at the presence in his court of the Catholic King's ambassador, he would be glad of his continuing there, at least until the Emperor and the King should learn the truth of many matters in which he believed their majesties to have been misled by the false reports of malevolent persons; but that if the Marquis of Sarriá should have decided to quit Rome at any cost, he left it wholly to his judgment whether he should remain or depart. To these words, so courteous and unlooked-for from so passionate a nature as his Holiness possessed, the Marquis was compelled to reply that he would consider still more narrowly the written orders of his Sovereign, and that he would gladly remain if any word of those instructions should seem to warrant his doing so within the proper limits of his duty. . . . Nevertheless, and in compliance with his orders, the Marquis quitted Rome upon the following day." Presently the Duke of Alva published an edict couched in severe terms, forbidding Philip's subjects in those parts to have any dealings whatever with the vassals of the Pope; and the latter, mistrustful—as was perfectly natural—of the Duke's designs, "suspected the arrival of San Valentino to have obeyed no other motive than that of allaying his mis-

calculated to bring discredit as well as financial loss upon the Crown.

It is well to appreciate the pecuniary loss incurred by Philip in alienating himself from Rome. In 1525 Contarini estimated the royal income at eleven hundred thousand ducats, one hundred thousand of which represented the treasure imported from the Indies. Tiépolo, writing seven years later, assessed the same income at rather over a million and a half of ducats, derived from both Castile and Aragón; and Bernardo Navagiero, in 1544 and 1545, at just about one million for Castile, with an insignificant sum proceeding from Aragón, Valencia, Cataluña, and Navarra. Over and above the sources of revenue implied by these estimates were the tithes of the clergy, and the ecclesiastical dues known as the *Cruzadas*. As to the proportion belonging to the Church out of the total wealth of the country, Marineo Sículo places it at one third, but the Venetian ambassadors were inclined to estimate it at very little short of one half; Llorente also agrees with these latter, and furnishes in addition some interesting statistics of the Church revenues

givings with a view to gaining time and better making ready for war." Ibid., pp. 84, et seq.

In any case the conclusion of the war was humiliating, both to Philip and to Spain. The conditions of peace were almost abject, for Philip, besides restoring all the lands, cities, and fortresses he had captured during the campaign, was to implore the papal "grace and pardon"; and the Duke of Alva, on being received by Paul in the presence of twenty cardinals, kissed his feet and "*entreated him, both in his majesty's name and in his own, that he would pardon the faults committed in the past campaign; placing at his disposal the King's majesty as well as his own person.*" Ibid., pp. 236, et seq.

themselves. In 1505 the income of the Archbishop of Toledo, Primate of the Spains, was forty thousand ducats, increasing in 1525 to between sixty thousand and eighty thousand, and, in 1555, to one hundred and fifty thousand ducats. A couple of years later Cabrera places the figure as high as a quarter of a million. Out of this income the king had latterly been accustomed to receive an annual gift or grant of forty thousand ducats for the maintenance of his fleet.

Previously to Philip's accession the Spanish Church had chafed on more than one occasion at being called upon to disburse important sums of money for the Crown, particularly in 1517, when the Archbishop of Toledo convoked a meeting at Madrid, at which the resolution was adopted of abstaining by way of protest from various of the divine services. After an acrimonious correspondence with the Emperor the dispute appeared to relax, but the same dissatisfaction continued to subsist, smouldering as a rule, but now and again exhibiting such angry symptoms as to justify Llorente in declaring that "this species of ecclesiastical movement was similar to that of the Communities."

The outcome of Philip's declaring himself the adversary or rival of the Pope was naturally a still more accentuated irritation on the part of the clergy, and evoked from Paul himself a Bull abolishing the Spanish ecclesiastical subsidies, including those of the *Cruzadas*. Nevertheless, the King was just as urgently in need of money as his father, the Emperor, had been before him. The



(To face p. 266.)

(From a photograph by Laurent, Madrid, from the portrait by Pantag.)

PHILIP THE SECOND.

same disjointed and immense empire was to be governed, the same phantasmagoria of conquest to be pursued, the same number of troops were clamoring for pay, and it was manifest that in spite of occasionally heroic rallies their spirit was hourly declining. "They were chiefly adventurers of Swiss, German, or other nationality, a rebellious and mercenary class, ill-disciplined and traitorous; for maintaining whom large sums of money—in relation to those times—were requisite; while in default of pay they would turn upon their luckless lord and become his bitterest of enemies."

The Emperor at Yuste and his son at Valladolid had latterly hit upon a novel method of swelling the royal revenue. In 1557, upon the arrival of one of the treasure-fleets, a *cédula* was despatched to the officials of the Casa de la Contratación at Seville, commanding them to seize the total shipment of gold and silver, whether consigned to the King or to private individuals. Shortly afterwards another fleet was due. Again by royal orders the Admiral Alvaro de Bazán proceeded to the Azores to intercept it, and on its casting anchor at Sanlúcar the whole of the treasure was transferred to Santander, and thence to Flanders.

Whether the moneys thus seized by the Crown from time to time—for the precedent was repeatedly followed throughout the succeeding reigns—were regarded by the monarch as a *bona fide* loan, to be repaid upon interest, or whether as an entirely arbitrary sequestration of other people's property, the fact remains that the proceeding aroused the

utmost discontent.* The Cortes loudly complained on behalf of the victims. The Emperor replied that he had been driven to the measure by "the grave necessities ye know us to have experienced," or, as it might be more tersely expressed, "needs must when the Devil drives." Finally, Charles made a shuffling promise not to repeat the offence—a promise which he naturally broke a few months later. The Cortes again complained, and again the same excuse was put forward.

Philip, as we have seen, had greatly estranged the sympathies of the clergy; and it required all the adroitness he possessed to extort from the prelates a subsidy which they apprehended he would employ in warring against the Pope, their chief; but since his attempt to embroil England in his multifarious concerns had failed signally, and the plundering of an occasional treasure-ship was quite inadequate to fill his coffers, to the Church he must needs resort. The Cardinal-Archbishop yielded only before the dexterous entreaties of the suave and politic Rui Gómez de Silva, a minister after the King's own heart; and the Bishop of Córdoba disbursed 100,000 ducats; but the Bishop of Zaragoza could only be prevailed upon to relinquish 20,000, instead of the sum, five times as large, demanded of him. The most curious and amusing negotiations of all were those conducted between Hernando de Ochoa on

* It was, in fact, the precursor of many acts of a similar nature, indicative of the growing tyranny of the Crown, the corruption of the Cortes, the apathy of the nobles, and the helplessness of the people; since in course of time it became quite usual for the king to levy extraordinary dues on salt, wool, playing-cards, and other products, without consulting the Cortes at all.

Philip's behalf, and Fernando de Valdés, Archbishop of Seville, called upon to contribute to the royal funds 150,000 ducats. The following dialogue, related in Ochoa's own words, sufficiently reveals the astuteness both of Philip's emissary and of the Bishop:—

“He averred (the Archbishop to Ochoa) upon oath, that the devils might take him if ever he had possessed 100,000, or 60,000, or 30,000 ducats in all; for that he had ever spent liberally and bestowed much in charity, in addition to buying benefices and other property to the value of 150,000 ducats; and that this was surely so. To which I made reply: ‘Señor, ’tis not sufficient that you should say it, for you have now been Archbishop of Seville for ten years and more; the poorest year of which has brought you 70,000 ducats at the least.’ He answered that, indeed, the archbishopric had brought him 60,000 ducats yearly. ‘Then,’ said I, ‘ten years at 60,000 are 600,000, and seeing that your expenses are not at all immoderate, they should be fully covered by 10,000 yearly upon your house and living; another 10,000 in almsdeeds—the two together, 20,000, or in ten years 200,000. Then there are the 150,000 you say you have spent besides—in all, 350,000; while I apportion you 20,000 ducats yearly between household expenses and alms, besides yet another 10,000—30,000 in all; a sum you cannot have spent, since you have never given a meal to anybody, nor fed yourself as other prelates and gentlemen do; this is notorious and the whole court knows it. All this being so, and after I have allowed you 10,000

ducats yearly over and above your purchases and expenses, together with the other purchases of 150,000 ducats' value—in all 450,000—what has become of the remaining 150,000 required to complete the whole 600,000?"

"Herewith he grew disturbed, and again swore solemnly to me that he had no money, and that it was unseemly to coerce the prelates in that manner; nor was the money thus extorted expedient for the war, and how should God assist the King, and what would Christianity say to it. . . ."

The upshot of the matter was that Valdés was allowed to reduce his *gift* to fifty thousand ducats.

By hook or by crook, therefore, Philip secured sufficient resources to prosecute with greater or less completeness his singular and dangerous designs. Apart from this it is fair to acknowledge that the estimate commonly formed of him in Protestant countries is prejudiced and absurd. It is customary to represent him as a malevolent tyrant who tyrannized from sheer delight in tyranny; as a ferocious bigot—at a time when bigotry, as often as not, was germane to a nation's wholesome evolution—and as a monarch affecting a formidable behaviour, albeit at heart a weakling and poltroon, living the life of a peevish recluse and hypocritical devotee, and forsaking every genuine state affair to his ministers, generals, and soldiery, while arrogantly taking to himself the credit for their victories.

Philip was one of those men—not by any means uncommon, even at present—who are consumed by

suspicion of every influential person with whom they come in contact. The feature is by no means peculiar to cowards, and I have met with it in individuals whose bodily courage was beyond reproof. Whenever the folk surrounding Philip were of origin so lowly, or manners so straightforward, as to admit of no misgiving, or where their loyalty towards the throne had been established by assiduous and protracted service, the true, and I believe the better, part of Philip's character was plainly discernible. His weapon of defence against his many and dangerous secret enemies was the assassin's knife, a usage not confined by any means to Spain; but those who worked for him unswervingly and devotedly, from the architect Herrera to the masons and carpenters of the Escorial, had quite another tale to tell. Towards such servitors as these his manner, though not greatly expressive, owing to his habitually calm demeanor, was pleasantly affable; and in spite of the grotesque legends prevailing with regard to his treatment of his monster of a son, his tender affection for his children is amply exhibited by a large bulk of his private correspondence.

His talents as a ruler were directed to mistaken ends, but at least he was no blockhead, and although he committed a number of serious faults, are there not occasions when it is better to transgress than to be idle—to be a malefactor in preference to a nonentity? Many of Philip's errors derived from the native eccentricity of his character, for he based his conduct essentially upon his private doubts and prejudices, and not upon tradition.

His government was not completely unsuccessful, and following monarchs as wary as himself might yet, by reëngendering his policy, have continued for a long while to avert disaster from the nation; but in the case of kingcraft particular mental attributes are not bequeathable, and although Philip's routine was not unstable while he lived, it perished with him in the mean alcove that looks into the Church of the Escorial.

The reigns ensuing upon that of Philip the Second deserve a different method of study, a method of a lighter kind, approaching to the humorous. For it is impossible to deny to the Catholic Sovereigns, or the Emperor, or his son, certain elements of gravity or greatness which allow us to examine their actions without a smile. But with the accession of Philip the Third begins the comico-tragical decline of the Spanish empire. Kings degenerate into masqueraders; ministers into showmen, impresarios, and masters of the revels; armies into rabbles; the commons into mendicants or bandits. A perusal of the memoirs of those times is excellently calculated to excite the mirth of the student; albeit there are moments when the mirthfulness is prone to vanish, chased by the reflection that one is contemplating, not the innocent and honest recreation of a cheerful community, but the ravings of a dolorous and dreadful national mania.

Of Philip the Third, in spite of all the mischief he induced, not much is to be said. He pushed, indeed, the building of convents with such anxiety that those for men alone exceeded, before the close



From a photograph by H. van der Meert, Madrid, from the portrait by Velázquez.

PHILIP THE THIRD.

To face p. 272.

of his reign, nine thousand;* but his only other act of government, performed in obedience to the wish of Ribera, Archbishop of Valencia, was the expulsion of the Moriscoes. The banishment of these harmless folk was the solitary measure of his reign that calls for definite comment, and it brought him into ridicule. His favourite officers, incompetent and remiss as he, were the Duke of Lerma, and Lerma's son, Uceda. These stood nonchalantly on deck. Their master ate, and drank, and slept, and prayed below, carousing in the cabin with flagons and viands at his elbow, while the mighty ship of state, erstwhile so prosperously and solicitously launched, but now with nerveless and unskilful hands upon her helm, went groaning on into the dark and gathering waters.

Worse than his father was Philip the Fourth, occasionally called *the Great*. Never was an honourable title more lamentably misbestowed; or was it a nickname, since what could *Great* refer to? For he was a great gallant, a great *ginete*, a great *Tenorio* of the *capa y espada* school, a great social figure and leader of fashion—but a great king, never. Year by year of his long reign the mutilation of the Spains proceeded rapidly and evidently. Philip had learned nothing about the management of an empire, or the obligations of a sovereign, and cared for them as little; but some kind of a figure-head was expected, so he tossed the key of the cabinet to the Count-Duke of Olivares, and went to dress for the play. As to the *conde-duque*, it is hard to

* Manuel Pedregal. *Postrimerías de la Casa de Austria en España.*

contemplate his equestrian portrait by Velázquez without conceiving him to be brandishing his baton at the ruins of Spanish greatness, of which he was himself a principal incendiary.

The viciousness of both king and minister spread to those about them, for most of the Spaniards are companionable and impulsive, and easily led astray by bad example. The morals of a minister of that disastrous time were perverted by the jousts and bullfights in the Plaza Mayor, or by the carnivals and *verbenas* in the Buen Retiro, or else he was beguiled by Quevedo's pungent sallies, and the sparkling sonnets of Lope; while the profuse masterpieces of the same *monstruo de la naturaleza*, or the soberer yet none the less alluring dramas of Calderón de la Barca kept the playhouse door perpetually open.

Courtiers are positively ape-like in the art of imitation.

"The cease of majesty
Dies not alone; but like a gulf doth draw
What's near it with it; it is a massy wheel,
Fixed on the summit of the highest mount,
To whose huge spokes ten thousand lesser things
Are mortised and adjoined; which, when it falls,
Each small annexment, petty consequence,
Attends the boisterous ruin."

What the King was, such was every neighbour of the King. As his Majesty employed himself, so did each magnate and official who stood near and fawned or waited on him; and the unhappy nation, removed perhaps from the preposterous orgies of the capital, but as yet untutored to appreciate its primitive

deserts or innate sovereign strength, wagged on as best it might without a governor.

A national zeal for art or literature is far from incompatible with military, naval, and political power. We boast of Shakespeare, Spenser, and Ben Jonson; and of numerous other of our Elizabethan men of letters; but while these gave abundant and pacific pleasure, did not an active and quick-witted queen, aided by ministers as provident as herself, survey her realm from hour to hour and end to end? Did not her subjects act; or did they only talk, and listen, and laugh, and weep? Did not Grenville tackle, single-handed, a fleet of ponderous ships of war, and Drake scour the seas in his *Golden Hind*, and ransack continents and islands?

But the court of Philip the Fourth of Spain was a court of pleasure-seekers, pleasure-makers, and pleasure-enjoyers; of loyal duty-fulfillers, fighters, or men of action there was hardly one. Or yet again, there is a possible comparison between the court of this great Philip of Spain and that of Louis the Fourteenth. For the latter resembled the former in its love of prodigal pomp and ostentation; like the former, it was heartless and depraved, the Vanity Fair of sycophants and harlots. But the proprietors of the two mummeries-shows were men of widely different character. Philip's predilection was to figure in the front row of the audience, while Louis, although he glanced at the spectacle from time to time, kept the key of the cash box in his pocket, and stood unwaveringly beside the turnstile.

In Philip's court the social not only towered over the political, but fell upon and crushed it; and

where this happens, something, as we know from ancient history, is rotten in the commonwealth. By none was this appalling rottenness less heeded than by the sovereign. What happened elsewhere mattered not at all, so long as courtly bacchanals were undisturbed; so long as the *ingenio de esta corte*, the *rey galán y poeta* might masquerade among buffoons and poetasters, exhibit his person as a *cómico*, or clamber over convent walls in search of amorous adventure. Mindful, no doubt, that his mother's marriage feast had cost the exchequer a hundred thousand ducats, he spent ten million *reales* in celebrating the accession of his brother-in-law to the throne of Germany. His favourite, Olivares, frittered away twenty thousand ducats in building the theatre of the Buen Retiro. "Never," says a chronicler, "were the sermons preached in the churches against luxury and riotous living so loud and numerous, or so ineffectual." Week in, week out, the open places of the capital were devoted to improvised fountains and bonfires, triumphal arches and *danzas de gremio*. As we have seen in another chapter, the gilded balconies of the Plaza Mayor were ever decked for tournaments or bullfights, and the street of the same name, extending from the Puerta del Sol to within a few yards of the palace gates, was a constant scene of carnival and cavalcade, the thronged resort and rendezvous of courtesans, and fashionables, and intriguers, the wealthiest, the idlest, and consequently the most abandoned of the city's population.

It is a very frequent hallucination of us moderns to consider the life of our ancestors as infinitely

preferable to our own; as spent, in general, amid more comfortable and picturesque surroundings, amid an element of generous romance contrasting enviably with the feverish and interested commercial restlessness of our contemporaries. Few of us but have associated the very name of Elizabeth of England with imposing country mansions, owned by that dubious species of patriarchal squire who seems to have had nothing to do between the hours of his birth and death but enjoy himself and give away unlimited meat and money to his neighbours; mansions whose polished floors continually resounded to the jocund feet of banqueters and dancers, and in whose grounds the fountains were oftener running wine than water, in spite of the duty, sufficient to have made a Vanderbilt think twice before he ordered a single cask, to which those wines were liable. Again, the reign of "good Queen Anne" is nothing if not suggestive of cosy red-brick villas in luscious orchards, and whose occupants had no weightier task at all than their daily dish of tea and spell of gossip in the pleasant belvedere.

But the constant tendency of peevish human nature is to select the best of the past and compare it with the worst of the present, neglecting in the case of our progenitors to observe their want of numberless adjuncts to an easy life; a faulty system of police, a total lack of education, cleanliness, sanitation, ability to travel rapidly and securely from place to place, political and religious toleration, and other conveniences or essentials too many and evident to quote. By way of disenchantment,

Macaulay has held up to us in all its sordid detail an eloquent portrait of the everyday concerns and social state of England a couple of centuries ago ; and it is obvious on the merest exercise of sober reflection that the present is immeasurably superior to the past—that golden, fairy, fantasy-laden past in which our ancestors contrived to live, or rather, to exist.

We should infer, therefore, that our England of two or three centuries ago was infinitely meaner, poorer, and less inviting than many of us were once accustomed to believe. The same might, with equal justice, be said of all countries, excepting Spain, and of Spain with more than equal, with superlative justice ; for the Spain of the Hapsburgs—a period sometimes regarded with romantic indulgence but little warranted by fair investigation—affords an appalling instance of the moral and material squalor a misruled or neglected nation may attain to.

Under the Philips was followed the pestilent example set by Ferdinand the Catholic, of pleading that all wars and military expeditions were prosecuted in the name of religion ; although as early in the seventeenth century as the accession of Philip the Fourth, religion, as that word should be understood, had almost ceased to exist. Worship for worship's sake had practically succumbed ; and there only remained a species of monstrous idolatry, together with a series of grotesque spectacular performances, ostensibly of an ecclesiastical character, but which, all evidence goes to show, were devised to amuse, and not improve, their frivolous participants and witnesses.



(To face p. 278.)

(From a photograph by Laurent, Madrid, from the portrait by Valdesque.)

PHILIP THE FOURTH.

There is no reason, in this connexion, to doubt the veracity of the following passage, a description by the Countess D'Aulnoy of the repulsive usages of the disciplinants—

“They appeared to me a very loathsome spectacle; on seeing the first of them I thought I should faint, nor do I understand how a sight which causes so horrible an impression can seem expedient to anyone. A man will approach you so closely that when he smites himself he sprinkles your dress with his blood, and this is considered a form of gallantry.

“For the infliction of the lashes in a becoming manner and the direction of the blood to the desired spot, there is a code of rules, as well as professors, and gentlemen who learn from them as though they were studying dancing and fencing.

“The disciplinants dress themselves in a thin tunic which reaches from head to foot, falling in narrow folds, yet so capacious that each garment requires from forty to fifty yards of stuff. Upon their head is a very tall cap, in front of which hangs down a strip of linen covering the face; but in the upper part are two holes for the disciplinant to see through. He wears white gloves and shoes, and many ribbons in the sleeves of his tunic, which has two openings from which protrude his naked shoulders. Generally, too, he carries amid the lashes a ribbon of the kind which dames bestow upon their lovers; and these they exhibit as a special mark of favour. In order to attract attention and proceed according to the established method, you must not wave your arm, but move

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the wrist alone; neither must the blows be given hurriedly, nor the blood sprinkle your tunic. The shoulders become flayed in a terrible manner, for the blood flows from them in streams. The disciplinants move along the streets in a slow and ceremonious fashion, and when they arrive before their lady-love's balcony, belabor themselves with a patience that is marvellous to behold. The lady watches this fantastic scene from behind the shutters of her apartment; and by means of some sign that he shall understand, encourages the victim to cut himself to pieces, intimating the lively satisfaction so rude an attention causes her.

"When the disciplinants meet a handsome woman in the street, they are accustomed to stop at her side and thwack themselves in such wise that their blood falls on her dress. This is a notable act of politeness, and the lady thanks them gratefully.

"A man that has once begun the discipline must needs continue it yearly, and if he desists a single year falls sick. Also they make use of sponges filled with pins, and rub themselves as though these sponges were the finest and the softest in the world.

"At nightfall, too, various of the court gentlemen go their round as disciplinants; in general they are silly young fellows, who announce their purpose to their friends, and the latter, armed to the very teeth, accompany them. This year it was the Marquis of Villahermosa and the Duke of Béjar. The Duke sallied forth at nine of the night, preceded by his pages, who lighted him

with more than a hundred torches. In front of all went sixty cavaliers, and behind a hundred, with lackeys and esquires in attendance. All together they made a pretty procession, and the ladies stepped onto the balconies, which were decorated with green hangings, and with lights which helped them to see and to be seen. In these cases the gentleman who plays the part of disciplinant passes by with all his following and salutes, but often it happens that two disciplinants, each with a similar following, meet and fall out. So was it with the noble gentlemen I have named, each of whom would have it that the other's attendants should yield him the way, while neither was willing to stir a step; the servants that went before with the lighted torches began to beat each other's faces and burn each other's beards; the friends of one whipped out their swords against the friends of the other, and the two heroes, bearing no weapon at all except the lashes wherewith they flogged themselves, sought each other amid the frenzy of the strife, and when they met began a singular combat, for after *warming each other's ears* with the *disciplinas* they fisticuffed each other as brutally and savagely as any carters.

"In these affairs not all is pleasure, for the participants engage in earnest, and wound and slay; old-standing grudges are renewed, and vengeance done.

"Finally the Duke of Béjar yielded before the Marquis of Villahermosa, the *disciplinas* were picked up in pieces and mended as best might be; the caps, notwithstanding that they had been rolling

in the mud, were stuck once more upon their owners' heads, and the wounded were borne home, while the procession continued at a slow and solemn pace through half the length of the town. The Duke was anxious to pay off his grudge upon the following day, but the King forbade both him and the Marquis to leave their houses.

"Continuing what I have to say of what is common on these occasions, I must add that when the disciplinants return home, after devoting themselves to God in the manner I have described, they find a sumptuous supper-table loaded with every kind of dainty. This frequently happens, even upon Good Friday, yet nevertheless they consider that after so exhausting a penance they have a right to sin awhile. First of all the *disciplinante* has his shoulders rubbed with sponges filled with salt and vinegar, so that his wounds shall not inflame. He then takes his seat at table with his comrades, and receives from all the praises and applause he claims to have deserved. Each of his friends assures him he cannot call to mind a braver disciplinant, imitating and exaggerating his poses, and, above all, the intimation of the lady on whose behalf the act of gallantry was performed. So speeds the night, amid fantastic anecdotes and delicate dainties, and sometimes it happens that he who has so soundly belaboured himself is too unwell to go to Mass on Easter day. Do not imagine that in this narrative of mine is anything which oversteps the truth, for all I say is worthy of implicit confidence, and the facts are easily to be proven,

since everyone that has visited Madrid is familiar with them.

“ There are penitents, too, who inspire the beholder with genuine commiseration ; their tunic covers them merely from the middle downwards, and their naked body and arms are bound so tightly round and round with a cord of esparto that their whole skin grows purple and bloody. Stuck in the flesh of their shoulders they carry seven swords, which hurt them freshly at every step they take, and as, moreover, their feet are bare and the stones of the street sharp-pointed, the hapless wretches often stumble. Others carry no swords, but a ponderous cross ; and both one and other are not common folk accustomed to hard suffering, but gentlemen of quality who are attended by pages clothed with tunics and whose faces are covered to avoid their recognition. These pages bear vinegar, wine, and other refreshments to offer their master, for now and again he falls exhausted by his agonies and fatigue. Penances so dure as these are not a voluntary act of gallantry, but are imposed by certain confessors, and he that fulfils them seldom escapes an early death.”

In case the foregoing be considered partial or insufficient, a further insight into the religious theories and practices then prevailing in the Peninsula is afforded by an exceedingly curious work in my possession. It is a diminutive volume in Castilian, entitled *La Práctica de Exorcistas*, or as we might say, *The Exorciser's Manual*. The title-page is wanting, but the *imprimatur*, emanating from the Bishop of Barcelona, is dated February 22nd, 1675, and the author's name is Benito Noydens. The 431 pages

of this amusing handbook are replete with useful facts relating to the devils possessing men and women, and the pious formulæ for casting them out; and we gain by their perusal an excellent and first-hand notion of the Spanish priesthood of the seventeenth century. The *Práctica* is divided into five parts, the first containing "various documents for the exorcist"; the second "the method of exorcising persons possessed of a devil, with the corresponding formulæ and useful prayers"; the third part, "the practice and method of exorcising ghosts, witches, and demons, such as infest houses, and of effecting the spiritual cure of every kind of evil influence and sorcery"; the fourth part "treats of exorcisms in time of tempests and the havoc wrought by locusts, etc., as the index at the end of the book more fully showeth." And the fifth and last part treats of prayer and processions for imploring water or fine weather, following the ritual of Paul the Fifth.

Surely I shall not be taxed with prejudice in quoting from an eminently Catholic and Christian volume published precisely in the age I am examining; for my words are not my own, so much as reflected. The subject is indeed a mysterious one, and is approached by the ingenious and ingenuous author in a suitably awful spirit. "The devils," he says, "before they enter a man's body, are wont to appear to him in a horrible and fearful shape; by night also, or in dark and gloomy places. At other times they terrify and appall him with a dreadful dream, and when they enter his body mistreat him sorely. And at other times they enter him in the form of air, or rats, or other animals. Lastly, it

occasionally appeareth that a glass of ice-cold water is being poured down the back of the one possessed, and that an army of ants is passing from his head to his heels." Other indications follow, equally as valuable as the preceding, for detecting the presence of a devil. It is obviously the sign of a devil for a man *to speak or understand Latin without having studied it*—this being the converse of our public schools' routine, whereby we study Latin in preference to understanding it. But the devil, it seems, is loth to enter into a country bumpkin, "and San Vicente Ferrer relates in one of his sermons how an evil spirit which had possessed itself of a peasant exclaimed—" *Non possum domare linguam hujus rustici.*"

The following anecdote is equally instructive. "While a priest was once engaged in banishing the spirits from a peasant woman, he asked the devil, from curiosity (which is always to be avoided on such occasions), what he knew. The devil replied he was a musician; and bringing a guitar, he so sped the woman's fingers that she seemed the cleverest player in the world."

The devils, in fact, were very commonly a match for their priestly antagonists. "It happeneth sometimes that when the patient is possessed by many spirits, their leader will tell his own name, but says that the names of the others must not be disclosed, declaring that God forbids it, those names being dirty and abominable; but this, though it may now and then be true, is generally lying. . . . And if perchance the exorcist be unable to evoke the truth, he must himself name them with ridiculous names; for instance, the devil's first favourite let him

christen *Garavato*, the second *Carbonero*, the third the Cook of Acheron, and the fourth—for a reason which I will presently show—the *Executioner*."

Not always, however, is the pious Noydens in favour of the jocular style of exorcism, having due regard to the adventure which befell "a famous priest in the city of Cologne, who had straitly exhorted a devil to come out. The devil observed that he was anxious to come out, but whither should he betake himself; and on the priest's replying, '*In cloacam meam vadas*,' he did so, greatly to the sacerdotal detriment; for when at night the priest had need to visit the privies of the convent, the devil so chastised him in those parts that it was all he could do to defend himself and escape with his life."

It stands to reason that certain unities of place and time are requisite for the artistic casting-out of a devil. A Monday is auspicious, "being the second day of the world's creation, and whereon, according to the Jews, occurred the downfall of Lucifer." The early morning, just after Mass, is as advisable an hour as any; and the great festivals, Christmas, Ascension Day, and so forth, possess a peculiar efficacy. The place should be a church, or other consecrated spot; but should the ceremony of necessity be conducted in a private dwelling, it is imperative to previously remove the women and children. With regard to witnesses, "the presence of inquisitive, vain, and worldly people* is undesirable, and the on-lookers, whether in a church or private house, should be "grave and

* The laity ?

virtuous persons, *principally, if it be possible, clerics, priests, and monks.*"

Respecting the actual egress of the devil from the person of the *energúmeno*, the following particulars are added. "The devil may issue forth in divers ways, as experience has shown; sometimes he emerges from the mouth in the shape of flame; at other times as though he were air, or bees, or ants. Or else he issues from the ears, and those that are possessed feel him pass out from their hearts and stomachs, and other parts of their bodies. . . . Or, again, he emerges from the nose in the shape of drops of blood, and in other manners that in course of time the prudent exorcist will learn to recognize."

The latitude, then, allowed the evil spirit for the method of his departure is sufficiently generous; but in case the exorcist should be unable to make his victim bleed at the nose, or itch in any part of his body, the man of God is at liberty to hedge by one or other of quite a number of additional ruses. Suppose the devil does not emerge at all?—why, the Almighty has been pleased to ordain that the devil keep his ground, "conceding him the same liberty of action as he does to men"; or perhaps *the bystanders lack the necessary faith*; or else the afflicted person is altogether too hardened a sinner.

In short, by diligent application to his *Exorcism Made Easy*, it is impossible for the worthy practitioner to make a fool of himself. The audience or the victim may be gulled; but at least the operator's withers are unwrung. One cannot but marvel at this huge, brain-cudgelling charlatanry which has acted so long and efficaciously as a prop to Christian

creeds; for Protestants and Catholics are equally admirable for the resourcefulness with which they play upon the limitless credulity of the masses. In quoting from this dexterous little volume it was never my purpose to advert with special severity to any single country; for in England, precisely at the same period, we never lacked a liberal supply of witches and devils, as well as of bogus specialists and aids to their extermination. In every so-called Christian country the curiosity of the ignorant was nourished with the thin but adequate gruel of mystery and miracle-working, with now and again an *auto-de-fé* or a turn of the thumbscrew to maintain the prestige of the Saviour. The spectacular element in the Church's chastisements was unquestionably magnificent and fear-inspiring; what matter if it were also truculent and bloody; for when was Christ ever reported to extend His toleration, either by word or deed, to a sinner—much less to a heretic?

I have dealt at tolerable length with this *Práctica de Exorcistas*, because it is thoroughly typical of its time. Its notions are those possessed—or ostensibly possessed—by ninety-nine of every hundred of the Spanish clergy of the seventeenth century. To enable us to understand the machinations exercised upon Charles the Second by Pedro de Matilla and Froilán Díaz, or Olivares' attempt to bewitch Philip *the Great*, we need nothing further. And what, in point of numerical strength, did the priesthood run to? The Orders of Santo Domingo and San Francisco comprised no less than two and thirty thousand clerics; the dioceses of Cala-

horra and Pamplona only, twenty-four thousand. The convents multiplied in proportion. Not more than three had been erected in Madrid during the reign of Ferdinand and Isabella; during that of Charles the Fifth the number rose to seven more; of Philip the Second, to seventeen; of Philip the Third, to fourteen; of Philip the Fourth, to seventeen.*

In view of the *Práctica* and the preceding statistics there is small occasion to further insist on the condition of seventeenth-century Spain with regard to the priesthood. The vocation of priest or friar embraced, among various other ends, equally censurable, the contamination of the masses with boundless superstition and trickery, propagated under the sham title of religion, and their exclusion from the veriest rudiments of secular or serviceable education. Nor must we forget the temporal benefits accruing to the man of holiness; for his admission to his duties found him in clothing, food, and paramours, and exempted him from military service, as well as from all healthy exertion or activity of a physical character.

It is clear that those were other ages, and that time and the general spread of culture have brought about a measure of reform. Picatoste † tells how the monuments of *ecclesiastical* Madrid which were connected in that terrible era with the heinous bonfires of the Inquisition or the fantastic and blasphemous quackery of the priests, have either

* *Picatoste. Estudios sobre la grandeza y decadencia de España.*

† *Últimos Escritos.*

completely disappeared, or else are devoted to other and more estimable uses. Among the latter are the dungeons of the Inquisition, since a printing-office; the Convent of Santo Tomás, a warehouse and *café*; and the Convent of the Trinity, a picture-gallery and theatre. The Convent of Santo Domingo, and that of the Capuchins of the Paciencia, which was one of the various starting-points for heretics condemned to the stake, have been totally demolished; and five thousand persons occupy a space which was formerly the exclusive property of thirteen nuns.

No. There has been a mighty reform in the mischief wrought by professional religion—a reform observable, not in Spain alone, but just as signally in England and elsewhere. The use of the *Exorcist's Manual* is no longer so imperative as formerly; although, to be sure, not long ago an Irishwoman was murdered for a witch, and the *Iluminada de Lorqui*,* in the presence of her select court of rational and twentieth-century worshippers, struck crosses and marks upon the stones, and held, unwhipped, mysterious communings with the Virgin. But little of the *Manual* is nowadays actually practised, except the *majaderías* by which our spiritual advisers juggle for rain or fine.

Christianity, oddly enough, is the first to claim the glory of these changes from dark to comparative light; but it is a laughable and not, I think, an

* A madwoman from near Murcia, who in the summer of the year before last gave numerous and instructive *séances*, attended by a gang of well-dressed devotees.

impertinent speculation, whether it be Christianity that has educated Education—or Education that has tackled the dragon and educated Christianity!

The best equipped of writers might well shrink from attempting to describe that extraordinary period—a mingling of the absurdly chivalrous with the savage and vindictive; of boundless ecclesiastical show with blasphemous repudiation of all that is Christlike and humane; an age besotted with the follies of kings and ministers, priests and laymen; of a community poltroonish, idle, criminal, greedy, morbid with false and tumid sentiment; poor in pocket, yet constantly affecting a tawdry pride as sad as it was laughable, exhibited in a swollen and bombastic speech, and ostentation of sham finery, both of which were impotent in the last degree to mask the hungry belly and empty head beneath them. Madrid in particular, the centre of all that was most gangrenous in Spain's infirmity, and whose social condition during the reign of *Philip the Great* and Olivares I have illustrated in another work,* seemed rather a monstrous national madhouse than the possible abode of ordered government. It was the fashion to assassinate your neighbour almost without conceiving why. If you could run him through from behind, at night, or while he was at Mass, so much the greater glory. The officers of the law were powerless, or, worse than powerless, more

* *Madrid: Her Records and Romances.*

criminal and corruptible than anyone. Matters arrived at such a pitch that it was decided to take no legal notice whatever of the corpses of the murdered found about the streets. No less than one hundred and ten such corpses were discovered within a single fortnight.* Professional assassins, chiefly Valencians, were at the immediate disposal of anybody with a full purse, and derived the utmost satisfaction from the dexterity with which they plied the stealthy *verdugillo* upon the bodies of unoffending folk; or, if preferred, a small bribe slipped into the hand of an *alcalde* or *alguacil* would secure the prompt imprisonment in a dungeon of any citizen who had neither wealth nor influence. Thieves and murderers who had amassed an appreciable fortune by their misdeeds were liable, indeed, to be plundered in their turn by the magistrates, their confessed accomplices; for the rest, no hindrance of any kind was opposed to the fulfilment of their atrocious plans, nor any watchfulness set over them. Duelling became scandalously frequent. Strongly worded laws were framed to suppress it, and the Duke of Olivares wrote "a very pretty paper against it,"† but all to no purpose. The ignorance of even the upper classes was boundless. The priesthood made such strenuous resistance to all secular teaching that in 1682 the fiscal proposed to Charles the Second that the Universities should be swept away, and their incomes transferred to the Crown. "The easiness with which academic titles were acquired,

* Antonio Cánovas del Castillo. *De La Casa de Austria en España.*

† *La Corte y Monarquía de España*, etc.

particularly the lawyer's, produced so vast a number of these latter that hundreds were engaged in each lawsuit. Some devoted themselves to persuading unfortunate creatures of imaginary heritages, and fleeced them of all their property; others yelped round the *chancillerías* and law courts, involving the simplest of concerns; many were aspirants to government posts; and others became the abettors of usurers, bullies, and rogues."

"To take," says Bacon, "a soldier without ambition is to pull off his spurs." All true ambition of military renown had by now departed from the Spanish army, whose state was every whit as deplorable as that of the Church and the law. Whole regiments fought together in the streets of Madrid; but it was only with incredible difficulty that a single company could be driven to march against the foreigner. Civilians viewed with positive consternation the excesses of the soldiery, ready to shout at any moment "*¡Motín! motín!*" to fill the hospitals with wounded, to loot the effects of citizens, and outrage decent women; while on the approach of the military it was usual for a family to deposit its female folk for refuge in the nearest convent. A young fellow would prefer being beaten to death to serving as a soldier. The Marquis of Valparaiso and many other officers were arrested for cowardice displayed while fighting—or neglecting to fight—the French. Swarms of rogues were in the habit of enlisting, deserting immediately upon receipt of the enlistment fee, and reënlisting again and again as occasion offered. The bands of highwaymen which infested the whole of the Peninsula, but more

especially Cataluña and the plains of La Mancha, were principally composed of deserted soldiers. Instruction in the methods and discipline of war fell utterly into abeyance, until the nation could only boast of a single artillery class attended by eight pupils under the tuition of a priest, father Affitto. Ricardo and Camasa, also priests, had already figured as generals of the army.* But it was perfectly natural that ecclesiastical jealousy of secular enlightenment should also extend to military matters, and the layman Firrufino was peremptorily forbidden to publish his *Teoría y práctica de artillería*.

The relation of the numerical strength of the army is entertaining. According to Picatoste, it was frequent for a company to contain some twenty or thirty men, instead of the three hundred prescribed by Charles the Fifth. In 1642 Olivares could only unearth a dozen recruits to form his company in the Catalán campaign. In 1662 fourteen regiments numbered no more than fifteen hundred and fifty-three *plazos*; and in 1690 it was only possible to muster three thousand soldiers in the whole of Spain.

True to Shakespeare's vigorous assertion, as was the sovereign so were the nobles, ready at all times to sponge upon the king, but never to obey him. Indeed, all respect for the royal presence seems to have vanished, just as when Don Juan de Herrera and Don Juan de Silva, Marquis del Aguila, boxed each other's ears and drew their swords at the very side of Philip the Great. It was quite usual for

* Picatoste. *Estudios sobre la Grandeza y Decadencia de España*.

ambassadors and other crown dignitaries nominated to posts abroad, to demur loudly to leaving for their destination, or even to flatly refuse to go at all, unless a heavy bribe were added to their salary. "The Marquis of Leganés, in order to give him heart for the journey he has to make,* has been given a perpetuity of 6,000 ducats, together with 12,000 for expenses and a salary of 2,000 monthly. In spite of all this he goes off in a very bad humour, and has put off his departure three successive Saturdays.†" At this rate it is impossible to wonder at the limitless corruption in high places. The following is an illustration of the royal road to securing appointments:—

"The Count of Linares, Viceroy of Italy, has arrived at his house in Carabanchel, and came on Wednesday to the Buen Retiro with a noble following of gentlemen and servants. On being admitted to an audience of the King, he presented his majesty with a string of diamonds, among which were three very beautiful ones; they say it is the finest piece of jewellery ever seen in Europe. Hernando de Espejo valued it at 60,000 ducats, declaring that the silversmiths would value it still higher. As soon as the Count had passed to see her Majesty the Queen—an honour held in high esteem—and kissed her hand, he gave her a casket in which were two magnificent *arracadas* which so delighted her that she at once took from her ears those she was wearing, and put on these, which are valued at 25,000 ducats. A moment later came the King to see her Majesty, with the

* To Milan, as Governor.

† *La Corte y Monarquía de España*

brooch fastened in his hat, and finding her with her new jewel they both rejoiced together. The Conde-Duque, who shares in every pleasure that befalls their Majesties, has highly approved this generous and courtly behaviour of Linares, saying that such as he are indeed viceroys and ministers of his majesty; *and has resolved to appoint him viceroy and captain-general of Brazil, a new office and title.*"*

In a similar manner a wealthy Portuguese, by name Cortiços, purchased for 30,000 ducats the post of *receptor* of the Consejo de Hacienda; and in 1636 the Count of Sástago, captain of the German Guard, was accused of selling for 1,100 ducats the post of sergeant in his company, as well as of receiving five *reales* a day from various of his soldiers in return for licensing them to keep a gaming-house or tavern.

Ostentation backed by affluence is always intelligible, but empty display employed to mask a gigantic penury is painful and humiliating beyond measure. The Spanish nobility and Spanish princes of the seventeenth century were addicted to luxurious living of the most extravagant order; but the extravagance was less alluring to the eye than even a decent poverty. "It was not," says Picatoste, "our latter-day luxury, which contents itself with comfortably providing for the wants of life, and which sensibly enjoys the pleasure of contrivances that spring from industry or the arts. It was the luxury of barbarians, and consisted in squandering money without conferring the slightest benefit on anyone." It was common for a banquet to

* *La Corte y Monarquía de España.*



(To face p. 296.) (From a photograph by Hauser y Menet, Madrid, from the portrait by Velázquez.)

THE COUNT-DUKE OF OLIVARES.

extend to thirty and forty courses. The noblemen's services of plate were preposterous. On the death of the Duke of Albuquerque, a month and a half was required to make out the inventory of his service, every piece of it of gold or silver. It was found to include one thousand four hundred dozen plates, fifty dozen dishes, and seven hundred trays. This, to be sure, was exceptional, and the son of the Duke of Alva, who was neither worse nor better off than most of his compeers, could merely boast of eight hundred dishes and six hundred dozen plates. The interesting detail is added that these services were of clumsy workmanship, and manufactured in the New World.*

The palaces of the *grandees* swarmed with hundreds of servants, whose individual wages rarely exceeded two *reales* a day.† Possibly one should receive with caution the amusing statement of the Countess D'Aulnoy, that "whenever they bear the dishes to the table they eat as much as they can upon the way, and one and all are rotten-toothed from having to bite the pieces reeking hot"; but it is certain that the *servidumbre* of the great houses knew nothing whatever of honest or respectful conduct. The Marquis of Cañete was murdered by his lackey; the Duke of Pastrana—one of innumerable instances—publicly thrashed by his coachman.‡ Considering the manners of the nobles

* Countess D'Aulnoy. *Mémoires de la Cour d'Espagne*.

† *Ibid.* Charles the Second's servants were ten thousand in Madrid alone; the Duchess of Osuna's, three hundred.

‡ Picatoste. *Estudios sobre la Grandeza y Decadencia de España*.

themselves, and even of royalty, this insubordination is not to be wondered at, for the one element was as hoggish as the other, the served as the servitor. The great Philip was never so thoroughly at ease as when surrounded by *cómicas*; and when his Queen attended the play in the Buen Retiro the soldiers were commanded to amuse her by setting the women in the *cazuela* to fight, insulting them to their faces, and loosing rats among them. Diseases that are now regarded as unmentionable were placidly discussed in the presence of both sexes, and in the highest *tertulias*; and the Countess D'Aulnoy naïvely relates how the lady in waiting who was dressing the Queen's hair spat unctuously into her hand in order to moisten the royal locks.

Nor can it have been a secret to the menials that the position of their masters was seldom what it seemed externally; that the presence of a score of horses in the stable could not be taken to imply the presence of a wisp of fodder in the mangers. Some of the nobility, it is true, were handier than others at mending their shattered fortunes, even if their shifts were scarcely calculated to exalt them in the eyes of their underlings. For instance, the following ingenious ruse was put in practice by the potent Marquis of Palacios.

"He spends large sums of money, being one of the professed gallants of the palace ladies—a dignity which only falls to the talented, the munificent, and the lucky. The aspirants must needs be of singular refinement, as well as of lofty ideals and the choicest behavior. They



(To face p. 298.)

(From a photograph by Laurent, Madrid, from the portrait by Velázquez.)

MARIANA OF AUSTRIA.

must write both prose and verse with distinction, and their bearing amid the polite court circles must not be as if it were merely in a town saloon. One day, then, the Marquis of Palacios saw himself obliged by order of the King to play an active part in a Court festival, albeit he could not muster at the moment so much as a poor handful of *reales*; but being a great landlord and possessing many *señoríos* it occurred to him to visit his properties and direct such of his vassals as were ambitious of securing a title of nobility to come and treat with him. Not a judge, nor labourer, nor tradesman that was well to do, but was taken by this bait; with each and all the Marquis discussed the matter, extracting from them severally whatever money he was able, bidding them put their hats on, just as the King does when he names a noble*; and finally giving them patents to duly attest their rights. This device gave him such excellent results on the first of his estates that he would have thought himself a dolt not to practise it in each of the remainder, and everywhere he found it easy to exchange a title of nobility for money, and gained a handsome sum, which allowed of his spending liberally at court. But no man is secure against hostility, and various of the Marquis' enemies endeavoured by reason of this ruse of his to throw him out of favour with the King. Fortunately, however, he contrived to wittily defend himself, and the whole affair was treated as a jest."

* This curious formality is still practised

It would be amusing to learn whether the vassals of this high-idealised nobleman were among the enemies alluded to, and on which side of their faces they made merry at his jest. One can easily credit, however, that his expenses were large and liberal. During the stay of the French ambassador in Madrid, Philip the Third made him a *daily* allowance of eight peacocks, twenty-six capons, seventy fowls, a hundred brace of pigeons, a hundred brace of doves, a hundred rabbits and hares, twenty-four sheep, six skins of wine, and numerous other provisions in like abundance. On fast days the ration included a hundred pounds of trout, several hundred pounds of various other fish, a thousand eggs, a hundred pounds of fresh butter, and a skin of oil. Yet it was notorious that the same monarch had no money to pay his servants' wages; and his successor was reduced to hanging a bag in the churches, so that every vagabond was able to boast that "he had given an alms to the King of Spain."

This brings me to the most appalling facts of any—the financial condition of Spain at large. Always indigent from shortly after the Reconquest onwards, her debts were now consuming her. A plethora of gold and silver which reverted to other lands and alien owners as soon as ever it reached her shores, had killed her trade completely. Within a few short years the prices of everything had doubled and trebled; and the profits were no longer for Spanish labour, but for the foreigners who inundated the country with their persons and their merchandise. According to Martínez de la

Mata,* there were in Spain “two hundred thousand foreigners, eating our bread and calmly gaping at the manner in which the Spaniards are driven to the war.” The bakers, shoemakers, carpenters, glaziers, and masons were all Italians, Germans, or French †; and even articles for whose manufacture Spain had once upon a time been world-renowned, such as silks, stuffs, and every kind of clothing, as well as embroidery, fans, and laces, were imported from England and elsewhere. “There only survives a *propter formam* of the shops, without apprentices or *oficiales*; and there are cities where not a soul is left that knows how to make a pair of scissors, a knife, or anything else.” ‡

It was not until the accession of another dynasty that the economical causes of this distressful state of things were properly appreciated and the equilibrium of exchange in any degree restored. Previously a few ineffectual attempts had been made to bring about a reform, as by the edict of Philip the Second, promulgated in 1552, and forbidding the importation of foreign manufactures; but every measure of the kind was speedily forgotten or disobeyed; while the succeeding sovereigns of the House of Austria committed the huge blunder of prohibiting the *exportation* of merchandise, not only from Spain to foreign parts, but even intraterritorially, from one province to another. It was reserved, as I say, for the Bourbons to seri-

* *Lamentos apologéticos de abusos dañosos.*

† Picatoste. *Estudios sobre la Grandeza y Decadencia de España.*

‡ *Memorial en razón de la despoblación y pobreza de España, y su remedio.*

ously confront and remedy these errors, protecting the arts and manufactures of the Peninsula while at the same time extending a hearty welcome to such of the foreign craftsmasters as were noted for their skill, and were willing, for a suitable remuneration, to impart their knowledge to the Spaniards.*

But so long as the seventeenth century dragged its slow length along, no Spaniard sought to earn his bread by the honest sweat of his brow. The University of Toledo reported to Philip the Third that two-thirds of the entire people had no occupation; and according to Damián Olivares, in Toledo, La Mancha, and Segovia alone were 120,000 weavers out of work. "The ruin," wrote Pellicer, "of the monarchy proceeds from the ruin of the labouring classes." Even printing was surrendered to the foreigner, and the majority of works in the Castilian language were produced at Lyons.† At the beginning of the reign of Philip the Third there remained only eight or ten presses in Madrid, and three or four in Seville.

The title of a curious work then published was as follows:—"The six Spanish adventurers, and how one is

* In 1726 Philip the Fifth forbade the importation of foreign manufactures; a prohibition which was reiterated in 1778, 1779, and 1783. In 1778 Spaniards were allowed a nominal free trade with the Indies; and in 1785 was prepared a detailed Customs tariff for foreign imports. One may add to these such sapient measures as the limitation of passports for the New World, the Vagrancy Laws of November 18th, 1777; February 24th, 1778; August 2nd, 1782; and January 24th, 1783; the reduction of the national *fiestas*; and the royal *cédulas* (January 12th, 1779, and September 2nd, 1784), derogating the exclusive statutes of the *gremios*.

† Martínez de la Mata. *Lamentos apologéticos de abusos dañosos*.

gone to the Indies, a second to Italy, a third to Flanders, how the fourth is in prison, the fifth head over ears in a lawsuit, and the sixth is turning monk. And how there be no Spaniards other than the aforesaid six."

A seventh Spaniard—the Government official—might relevantly have been added to the preceding. Méndez de Silva estimated the State employés at 70,000, or one to every 129 inhabitants. Osorio placed their number as high as 100,000, whose salaries, at an average of 300 ducats per annum, would cost the impoverished exchequer 30,000,000 ducats. Needless to say, the State was wholly unable to bear so extravagant a charge; for although the revenue had at one period risen from 131,000,000 of *reales*, in 1577, to 226,000,000 (equivalent to 678,000,000 of the present day) at the close of the same century, all through the seventeenth century it continued to lessen with deplorable swiftness, and had dropped, by the reign of Charles the Second, to barely thirty millions. I have already shown that enormous sums were poured out of the country in payment of articles of foreign manufacture. Concomitant causes of Spain's insolvency were the depreciation of the currency, which lost in a single century about four-fifths of its value; the ruinous rates of exchange; and the cost of incessant warfare, which averaged, between 1649 and 1654, as much as 13,000,000 ducats yearly.* The constant lessening in the value of the currency is graphically ex-

* I have extracted various of these data from an article by Gil Sanz in the ninth volume of the *Revista de España: La Situación económica de España durante la Dominación Austriaca*.

emplified by a retrospective sketch of the *tasa* on cereals—that is to say, the noxious measure first imposed by Alfonso el Sabio, and revived, as we have seen, by Ferdinand and Isabella, establishing the price at which the merchants were compelled to sell their grain. The *tasa* on wheat was nine *reales* and four *maravedis* in 1558; in 1571, eleven *reales*; in 1582, fourteen *reales*; in 1631, eighteen *reales*; and in 1699, twenty-eight *reales*. Similarly, in 1502 the *tasa* on barley was one *real* and twenty-six *maravedis*; in 1558, four *reales* and four *maravedis*; in 1566, five *reales* and seventeen *maravedis*; in 1582, six *reales*; in 1598, seven *reales*; in 1631, nine *reales*; and in 1699, thirteen *reales*. The *tasa* on oats was two *reales* and two *maravedis* in 1502; in 1558, five *reales* and thirty *maravedis*; in 1582, eight *reales*; and in 1699, seventeen *reales*.*

Notwithstanding the apathy with which it was the custom to regard financial problems, a few critics were bold enough to indicate a remedy for the national evils. The disastrous measure to which I have just alluded—the *tasa*—was denounced by Lope Deza, Pedro Fernández de Navarrete, and Azpilcueta Navarro; and among others who discussed the economic crises in more general terms were Martínez de la Mata, Alvarez Osorio, Cristóbal Pérez de Herrera, Jerónimo Navarro, Juan de Medina, Gregorio Bolívar, Luis de Castilla, Francisco Alcázar de Huete, Domingo de Soto, and Juan Bautista Pancorvo. But the

* *Respuesta Fiscal sobre abolir la tasa y establecer el comercio de Granos.* Madrid, September 10th, 1764.

times were not propitious to sober ratiocination, and, for exclaiming against Olivares, Quevedo was imprisoned at San Marcos de León for nearly four years, two of them endured in heavy chains and in a dungeon. To be sure, Philip the Third was pleasant-spoken and accessible to all men, but a veritable Micawber in his incapacity to grasp the nature of a fact; Philip the Fourth was powerless to concentrate his attention for a couple of minutes together on any single topic; his son was an imbecile.

Reverting to the decrease in the population and the exodus of Spaniards to foreign countries, it appears that forty thousand migrated yearly to Rome, besides the adventurers who swarmed about the New World. In 1482 the total population was not far short of ten millions. The expulsion of the Jews reduced this figure by about a quarter of a million; and the rigors of the Inquisition caused another and more general exodus to America, while according to Dávila the revolt at Granada in the reign of Philip the Second lost to the realm a hundred and fifty thousand Moriscoes, followed by another couple of hundred thousand expelled by Philip the Third. Between one diminution and another, the population had fallen a million by 1594; from then onwards the decline was still more rapid, so that in 1626 Moncada computed the census at less than six millions, and Cardinal Zapata at three millions. The larger figure is more credible; but it is certain that Spain lost quite four millions of her inhabitants in less than a couple of centuries. A similar estimate may be arrived at by observing the decrease in the

population of individual cities. Within a century Burgos dropped from fifteen hundred inhabitants to six hundred and fifty.

Such was the dismembered and afflicted kingdom bequeathed by Philip *the Great* to his simple-witted heir. Poor Charles!—as amiable a character as the world has witnessed; whose only positive vice, beyond a neglect of his personal cleanliness, was a passion for harmless practical joking. The *Exorciser's Manual* has exposed to us a number of the Church's pet experiments for banishing a devil. Charles was possessed of many, demanding a more than common ingenuity on the part of the practitioners called in to operate on him; and when we remember the weary martyrdom endured with exemplary resignation by this drop-chinned, pale-faced, kingly energumen, we cannot but confess that, pathologically speaking, they had secured the very best of subjects. On probing the patient's intellect, it was discovered that on the 3rd of April, 1675—the very year of our Manual's *imprimatur*—a spell had been administered to him in the form of chocolate, mingled with parts of an executed malefactor: with the brains, to deprive him of his government; with the entrails, to deprive him of his health; and with the kidneys, to deprive him of the power of procreation. But in the words of the proverb, "*para todo hay remedio, menos para la muerte.*"* So there was in this case. The knifelike tongues of Pedro de Matilla and Froilán Díaz, of Juan Rodríguez and Tomás de Rocaberti worked prodigies of ecclesiastical cure upon that ailing brain, as well

* "Everything can be remedied, except death."



(To face p. 306.) (From a photograph by Laurent, Madrid, from the portrait by Carreño de Miranda)

CHARLES THE SECOND.

as the prescription of Alvarez de Argüelles. "He is sadly infected," said this latter. "It is a miracle that he is alive. Let him be given, before he break his fast, a half *cuartillo* of oil, with the benediction of exorcisms; let him take abundant exercise and a blessing be pronounced on all he eats and drinks." It is d'Harcourt who recalls another of the royal medicines—the stale of cows—"the gilded puddle that beasts would cough at"; nor should we forget the nurses gathered round that ghastly sick bed—Casilda and the nuns *espirituadas* of the good Argüelles, and María or Ana Díaz, "that lived in the Calle Mayor and was the mother of children."

Enough of these experiments in surgical and medical Christianity! It is impossible for the eye of the uninitiated to examine, as well as for his pen to write of them.

Poor Charles!—his was indeed "a hand to hold a sceptre up, and with the same to act controlling laws." Ironical fate appointed him the ruler of the proudest people in the world. "*Yo nada soy*," he exclaimed, as he signed his will,—"*I am nothing*." At most his intelligence allowed him now and again to realize how onerous was his father's legacy to him; how terribly he had misused it. For the worst of all had come to pass, and, criminally abandoned by both officers and crew, the great galleon of the Spains was finally going to pieces on the rocks of national misrule.

CHAPTER XII.

THE PRESENT OF THE PRESENT. WANT OF JUSTICE
AND WANT OF EDUCATION.

“ *A justicia en España,*” observed a well-known lawyer in my hearing, “*es larga, cara, y mala.*” * I am relieved to be able to report this aphorism as escaping from the lips of a Spaniard; for it exactly confirms my personal conviction. The judicial system obtaining in the Peninsula appears to have been designed with the express purpose of protecting the guilty and chastising the innocent. The Civil Code is not inordinately worse than that of other countries, although, by reason of its contradictoriness, and fatuous spirit of procrastination, it is bad enough. Lawsuits are invariably of the *Jarndyce v. Jarndyce* denomination; and the lawyer’s client should solace himself with the *refrán* which says that “*Más vale buena esperanza que ruin posesión*” — “Great expectation is better than small fulfilment.” † More

* “Justice in Spain is lengthy, costly, and bad.”

† Nor is the following *copla* less admonitory—

*Los pleitos y las sangrías
Lo mismo vienen á ser;
Evítalos cuanto puedas
Si no quieres padecer.*

“Lawsuits and blood-lettings
Amount to the same thing:
Avoid them so far as you are able,
If you would avoid suffering.”

grimly humorous is the curse of the Spanish gypsies —“ May you have lawsuits *and win them.*”

But the Criminal Code is positively fantastic in its defiance of equity. Suppose yourself, by way of example, to have been robbed by a thief of whose identity you are morally sure; the said thief having disappeared, together with your chattels. A is the thief; and X we will imagine to be a character whom you strongly suspect to be his accomplice in the theft. X has not disappeared, and you are aware of his whereabouts.

Your first step is to go to the *Prevencción*, and lodge a statement, which is taken down in writing by a clerk or secretary. First, according to the standard culinary maxim, catch your clerk or secretary. You are not likely to find him at his place of duty, for he is generally lunching, or drinking coffee, or else his mother is sick, or his wife is being confined, or he is sweethearting, or burying a cousin. Nobody at the police station seems to know or care anything at all about him; yet until he arrives you are stranded, and your robber is realizing your property and concocting his escape.

At last, when you are conscious of looking preternaturally vexed and foolish, a *guardia*, regarding you doubtfully, exclaims, “He may be here at two”; and therefore you meekly ask permission to sit down and wait. It is now half-past twelve. Accordingly, you take your seat upon a very hard bench, harrowed by the thought that your stolen whatever-it-may-be is rapidly travelling further and further from you, while the person whose aid you

must imperatively solicit is sipping coffee, or dallying with his ladylove. A number of people enter and go out, but no one seems concerned with the machinery of the law. Some jovial fellows whose smiling countenances make your own more dolorous and silly, drop in and spin an excellent yarn or two, or smoke and chatter with the *guardias*, sitting, if it be winter, closely round the *bracero*, and keeping the warmth away from you, the one neglected unit in (or parted from) that festive circle. One o'clock strikes; then two; half-past; a quarter to three; and perhaps you hazard a timid word. "*Ya no vendrá hoy*," replies the same *guardia* who had previously unbent to you; and hastily resumes the thread of general conversation. So you, the injured, the hurried, the robbed, the thirsting for redress, rise humbly from your adamantine seat and bow yourself into the street. "*Buenas tardes*," you murmur to these princely policemen and their boon companions, "*muchas gracias, y Vds. dispensen la molestia*."* If you say anything more to the point you will be taken for a lunatic.

When at last you unearth the clerk (if ever you do), he is pretty certain to insult you as you unbosom your woes to him. He does not call you a liar, but he lets you see that he thinks you one, and the time he takes to light a cigarette, just when you have reached the crisis of your narrative, exasperates you sorely. He "smells this business with a sense as cold as is a dead man's nose."

* "Many thanks; and please forgive my troubling you."

You have no remedy. He is a minion of the law. All protest against his action (or inertion) is resistance to the established jurisprudence of the country. If you endure, he lights more cigarettes, and takes longer to light them. If you remonstrate, he grows more sceptical and more insulting. As likely as not he throws down the pen in a huff, and sends you with a *cur me querelis exanimas tuis* air to the Devil. At the very least he will put you to ridicule before the chuckling policemen and their friends, who have dropped confabulating, and are all agog to laugh at you. One way or another you must make yourself a target for his sneers or abuse, and he will reduce your deposition to a mutilated statement that reads absurdly. You cannot correct him. The law, in Spain, admits of no correction.

The garbled document this zealous and obliging functionary has prepared is forthwith taken to an institution called the *Juzgado* or *de instrucción*, where a judge, the *juez de guardia*, looking, as judges look the world over, exceedingly wise and stern, hears what the document says, and what you have to say, and what the clerk or the clerk's delegate has to say, and finally issues some mysterious order which seems to imply the arrest of the culprit, or yourself, or some other person. Then the matter passes on to the *juez de instrucción*; after which, if you are lucky and A is foolish, it drops.

It need not drop, however. If A is sharp, he can make yet further capital out of his theft. He does not run away. Not he. The law is on his side. It is you and your witnesses who will smart

for having denounced him. He puts himself in communication with a limb of Satan and the law, who earns his living by intimidation. This will be an out-of-a-job *procurador*, or an *agente de negocios*. I think in England the breed is pretty well exterminated. A's champion, then, is not a licensed lawyer, and cannot practise in open court, but he has more than a lawyer's influence. He knows everyone at the *Juzgado*, and everyone is afraid of him. The police, with whom of course he has a secret covenant, will go anywhere or do anything for him. His education is limited, and generally he is very far from respectable, but he can put you in a *lio* that will last you a year, and wear you to a shadow, and he knows just sufficient of the slippery technicalities of his trade to shelter his own person from impeachment.

He will seek you out, and after addressing you with the warmest professions of personal esteem, explain that A is conscience-stricken at his misdemeanor, and will you sign a pardon. It is the simplest matter. "*Dos palabras*" is the euphemism he employs; a stroke of your pen, a note to the *Juzgado* to say that your missing property has reappeared, and all is over. And if you know how the wires of the law are pulled, and recover your wits in time, you will sign the pardon, and bend the knee to Mr. *Picapleitos*—"Picklawsuit" in our Anglican vernacular.

But if you try to come the big dog and the funny don, and refuse to treat, *Picapleitos* will smile an oily smile, and with a profound obeisance withdraw, wishing you every prosperity under heaven.

A day or so later you will receive a summons from the *Juzgado*, and find yourself the defendant in a criminal charge. A, who is already out on bail, thanks to a word from his exploiter, Picapleitos, has retaliated by accusing you of stealing his purse, his pocketbook, his dog, no matter what: his accusation is promptly heeded; you are prosecuted exactly on a level with himself, and your life will become a burden to you. You will grow to hate the very name *Juzgado*. Day after day, week after week, month after month, you will be summoned there to *declarar*, and pestered for witnesses, and you and they, poor devils, will be kept waiting hour after hour in draughty corridors, and sniggered at by mealy-mouthed attendants. A melancholy building is the *Juzgado*. A dark, damp passage, peopled during office hours with constant relays of the great unwashed, runs the whole length of the ground floor. On one hand are a series of bleak apartments called *escribanías*. In every *escribanía* you will find an *escribano*, half-secretary, half-attorney; and under him his *escribientes* or underlings, sitting at the receipt of evidence. It is the business of these gentry to reduce to writing the statements of the parties in a criminal suit — of prosecutor, defendant, and witnesses. They are paid according to the quantity of what they write, an initial incentive to foul play, so the quality go hang. The depositions must cover a deal of paper, that is all. Neither do the general attributes of the *escribientes* agreeably strike you. They are young, and ignorant, and impolite. They are not agents of the law, in a literal sense, but

they make themselves out to be so, and browbeat the witnesses, and take down their statements precisely as they please. If, as is probable, Picapleitos is their crony, your prosecution of A will fare but sorrily.

Then, after the whole of the statements are *reduced* to writing (remember that the *escribano* and his satellites live by procrastination, so never be impatient), the papers are gathered up and laid before the judge, and ultimately pass to the Audiencia, when the case comes on for trial. But it never will. You will be dead, or A will be dead, or you will throw up the sponge and bribe A and his Picapleitos to let you end your days in peace. Your final position may therefore be summed up as follows: You have paid A for robbing you, and his Picapleitos for defending him from justice, and both together for prosecuting you for a theft of which you are as innocent as an unborn babe. You have been laughed at by porters and *alguaciles*, and clerks who have grown fat upon your folly. You have caught cold in draughty passages, and missed important appointments. You have pestered your friends to become your witnesses, and converted them into your fiercest enemies. You have trifled with their time as well as yours, and they will curse and ridicule you. You have but a single grain of consolation. You are in the same box as many another, and what has happened to you may happen to every honest man in the nation.

Thieves, therefore, are not punishable by the law of Spain, which only meddles with the innocent. The robbed should bite his lip and hold his tongue, and lock away what is left to him. The proofs of theft

demanding by the Spanish Criminal Code are so sweeping that I fail to understand how a thief is ever convicted. The mere statement of the accused (when really guilty) that he has not stolen, seems to outweigh all contrary evidence, even ocular; and the rank incompetence, or worse, of the police, who never seize or follow up a clue, renders the position of the culprit quite impregnable.

But the innocent are frequently punished. In the columns of *El Liberal*, Eusebio Blasco has commented on the case of a man named Rejo, imprisoned for three years and nine months, for a crime of which—as the severity of the sentence would suffice to show—he was guiltless. After detailing how in other countries damages are paid for malicious accusations and baseless errors of the law, “in Spain,” proceeds Señor Blasco, “no damages are claimable. The State and Government may outrage the citizen as they please. . . . Why cannot we behave as natives of a civilized country? It is the old, old story,” the writer bitterly concludes, “the same misuse of power in the higher circles; the same spirit of resignation, essentially Spanish, in the lower.”

It is not resignation, Señor Blasco, it is simply and solely want of schooling.

“Cain! what has thou done?
The voice of thy slain brother’s blood cries out
Even from the ground unto the Lord!”

BYRON.

And now we come to the largest and saddest

issue of all—the wasting of human life among a misguided society by whom it is held “as cheap as beasts’.”

Among the earlier, yet best known paintings of the inimitable Goya, is the wonderful *Quarrel in the New Inn*, preserved in the Museo del Prado of Madrid. A number of tippling muleteers have come to blows over a game of cards. One, a Murcian by his dress, has fixed his teeth into an antagonist's arm; another has knocked over two antagonists more. The roguish innkeeper appropriates the stakes; his wife screams; a dog barks; and a gig-driver stones the principal group of wriggling combatants. The scene, *en passant*, is life itself, and fit to turn the head of a Hogarth. The noise, the action, the animal hate, and rage, and selfishness,—one *feels* them all. But this is not the point. Fisticuffs, and bites, and stones, but never a knife. Why not? Because as Señor Araujo has deduced from the same picture, the use of the *navaja* in Spain is comparatively an innovation, tending to aggravate a contempt—which is without parallel in any other country, except, perhaps, China—for the value of a human life. We may be sure that if *navajas* had been the common instruments of fighting a hundred years ago, Goya would have thrust them into the hands of the *Venta Nueva* gentry, for never a Spaniard watched his national customs more narrowly than the hawk-eyed Aragonese. I can support this deduction from my studies in the older literature of Spain. The universal wielding of the knife among the lower classes is of nineteenth century origin.

The use of this murderous weapon is winked at by the Spanish authorities, and is tending to make a very shambles of the country. Day after day the papers are full of stabbing cases, at least one quarter of which are fatal. In an earlier chapter I spoke jestingly of the Andalusian and his *puñaladas*. But these closing pages are in earnest. I have laid aside the cap and bells, and am speaking now, not to describe Spain so much as, if I can, to make her wiser. An old friend is always pardoned for giving heartfelt, even if unpalatable, counsel.

The Spaniard is as quick to anger as any mortal under heaven; and the suddenness of his rage electrifies and maddens him. What is to be expected from such a being, given a knife stuck in his *faja*? He is not revengeful. Indeed, being at bottom a noble-hearted fellow, he is as ready to forgive as anyone. But the mischief is so quickly done. It takes less time to stab a man than to hear him beg your pardon, and so, a *puñalada*, and a thrilling paragraph for the newspaper reporter. *TODO POR UN VASO DE VINO*, you read—"ALL because of a glass of wine." And what a bitterness is in the *all*!

For in ninety per cent. of the many thousands of stabbing cases I have followed in the Spanish press the motives of the crime were so grotesquely trivial that not even a tipsy Irishman would have taken offence—thrashing a neighbour's dog, a boast of strength or gallantry, the payment of a glass of liquor; or even less. The knife, as often as not, is of the Albacete or "cow's tongue" (*lengua de vaca*) class; not large; but large enough, alas, to do its murderous

work. And the culprit, wiping his hands, and beginning to realize what he has done, gives himself up to the police, or perhaps they hunt him down; and there is another inmate of a jail, or guilty soul at large; and another burial, in a world where there is too much death already.

I can partly understand, however, that matters should be so. This horrible fascination of the knife is due to national want of equity, which I have illustrated; and national want of education, which I shall illustrate presently. Where a man is offered no better laws, he makes his own, and exculpates himself for making bad ones. So the Spaniard who is owed, or robbed, or swindled, or insulted, appeals to no tribunal, which is idle, or litigation, which is ruinous, but takes his knife or pistol, waits for his enemy in the street, or wherever suits his purpose, and shoots or sticks him. The injury or debt is paid, and justice done!

The punishment for such a case Cain knows beforehand. A large proportion of his neighbours morally support him. Where no one else would have avenged him, he has avenged himself. *¡Bien hecho!* What is the verdict of the jury? They find no proof that his was the hand which stabbed or shot. *¡Absuelto!* *¡Libre!* Free! A burst of applause from the public—all murderers, observe, *in posse*; and the street door opens wide to the taker of a life. And so he mixes once again among his fellows, the ignorant among whom point him out as the *valiente*, the *pobrecito* so mistreated by his *bestia* of a victim. A lenient community forgives, forgets, or copies him. Perhaps, in the privacy of his heart,

his conscience visits him—"and I who have shed blood cannot shed tears! But the four rivers would not cleanse my soul"—or does he flatter himself he is indeed a brave and admirable mortal until he reach that necessary day when the Highest of all Judges shall revise his abject mockery of a trial.

To speak in more prosaic terms, the infamous incompetence and corruption of the judicial authorities, and the infamous leniency which is extended to criminals of every class, is causing in the statistics of Spanish crime a growth as steady and unchecked as it is scandalous. The belief that to take the life of a fellow creature upon the most trivial provocation is a noble act indicative of a fine fellow, a *valiente*, is encouraged by every judge and jury throughout the kingdom. When will these misguided beings recognise that the lust of assassination is nothing better than the outcome of a gross and terrible ignorance? Those set the least value on life who least understand what life is worth; and the bigger the brute the bigger the bravery. That is all. But the law of Spain protects the criminal, regarding him as its blood relation and a part and parcel of itself. It is the honest man who is persecuted and intimidated. If he is robbed, and complains to the authorities, they laugh at him; or else their first act is to unearth the thieves (with whom, as likely as not, they are on terms of excellent familiarity), and propose a division of the spoil.

For the object of Spanish justice, whenever a presumably law-abiding citizen presents himself with a plea for equity, is to *marear* him—that is, make him weary of his very existence, by sending him from

pillar to post and back again, and squeezing out of him, in fees and bribes, every penny it possibly can. So much so, that were I a merchant of Madrid, if my warehouse were robbed in broad daylight, if twenty persons saw the theft committed, and could positively swear to the thieves, and even if these thieves were notorious jail birds with the blackest of black records, I should be afraid to prosecute. My witnesses would be insulted and derided—for Spanish law condones assassination, but not the giving of evidence—the thieves would be let out on nominal bail, and calmly take the first train that left the capital, and Justice, in order to continue her admirable efforts on my behalf, would be very careful to relieve me of whatever pecuniary resources I had remaining.

All the above may very possibly be taken for wild and partial talk. But the Fiscal of the Supreme Court of Madrid can hardly be taxed with prejudice. This functionary, in his address delivered at the opening of the sessions on September 15th, 1899, stated that, according to various reports he had received, "death by violence was becoming more serious"—that is, more frequent; and the Fiscal of the Coruña court declared that in that part of the country the usages of former times had completely changed, and that at the present day during every fair and popular assembly pistols and revolvers are constantly made use of. "Formerly," he said, "the Galician would only use a stick, regarding firearms, knives, and such like as derogatory to his nobleness and courage: nowadays the first use he makes of his money is to buy firearms, which are

so generally employed that to check so deplorable an abuse would be to render a benefit to the nation."

Another paragraph of the Madrid Fiscal's report is equally instructive. He says—"the Fiscal of Granada complains that the conduct of the jury is in every respect disgraceful. . . . He mentions eight cases of the utmost gravity, in which, arbitrarily, and in defiance of the evidence, the jury either construed a murder pure and simple into a mere case of manslaughter, or else acquitted the criminal by taking into account a groundless supposition that he had acted in self-defence, and, in one instance, that he was insane, although the medical evidence had explicitly established the contrary." And the Fiscal of Málaga reported that "the treatment of manslaughter, unfortunately so frequent an offence in Spain, and above all in Andalusia, is lamentably lenient. The slightest provocation, insult, or threat offered to the aggrieved party, or an offence of the most trivial description, no matter what length of time may have elapsed since its commission, is regarded as a sufficient ground for complete acquittal."

It stands with reason that the detestable custom whereby the Spaniard sallies forth into the street at all hours and on all occasions armed with a loaded revolver or a knife should be sternly put down. It should be made severely punishable to carry any weapon other than a stick. And the custom is peculiarly dangerous among a people whose instincts are noble and forgiving, but whose temper is so quick that there is often not the time for their sense of reason or spirit of forgiveness to operate at all.

Quicker than thought their fiery irrational vehemence—the transport which Spanish law baptizes with the name of *obcecación*, and regards, with monstrous imbecility, as a highly extenuating circumstance—quicker than any speech or thought this gets the mastery of the disputants, and—murder done!

A Spanish tradesman of the humbler class, and a thoroughly respectable and kindly fellow, once described to me how the merest accident rescued him from destroying a fellow-creature. “My brother,” he said, “who had been called away from our home to serve as a soldier, was bidding me good-bye on the station platform, when a *guardia* spoke roughly to him; and, *before I knew what I was doing*, my hand went to my pocket. It was my constant custom to carry a knife, but on this occasion, by the veriest act of providence, I had left it in another coat.”

“If,” I commented, “you had killed the *guardia*, you would have gone to prison for two or three years, possibly less; possibly you would not have gone to prison at all. In the estimation of the most degraded of your countrymen you would have passed for a *valiente*, or fine fellow; but every right-thinking person would have shunned you. The shedding of another man’s blood would have befouled you and left you *manchado*. And I am certain that throughout your after life you would never have ceased to lament the moment which earned for you the opprobrium of your decenter neighbours.”

“Never,” he assented, “and I thank God from the bottom of my heart that I had no knife with me. As it was, I merely knocked the *guardia* down.”

“And that,” I observed, “was perfectly right and proper.”

It is a fact that the Spaniards, generally, are quick-witted and intelligent. It is also a fact that one in every three can neither read nor write. No graver accusation could possibly be brought against Spain's Government than this; but part of the blame must undoubtedly attach to the Spanish people as a whole. It is because of this dearth of elementary schooling that the Spaniards are continually at a disadvantage in their international relations; that the mass of the populace exist in ignominious servitude beneath the heel of their local *caciques*; that instead of training and appointing magistrates of competence and probity, they prefer to establish for themselves a *personal* judicial system which is primitive and noxious through and through; and that their knowledge of agriculture—of how to profit by the soil a generous providence has bestowed upon them—is hundreds of years behind the rest of Europe.

The oppression under which the Spanish people are now suffering, seems all the worse, indeed, because it is uncombated. Of course I do not advocate for a moment that the Spaniards should resort to positive violence. May heaven avert from them the repetition of their odious civil wars, or of military or civil dictatorships prompted, not by patriotism, but by criminal vanity. In scores of countries, year by year, a tranquil revolution is at work, whose only stratagems and weapons are those of peace. Such is the revolution I should be glad to witness in Spain; led by the people and by the

people's children—but never with sword in hand—conciliating, not annihilating; and whose most imperishable laurels and decisive victories are to be gained, not upon the battlefield, but in the school-room.

The statistics of Spanish education are so deplorable, that I find it a melancholy duty to have to copy even a few. In the province of Guadalajara there were, in 1896, more than two hundred and fifty schoolmasters whose salaries did not amount to five hundred *pesetas* (eighteen pounds) apiece. The school of Cañamares was then receiving an *annual* grant of forty-six *pesetas*—one pound, ten shillings; and the school at Estepona had been closed for many months from utter want of cash. From the *Gazette* of February 1st, 1898, it appeared that the province of Cuenca then owed its schools and schoolmasters one million two hundred and fourteen thousand one hundred and forty-six *pesetas*; and that of Málaga, one million two hundred and one thousand eight hundred and forty-five *pesetas*. Possibly this latter item has something to do with the following extract from the *Imparcial*, September 15th, 1900:—

“Málaga, 14th. 12 Noon.

“Two children, twelve years of age, named Juan Casas Téllez and Antonio Moreno Labau, quarrelled yesterday; and the second of them stabbed the other in the stomach. He died in a few minutes. The aggressor fled.”

To continue. Not a single province in the country was completely free from debt. Madrid, including the happy capital from which to paradise is but a single step, owed six thousand one hundred

and eleven *pesetas*; and Navarra, the nearest to solvency, six hundred and thirteen *pesetas*. The total owed by the Spanish provinces for educational expenses, was nine million thirty-six thousand five hundred and three *pesetas*.

Since then a certain measure of reform has taken place, thanks to the efforts of the present Minister of Public Instruction—the Count of Romanones. By recent legislation introduced upon that gentleman's initiative, the State intervenes between the municipal council, or debtor, upon the one hand; and the schoolmaster, or creditor, upon the other; pays the dominie his due; and recoups itself by wrenching the corresponding amount from the fist of the municipal authorities. In this manner a part of the nine millions of *pesetas* aforesaid has been liquidated; and there is reason to hope that the remainder will be cleared off within a reasonable space of time. But until a very short while ago it was almost impossible to pick up a newspaper without encountering some pathetic appeal from a starving schoolmaster; and even the reform to which I am alluding makes no attempt to better the dominie's salary, which still continues to be disgracefully inadequate. Nor is it alone the penury of his career which wears him to the bone, but the moral indignity affixed to his efforts to improve his fellow-countrymen: for there are many vocations in Spain which are useless—the judge, the monk, the bullfighter, the vendor of lottery-tickets, and monopolists and exploiters of every category. But there is only one which is derided—the *maestro de escuela*.

Let me conclude with a humorous anecdote, well known in the Peninsula.

In the streets of a Spanish city a policeman stumbled on the corpse of a ragged and emaciated pauper. In making out his report he asked the magistrate what he should enter as the dead man's profession.

"What did he die of?"

"Starvation."

"Put him down—a schoolmaster."

CHAPTER XIII.

THE FUTURE OF THE PRESENT.

FOR Spain the annals of the nineteenth century were principally sad ones. Beginning with a war, ending with a war, with various wars between the two, the glory she has won from those deplorable campaigns is utterly disproportioned to the miseries they have caused her. Civil and other strife, her children without schools, tens of thousands of her sons gratuitously slaughtered, her industries and commerce paralysed, her fields and factories uncultivated and unmanned—such is the record, crimsoned with her blood, of almost all she has accomplished or omitted to accomplish in a hundred years of history.

Nothing could be further from my choice than to reopen, were it not from unimpeachable and salutary motives, a wound already due to be upon the point of healing; but, unfortunately, the moment has arrived when I discover no alternative course. The most benevolent of writers is apt at times to find himself the victim, not the arbiter, of his subject; and thus it is that, laying regretfully aside for good and all those older volumes of Spain's national life which please me, personally, more than any—memories, in many an instance, of bygone and pacific worthies whose only guerdon must be

good report—I am compelled at last to take this other chronicle in my hand and open it at a bitter page—the war with the United States of America.

I shall hardly have to remind my readers that when the war with the United States began, as well as when it ended, the Spanish Liberals were in power. In the interest of the nation they had endeavoured to quell the rebellion oversea, at first by force of arms, afterwards by gentler treatment; but the one proved ineffectual, the other tardy; and upon the signing of the Paris Treaty, the mother country found herself no longer a colonizing power.

The blow for Spain was undoubtedly a sore one, but rankled, when it ultimately fell, less than had been anticipated. Reasoning persons began to wonder whether Cuba and the Philippines and Puerto Rico had after all been so imperative to Spain's prosperity. Mere statistics were certainly unpalatable. The war had deprived her of eleven millions of her citizens, and nearly half a million square kilometres of territory. These were the evident, the superficial data, and the only consideration to be set against them was the intrinsic value of the colonies to the mother country, not from the point of view of empty numbers, but of usefulness.

For many generations Spain has demonstrated her dearth of talent as a colonizer; that though she might annex and dominate by the sword, she could not govern or retain by milder methods. Her standard system of colonial control has been a

violent one, excusable, possibly unavoidable, some centuries ago, but nowadays obsolete ; and she has learned with fatal tardiness—if learned at all—the truth of Bacon's axiom, "Severity breedeth fear, but roughness breedeth hate."

Spain's colonists across the ocean had learned to hate her ; or rather, what she seemed to them to be ; for curiously enough not all the blame attaches to the Spanish people generally. Mother and sons were practically strangers. Their intercourse was always cold and scanty, and such as there was did harm to both. We have seen that in remoter times the gold exported from the Indies to Madrid relieved a few unscrupulous individuals from earning an honest living. Singular though the statement may appear, three hundred years effected but little change. The same mistaken mode of colonizing was noticeable until the other day. By the exercise of dubious machinations, several private Spanish speculators, and more than one high Government official, contrived to put into their pockets a deal of Cuban money. Much of this unearned pelf is banked in foreign countries ; a great deal more is locked away in family chests. But the maintenance of those unhappy colonies was always paid for by the Spanish people, who got nothing whatever in return.

A less romantic or less patient populace would long ago have mended matters, either by seriously remodelling their colonial government, or else by selling the colonies. But the Spaniard, although at bottom a fairly genuine lover of his country, is led sometimes to mistake bombast for patriotism,

and windy words for honour; and when the critical moment arrived and various of his politicians told him that a war with the United States was the only means of rescuing the national shame, he believed them, and submitted with all docility to be led to slaughter. Such, I remember, was then the universal echo—"We must save the national honour." By a charlatanic libelling of the nobler sentiments of patriotism, the salvation of the national honour was to consist in retaining the incubus of Cuba at the risk of forfeiting the parent country's existence; a conduct similar to that of a man who bears from one spot to another a burden of trivial value but oppressive weight, who feels the burden is beyond his strength, that his frame is tottering, that he must burst a blood vessel or otherwise gravely injure himself if he continue, but who nevertheless refuses to throw the burden down. This may be obstinacy, or imbecility, or any other derogatory sentiment; but it is not dignity, for the simple reason that the question of dignity is never involved at all. Nor was it involved in the solution of the Cuban question.

"The national honour" was, in fact, a party catchword, carried through Spain by sundry politicians, who, contemplating matters within their own inordinately selfish sphere, had everything to gain and nothing to lose by a war between Spain and the United States. They were out of power at the time. This was their chief regret; for the dominant aim of Spanish politicians is to be in office, rather than to regulate the national affairs. Therefore a war between their country and a stronger

state might possibly throw this party to the top of the political tree ; or else a revolution or a civil war might happen in Spain herself. There was no limit to contingencies, if only these politicians agitated the popular feeling long enough and loudly enough ; and, as I say, they found "the national honour" to be the cry which made itself best heard. It was, they shouted, a violation of the national honour not to fight for the retention of Cuba. They recalled the memories connected with that island, ever since the fateful day of its discovery. To juster intellects, equipped with adequate historical data, there might appear to be but little glory in the recapitulation of Spain's dealings with her recalcitrant Antilles. Those dealings began with the enormities of Spanish governors, the rebellion of Roldan, and the unsavoury schemes of Father Boyle and Pedro Margarite ; they continued with the shipments of bullion, which wrought the parent country a cruel and gigantic harm ; and they have ended with fourteen years of bloody rebellion, with the loss of thousands of millions of *pesetas*, frittered away upon chimerical projects, and with the wasting of innumerable lives, the best, the youngest, and the healthiest of all Spain.

But unfortunately, the classes to whom these politicians addressed their inflammatory cry of "save the national honour" were not sufficiently educated to understand that the honour of Spain does not depend in any direct sense upon the squalid details of her dealings with her colonies, but narrowly attaches to her home administration. The honour of Spain can best be guarded by securing for her

a fair position among the civilized nations of the world, by fostering her commerce and agriculture, and by educating her citizens.

The masses of the Spanish people, then, believed what they were told, and went to war, with the result which every other people had foreseen. Cuba and the other possessions were got rid of, not cheaply and easily, as might have been, but dearly and painfully. The national honour remained, of course, the same, for it had never, in this connexion, been at issue.

If one of the objects of the war was to establish that the Spaniards are still a brave race, the proof was needless. It will take long before the descendants of Pelayo and the Great Captain show the white feather. Money, however, is practically a synonym for strength. It has purchased for Great Britain a navy we believe to be the strongest in existence; and it is extremely probable that "the almighty dollar" played no inconsequential part in the composition of the trim little squadron which Admiral Dewey had at his command in Cavite Bay. But let us in the generous expansiveness of our latter-day civilization award one laurel from our garland to the Spaniards who, sliding in carnage, and firing at armored vessels out of range, fought their rotten hulks until the lower guns were under water. It was in this spirit that Nelson royally displayed his stars upon the quarter-deck of the *Victory*, and that Gravina and Churrua, his Spanish adversaries, were shot to pieces sooner than surrender; and it is in memory of this spirit that I, for one, grasp the hand of an heroic,

though unfortunate people, and cry with all my heart, "*¡ Viva España !*"

The war reached its inevitable conclusion. Peace was signed, and the colonies were alienated to the ownership or protection of another. All at once, and as if by magic, it was discovered that a burden had been lifted off Spain's shoulders. The undeception was as sound as it was sanatory; and at the present moment it is generally recognised throughout the country that the loss of those colonies is the greatest blessing which could possibly have befallen her. And this being so, it was clearly not imperative to *depurar responsabilidades*; which means, in general, the effort of the Government to shift upon the Opposition shoulders (or *vice versâ*) the onus of responsibility for administrative failure.

It is considered to be an open secret that when Alfonso the Twelfth was dying at his country residence of the Pardo, he called to his bedside Cánovas the Conservative, and Sagasta the Liberal leader, and urged upon these statesmen—loyal *Alfonsinos* both—the necessity of their coöperating to protect the dynasty. Moreover, it is universally believed that they readily agreed to do so, and rigidly fulfilled their pact or promise until the murder of Antonio Cánovas del Castillo at the Baths of Santa Agueda.

But the removal of Cánovas del Castillo has brought about a sweeping change in Spanish politics. The talents of Cánovas were such as enabled him to keep together with iron firmness a party whose doctrines were becoming more and more distasteful to the Spanish nation. He was, indeed, the up-

holder, not so much of a majority as of a group; but he had made an intimate study of every element outside that group. No man was better acquainted with the Spanish temperament. He knew invariably how far it was safe to apply coercive measures, and when it was necessary to simulate compliance with the popular demand. Of the Conservative faction itself he was throughout the only and indisputable chief, whose merest word was law; and he cannot be denied the possession of that personal, magnetic influence, invariable with all generals and statesmen of solid genius, and which causes them to be envied, and even respected, by their bitterest antagonists, as well as followed by their own adherents with fanatical attachment.

It is hardly too much to say that the Conservative party died with Cánovas himself. Fragments are captained from time to time by Silvelas, and Azcárragas, and Pidals, but they are only fragments, and once disrupted from the parent meteor they cannot last, much less illumine. Nevertheless, from an antiquarian rather than a practical point of view, Señor Silvela's opinions are not devoid of interest. We may gather an amusing idea of them from the speech which he delivered from the Opposition benches in February of 1899. The opportunity, let me add, was an exceptional one. The Liberals were popularly blamed for the disastrous issue of the war with the United States, and Silvela was generally expected to indicate a feasible scheme for Spain's regeneration, and also the definite and

practical course his party would adopt if subsequently called to power.

The speech was divided into three sections, in the orator's own words, "a judgment of the past, an analysis of the present, and projects for the future." The first section limited itself to a condemnation of the autonomous régime tardily conceded to Cuba and Puerto Rico by the Liberals; and incidentally lamented the want of culture of the Spanish people. The second section was covered by a hint that the Liberals should resign their sway in favour of the Conservatives. The third section was ampler and more guarded, consisting chiefly of those nugatory phrases which sound well to the ear, but bear no positive meaning. The "projects for the future" were few and inexplicit. However, Señor Silvela committed himself to a single interesting statement. He was quite convinced that the popular well-being and that of the Conservatives were inseparable. "It is," he declared, "the country's opinion that, if we fail, the country's hopes are shattered."

The country was not kept waiting. In the following month the Government of Señor Silvela came into power, with great blowing of trumpets and munificent largesse of glowing promises. It was frankly averred that nothing was left but to repair the fortunes of the mother country. Señor Silvela himself, in more harangues than one, engaged to devote his entire energies to the weighty task of state reform; and besides the liberation of the Spanish prisoners of war in the Philippines, he freely offered to remodel the suffrage system, and

suppress the *caciquismo* or prevalence of personal and local influence, illicitly exercised, and which has always played so lamentable a part in Spain's administrative history.

Fifteen days were allowed to elapse before the nomination was concluded of the governors of provinces. The ensuing elections were conducted as scandalously and uproariously as on any previous occasion. The Cortes began (and ultimately were to end) their sessional labours by a series of squabbles of a painful character, concerning the "responsibilities" contracted during the recent massacre overseas; and Liberals and Conservatives continued to pelt each other with volleys of reciprocal abuse, possibly to their own amusement, but certainly to the deep dismay and disappointment of the nation.

Thus the summer drew on, and with it the moment for presenting the new budget, which was awaited with feverish anxiety, and even hopefulness, for Spain was expecting a scheme embracing sound and matter-of-fact proposals, aiming principally at a notable retrenchment in various branches of administrative expenditure. The budget appeared, and was presently received, in part with laughter, in part with anguish; for it afforded scope for both emotions. But it was felt that if it were a ministerial joke, the joke had been pushed too far; and obviously the circumstances were inopportune for jesting. The document provided for a number of new taxes—for what purpose? *To strengthen and increase the army and navy.* Agriculture, education, justice, public works—all reform in these

directions was wholly omitted. But the Minister of War had demanded a bigger army, and a bigger army he must therefore have.

The commercial classes, supported by their Chambers and associations, flatly repudiated a scheme so ruinous and quixotic. The Government, according to its leader's assurance so thoroughly and inalterably concordant with the popular desires, began to employ a threatening language. By way of answer, nearly every shop throughout the land put up its shutters—a measure which might border on the ludicrous elsewhere, but proved, in Spain, not ineffective. The Government forsook the budget, announced the continuation of the estimates for the preceding year, and dissolved the Cortes for the summer holidays.

In the course of his February speech the Premier had declared that "the duty of political parties is to feel the pulse of public opinion, and proceed, even, if necessary, to its own detriment, in conformity therewith." On the present occasion the pulse of public opinion displayed by one gigantic throb that Spain was unwilling to purchase a new army or navy, but preferred to be afforded the elements of education, and by this means alone be rendered prosperous and healthy. The then prevailing state of things was certainly no secret, even to the Government. It is notorious all over the Peninsula that one Spaniard in every three can neither read nor write, and we have noted Señor Silvela's own admission of the want of culture in the Spanish people.

Here, then, was a manifest indication of the

treatment it was wise to follow; but unfortunately the leech's attention seems to have been absorbed by something else. After a year and a half in power, the Premier announced once more his intention of creating a new navy. Simultaneously with this the papers began to fill with letters from the national schoolmasters all through the country. The tenor was invariable. Unless, they said, something were done to relieve them from the hunger they were suffering, and to liquidate at least a portion of the months upon months of arrears of salary then owing to them, they would be driven to appeal to public charity. A fitting subject for the pen of some Castilian Cruickshank: the brand-new navy proudly flaunting over the high seas the crimson and yellow banner; and at home, on the mossy doorstep of the schoolroom, the corpse of the schoolmaster, dead of inanition!

Señor Silvela, as a scholar of some distinction, will probably know by heart those eloquent verses of Alcæus, so quaintly paraphrased by an Elizabethan poet:—

“What constitutes a state?
Not high-raised battlement or labour'd mound,
Thick wall or moated gate.
Not cities fair with spires and turrets crowned.
No: men—high-minded men—
With powers as far above dull brutes endued
In forest, brake, or den,
As beasts excel cold rocks and brambles rude.”

Yet his Minister of Education, spurred by the very best intentions (the paving, be it remembered, of a certain highway infinitely rougher than any of the

Madrid streets) in attempting to reform the financial situation of the national schools, was so unlucky as to reform the dominies' salaries completely out of existence. Thus, after the Conservatives had been in power for nearly twenty months, it was found that Valencia, with an estimate for educational purposes of two hundred and forty thousand *pesetas*, had actually in hand no more than forty thousand, while Teruel had dropped from one hundred and twenty-four thousand to thirty-six thousand, Granada from one hundred and sixty thousand to forty-five thousand, Pontevedra from one hundred and twenty-three thousand to forty thousand; and so forth, throughout all the provinces of the country. In fact, it was considered that the Minister's dispositions were more disastrous to the cause of national education than any promulgated since 1857. Forty-three years of retrogression!

In October of 1900 the Conservatives fell somewhat unexpectedly from power. They had held office for a year and eight months. At the close of that period the electoral system remained untouched; also the *caciquismo*. The remnant of the Spaniards captive in the Philippines, after long and weary pining in their noisome dungeons, had eventually been liberated, chiefly through private and non-political initiative. In ministerial quarters there was a marked tendency to increase the army and navy, and to close, by sheer abandonment, the doors of the national schools—already, to be sure, upon the verge of ruin. Finally, the premiership of Señor Silvela bequeathed to his country the semi-military and semi-provisional government of

General Azcárraga, and a Carlist rising in the provinces.

The Liberals are captained by Señor Sagasta, a veteran statesman, experienced and astute. Silent and unemotional, he prefers, in the multifold skirmishes and battles of political life, to be mistaken for a spectator, rather than be recognised as a chieftain. He is rarely heard to speak ill of an adversary, or to publicly commit himself to any definite line of policy, surrounding his projects with a mystery that is almost comic. Exiled in the days of the proscriptions, he has suffered for his country, and seems attached to her; animated possibly by good desires, but somewhat over-timid. Years pass, and fail to make him either older or more garrulous. He is, in fact, an institution. He scratches his chin more frequently and deliberately than any other man in Europe; and his *tupé* and the wideness of his always smiling mouth are as familiar with the Spanish caricaturists as ever with our own the collar and axe of Gladstone or the lovelock of Disraeli.

The Republicans may justly claim to have done more towards colonial reform than either of the monarchical parties; but in spite of their including in their ranks a number of prominent and gifted men, they do not appear to be a popular, so much as a pseudo-popular organism, headed by politicians of unquestionable talent, but oligarchic or at least ambitious tendencies. It has been well said, I think, that Spain's regeneration is only to be wrought within the limits of the monarchy. The Federalist Republicans have recently lost their leader, Don Francisco Pi y Margall, whose belief it was that

Spain might be regenerated by splitting up the country into so many cantons, and setting each one to rule itself. On a bygone occasion the experiment was tried, and failed. At a meeting of his partisans, held on the 6th of August, 1899, Señor Pi y Margall was understood to say, "I am glad to see my co-religionists here without distinction of sect. United, we can do more than any other party." But if the speaker were glad to see the Republicans united, why did he himself, upon the death of Castelar, create dissension by refusing to attend the funeral of that eminent Republican, and by recommending his followers to copy his example?

Perhaps the most thoroughly typical of Spanish politicians is Don Francisco Romero Robledo; but I cannot class him with any party in particular, because he belongs, or has belonged, or is capable of belonging, to all of them. Once upon a time his limitless ambition and restless, ardent temperament caused him to be a constant thorn in the side of even so able a leader as Cánovas. Since the latter's death he has figured as a species of political flirt, toying with the affections, now of this party, now of that. He largely recalls the words of Bacon: "If a true survey be taken of counsellors and statesmen, there may be found (though rarely) those which can make a small state great, and yet cannot fiddle: as, on the other side, there will be found a great many that can fiddle very cunningly, but yet are so far from being able to make a small state great, as their gift lieth the other way; to bring a great and flourishing estate to ruin and decay."

Romero Robledo is just the "fiddler" here alluded to. Conservative, Republican, demagogue, whichever party will best assist him into power, is his momentary darling. His merits are not a few. He is active and courageous, a bold and plausible orator, a stout believer in whatever cause he happens to be championing, and in spite of his repeated tergiversation perfectly ingenuous. But I fear that his very ingenuousness has persuaded the nation of his inconstancy, and that he must be considered, of course in a political sense, and in the graphic Spanish metaphor, a "man overboard"—an *hombre al agua*.

A politician whose attitude is just at present extremely interesting is the dissentient Liberal, until quite lately Minister of Agriculture—Don José Canalejas y Méndez, understood to have fallen out with the *Sagastinos* by reason of his anticlerical and democratic professions. A man of considerable culture, though limited originality, Canalejas recognises with perfect justice that Spain, at the same time that she is preparing to reject religious intolerance and other of her national evils for good and all, is thoroughly sick of sanguinary revolutions and dictatorships, and hot-headed *regeneradores de boquilla*; or in other words, that, properly grasped, the schoolmaster's ferule is capable of hitting a harder blow than the Mausser bullet. His policy, therefore, is slightly Fabian; and those who expect him to pronounce in favour of any intemperate measure of reform are likely to be disappointed. To all appearances he wishes to see the monarchy in prudent and cordial association with the democratic

elements. This desire is certainly shared by an abundant following; but while Señor Canalejas declares his readiness to captain the democrats, he would seem to prefer that their principal impulse should proceed from among themselves, rather than from their leader. In any case, the idea of a peaceful revolution in social and political Spain is comparatively novel; and Señor Canalejas is to be congratulated, if not on being its actual inventor, at least on being the first to advocate its prosecution with some appearance of sincerity.

It is impossible to speak in other than respectful and admiring terms of the gifted lady who ruled the kingdom until her son, Don Alfonso the Thirteenth, was able to himself assume its government. Throughout a number of stormy and exacting years her beneficial influence has been felt, but never obtruded, uniting a highly-educated woman's quiet tact with all the latent will-power and ready perceptivity of a born politician. Her husband was deservedly one of the most popular of Spanish kings, identifying himself in every possible way with the national sentiment. The Spaniards are a loyal people, and like to be so treated. Many must yet remember the late King's promise, included in the historic document known as the *Sandhurst Manifesto*, to prove himself a true Liberal.* It is to be hoped, and I think anticipated, that his son will bear these words in mind.

Spain being admittedly in some respects an unfortunate country, it is important to determine

* Díez de Tejada; *Historia de la Restauración*: Vol. i., p. 65.

whether her people be the creators of their own afflictions; and if so, in what proportion. On the other hand, it must fairly be conceded that Spanish Ministries, as at present constituted, have to attempt no easy task; although to squat with folded arms before an obstacle is not in general the speediest method of surmounting it, for even if the obstacle appear insuperable, are there not many which loom greatest when merely looked at, but dwindle as we touch them?

The "spirit of localism," as Borrow called it, is as serious a drawback as any from Spain's prosperity. Moreover, it is a drawback for which the Spanish people are not essentially to blame. It evidently originates from at least three centuries ago, and is due to the fact that the ancient Spanish states or kingdoms were never solidly united—never given sufficient time to unite, but hastily dragged apart just after the Reconquest from the Moors, and wantonly embarked in dangerous and costly extra-territorial enterprises.

Hence the inveterate jealousies which every district feels for every other; and whose gravest manifestation is the *regionalismo* or separatism affected from time to time by the Cataláns, the Basques, and even the Andalusians. The solution would seem to consist in making all parts equally prosperous and endowing all with equal privileges, not, as is done at present, overtaxing the hardest-working districts and stimulating indolence and stagnation of trade by compelling the workers to maintain the drones. So far as I can see, the large majority of the Cataláns and Basques are

perfectly willing, under a rational régime, to take their place as loyal Spaniards. History, indeed, has shown them to be among Spain's usefulest subjects. But both are thrifty peoples, with strong commercial instincts, and when the central Government mulcts them for working well and adding to the national wealth, it is not inexplicable that they should exhibit a resentment misinterpreted by timid ministers as flagrant disaffection.

Notwithstanding, the extreme *Catalanistas* who clamor for absolute separation from the metropolis are little better than downright suicides. For the Catalán, in spite of his undeniable industriousness, is thoroughly unoriginal. He merely possesses in an absorbing degree the *espiritu de la falsificación*—"the spirit of imitation." He can copy almost anything he sees the foreigner do; but it is indispensable that he himself be shown the way. The shops of Barcelona are loaded with Catalán perfumery, hats, stationery, cutlery, and so forth; but nearly all these wares, though produced in the locality, bear foreign labels and are sold, whenever possible, under false pretences. Of course, while Cataluña adheres to Spain, the latter naturally buys these products from her; but it stands with reason that were the Cataláns to proclaim and win their independence, Spain would retaliate by ruining their trade.

The Catalán, therefore, may be thoroughly convinced of one thing—that, except the Spaniard, not a single soul whose custom is worth having will buy his merchandise; always taking it for granted that no Englishman, Frenchman, or German will be such a fool as to send to Cataluña for what is

better, cheaper, and manufactured at his very elbow. So that it would be wiser for the Cataláns to moderate their ambition, and bear in mind that "half a loaf is better than no bread," or, as the Spaniard says more wittily, "*á falta de pan, buenas son tortas.*" *

Once more, the Spaniards possess a very incomplete and generally prejudiced idea of their true condition. Their tendency is invariably towards one or other of two extremes, excessive pessimism or excessive self-complacency. It is difficult to say which fanatic is the more *latoso* and mischievous, the *Madrileño* who, without having stepped outside its walls, swears loudly that Madrid is the only capital in the world, or the poltroonish misanthrope so dexterously hit by the keen shaft of the poet Bartrina—

"Oyendo hablar á un hombre, fácil es
Acertar dónde vió la luz del sol ;
Si os alaba á Inglaterra, será inglés,
Si os habla mal de Prusia, es un francés,
Y si habla mal de España, es español." †

I have met not a few of these pseudo-Spaniards who would rather be Laps or Ashantees than natives of a promising and beautiful country ; and I have met as many or more of their equally as tiresome antitheses. As a matter of fact, there is in Spain

* "Where there's no bread, a cake's worth eating."

† "By listening to a man's speech it is easy to guess where he saw the light of the sun ; if he praises England to you, he will be an Englishman ; if he cries down Prussia to you, he is French ; and if he cries down Spain, a Spaniard."

much that is excellent, and not a little that is not so. My pessimist Spanish friends may gather *ánimo* from my assurance that even the felicity of a Briton is merely relative. Not every native of our fortunate islands possesses an income of five thousand *libras esterlinas*, nor does he always wear a sun-helmet and puggaree and carry a green sunshade in an English December. Several of those Spanish newspapers which seem to never weary of lavishing opprobrium on everything connected with the very memory of *Inglaterra*, would do themselves no harm by mastering a score or so of rudimentary data before they promoted themselves to ethnological criticism. Among such data is spelling. When will these culprits learn that *sportmans* should be "sportsmen," *yatch* "yacht," *revolver* "revolver," *interwiew* "interview," and that Mr. Chamberlain is not *Lord Chamberlain*?

Small matters in themselves, but frequently revealing an uncritical and hasty judgment.

On the other hand, I have been told (although I can scarcely bring myself to credit the fact) that there are Englishmen, not ashamed to call themselves well-informed, who speak of a bullfighter as a "toreador," and steadfastly affirm that Spanish ladies smoke!

Is it not kindlier and more rational to sink our mutual prejudices, or at least confess them? I have rarely met an Englishman who had come to Spain and made his home among her people, but he grew in course of time to understand them, and be grateful to them for their many kindnesses. Much national suffering, however, has inclined a certain

class of Spaniards to a *desconfianza* of the foreigner; and these are prone to confound the harsher operations of diplomacy with the personal emotions of the private citizen, failing to realize that the code of right and wrong cannot in the two cases be identical. A government, just like a business house, does not, or should not, lose sight of the bare issue of material progress. Its object is not sentimental but political. An individual, fortunately, perhaps, for the growth of civilization, has a greater scope of action, and may freely indulge the dictates of his conscience (if he has one) without transgressing palpably towards his native country.

It is imperative for those of her citizens who desire to see Spain reformed, to put their shoulder to the wheel; for nations do not mend by vituperating their neighbours. Whether, then, the Spaniards work, as seems to be by far their wisest course, in loving obedience to the monarchy, or whether they construct, upon their own initiative, some other form of government, there must be less office-holding for the sake of show, less banqueting, less donning of uniforms and generals' bellybands and scarves, less ostentation of the sword and spur, less *patriotería* of the lips, and more patriotism of the heart.

Nor can too great a stress be laid upon the fact that Spain's regeneration must be wholly educational and commercial. It is absurd for her to talk of becoming at the present day a leading military or naval power. For this reason, that portion of the press which is continually harping on the expediency of strengthening the coast

defences, increasing the army, and buying war material, seems to be rendering a very questionable service. When the eighteen millions of the population can read and write and use their brains, it will be time enough to think of devoting a reasonable portion of their earnings to protecting their frontiers from invasion. The worthlessness of uneducated soldiers and sailors, however courageous, Spain has already discovered by dear experiment.

It is only fair to admit that the belligerent tone of those of the Spanish newspapers which are for ever *chillando* against the foreigner is more in *guasa* than in earnest. For instance, not long ago the British company which works the railway running from Algeciras to Bobadilla, required to erect a landing stage at the former town (situated, as I need not remind my readers, opposite to Gibraltar). As soon as the company had secured permission from the Spanish authorities, the Madrid *Heraldo* published a leader *poniendo el grito en las nubes*,* as though a British incursion into the Peninsula might be expected within the ensuing twenty-four hours. Probably the *Heraldo's* wrath would be aimed at Señor Silvela, rather than at the unoffending foreigner; but it might be well to remember that there are a great many English and other foreigners resident in Spain; and that this language of extreme alarm is, to say the least, undignified, especially when subjected to the criticism of an alien.

* "Raising the cry to heaven."

More than one Spanish politician, and more than one Spanish newspaper, are addicted to justifying their own shortcomings by a blind abuse of other countries. They look upon our poor *perfidie Albion* with just the same misgivings as the French. Nothing that can mortify us is rejected. Under the sensational heading, "The English made Fools of," the story of General De Wet's cutting off the trouser-buttons of a few poor English prisoners was telegraphed all the way from Paris by the indefatigable correspondent in that city of the *Correspondencia*, though why the *broma* could not have been equally as well or better prepared in Spain, without the expense of telegraphing, one fails to understand. But the joke was against the English, and that was more than sufficient in quarters where an *inglés* and a *gallego* are regarded as fair game.

The question might be shelved, I think, by a frank and mutual confession of our failings. The English generally are a grasping race, who mask a good deal of their greed for grabbing the property of others under the sham titles of civilization and Christianity. Granted; but what is any business other than a gigantic game of grab? Perhaps there are also Spaniards who are not averse to earning a dollar or two, even through the channels of diplomacy or commerce; for money (let us confess it to the universal shame) is welcome the whole world over. Do *periodistas* gain a tangible reward by picking holes in their neighbour's reputation? In every nation of this sorry planet there is much to reverence, and not a little to condemn.

Says the Spanish proverb wisely, "*En todas partes cuecen habas*;"* and while we admit the value of the hackneyed phrase "*la parsimonia británica*" ("British stinginess"), have my friends of the Madrid press never met a Spaniard *agarrado*? I have.

Enough of these ignoble comparisons. Spain is kinder to the stranger than her words would seem to promise. The very journalist who damns me in the columns of his newspaper is the very pink of courtesy to me in our private conversation; and, seeing that I have never done him a conscious injury, I find it difficult to believe that he is itching to maul me when my back is turned. Moreover, there are numerous occasions when the Spanish press discards its pleasantries anent the foreigner, and plainly discloses where the shoe is pinching. In *El Liberal* for the twenty-sixth of September, 1900, was published a leader dealing with precisely the same topic as the Anglophobe article of the *Heraldo*—namely, the encroachments of the English upon the Campo of Gibraltar.

"The enemy," says the *Liberal*, "who gives so much to chatter and be nervous about, has long been among our own selves. . . . Algeciras, La Línea, San Roque, Los Barrios, and Tarifa, towns which occupy the Campo of Gibraltar surrounding the famous English fortress, have a population of more than seventy-eight thousand Spaniards.

"For those seventy-eight thousand Spaniards Spain supports *seven* schools.

* "*Beans are boiled everywhere.*"

“ And more than thirty are the schools which are maintained, nominally for the sake of religious propaganda, by various British societies in the same towns.

“ The town of Línea de la Concepción, containing more than thirty-eight thousand inhabitants, has no hospital; and, being at all times filled with unfortunate people in search of work, every step reveals some fresh misfortune. Sickness goes hand in hand with hunger, and knocks over not a few of the unhappy labourers.

“ Very well. The English Government offers shelter in its Gibraltar hospitals to the sick and maimed who are unable to find it at La Línea. . . .

“ In comparison with facts of this nature, which obtrude upon the sight and soul together, cannons and batteries are powerless. Even were some new Vauban to fortify the Sierra Carbonera and Algeciras, the invaders would continue to gain ground, as they have long been doing, by way of schools and factories and churches; by way of the hospital and the thousand paths they open in the direction of work and energy.

“ We often protest against the concessions granted to the English railway line which passes through those towns, without perceiving that such concessions, although improper, are trifling in comparison with the overwhelming data we have just denoted, which are looked upon by us as peccadillos of minor moment.

“ Let us endeavour to thoroughly sift this part of the question, and hasten, if there yet be time, to the civil and moral defence of those portions of

our native country on which the foreigner has fixed his greedy gaze."

It is gratifying to any well-wisher of the Spaniards to light upon an article like this, written in a common sense vein, approaching the danger in a spirit of impartial patriotism, and trying to point a remedy, not by gratuitously scolding the foreigner, but by censuring the guilty elements at home.

A Spanish ministry, then, is called upon to cope with the "spirit of localism," and with the reluctance or incompetence on the part of the people to penetrate to the fundamental causes of their troubles. But I think it may be said that where a reforming Government could be found to lead, the people would not hesitate to follow. Under the principal headings of that reform should figure:—

- (1). Popular education.
- (2). The suppression of the National Lottery.
- (3). The reduction of the Pension List.
- (4). Retrenchments in the Army and Navy.
- (5). The suppression of the Impuesto de Consumos.
- (6). The suppression of the other monopolies rented from Government by companies or individuals.
- (7). The establishment of a Civil Service on a strictly non-political basis.
- (8). The arrangement of the so-called Religious Question.

There is every indication that if these reforms were actively and thoroughly put in practice, Spain would at once become a different country; nor is

it necessary to point out that regenerative measures never operate singly, but lend each other close assistance, strengthening and amalgamating the general results. It is obvious, in a word, that an educated people, well and cheaply fed, and practical and peaceful in their work, are incomparably better, both physically and morally, than could ever be a nation of ignorant and hungry dreamers.

My reasons for the suppression of the National Lottery I have embodied elsewhere, and also those in favour of popular education. The number of pensions paid annually by the State is sixty-four thousand, a great proportion being to wealthy folk who do not need them.

Militarism is threatening to become as great a curse in Spain as in Germany and France. If you walk along the Calle Alcalá, you will meet more privates than civilians, and more generals than both together. To be sure, the army has played in modern times a very conspicuous part in Spanish history, not only international, but internal. It is difficult to help recalling the occasions on which a Spanish officer has risen against the ruling political régime—Mina in 1814, Riego and O'Donnell in 1820, Bessières in 1824, Narváez in 1838, Concha and Prim in 1843, Corrales in 1855, Ruiz in 1856, Ortega in 1860, and scores of others. I do not propose to examine, much less condemn, these risings. The Spaniards themselves are better able to determine whether they have made her happier, stronger, freer, or more prosperous. But the fact remains that risings they were; and acts of military insubordination,

especially when associated with three civil wars in the space of a single century, are seldom satisfactory to the national prestige.

Perhaps the moment has now arrived when Spain considers that her army may profitably rest for a while on its laurels. Perhaps, too, its numerical strength might temporarily be modified. In this respect I fear I am prejudiced, for to any Englishman the compulsory service system appears a noxious one, and more so if it be incomplete. The Spanish pauper must go for a soldier: the Spanish *señorito* pays fifteen hundred *pesetas*, and no soldiering! so that the so-called *servicio obligatorio* is a parody of its own title.

The compulsory service system would seem to have multifold drawbacks, even in a populous country; but the evil in the case of Spain is still greater, for in consequence of her colonial campaigns and civil wars, she is practically depopulated. As soon as the peasant becomes old enough to work and contribute to the national wealth, he has to be shaped into a soldier; or else he emigrates. That is to say, in the former case he ceases to maintain his country, and his country maintains him. While he is practising the goose-step in the barrack, or courting *niñeras* in the street, resplendent in his unearned uniform, the land he was learning to cultivate lies desert. "*Casa con dos puertas,*" says the proverb, "*mala es de guardar.*" One of Spain's gates is the closed one defended by her army. The other is the open one through which the foreigner walks in without a word, and occupies the country!

"¡No me toque Vd. á la marina!" ejaculates the Spaniard, weary of paying exorbitant sums for bad warships. "Don't speak to me of naval matters!" In this respect let me recall the following parable.

A schoolboy spent the greater part of his savings on a costly box of bonbons. The instant he found himself on the highway, he was surrounded by a troop of rogues who at first addressed him cajolingly but deferentially; so much so that he showed them the sweets, their value and their toothsome-ness. Whereupon the greedy rascals not only robbed him of the bonbons, but rifled his pockets of their utmost halfpenny.

The parable, applied to Spain, appears to be self-evident. If not, her sister Italy is practically qualified to point its moral.

The Consumos, similar to the French *Octroi*, is a tax on foods, and certain other products such as ink, perfumes, and soap, brought into towns from the country, from other towns, or from abroad. It is not managed directly by Government, but rented locally and worked by individuals whose first care is to surround their jurisdiction with wooden sheds (*fielatos*), the sentry-boxes, so to speak, of the *dependientes de Consumos*, whose business it is to collect the dues, as well as to prevent the entrance *de matute*, that is, by smuggling, of all that is liable to duty. The *dependientes* are armed with sticks, the *matuteros*—especially in Madrid, where the business of smuggling is at least as common as any other—are not the gentlest or most scrupulous of beings; and scarcely

a night elapses without some bloody and uproarious struggle, degrading to a civilized community.

With regard to the tax itself, the duties vary largely, according to the neighbourhood; an injustice to begin with. From a lecture delivered by Señor Ruiz Jiménez, member of Parliament for Madrid, it appears that the Consumos estimate for that city figures out at twenty *pesetas* and forty *céntimos* per head per annum, while in Barcelona it is only fourteen *pesetas* and eight *céntimos*. In the estimates per province and not per city, Madrid pays fourteen *pesetas* and seventy-one *céntimos*, Barcelona, nine *pesetas* and thirty-three *céntimos*, Seville eight *pesetas*, Valladolid seven *pesetas* fifty *céntimos*, Valencia six *pesetas* seventy *céntimos*, and Málaga only five *pesetas* thirty-five *céntimos*. In Barcelona the hundred kilos of coal pay fifty *céntimos*, in Madrid, eighty *céntimos*; olive oil pays per kilo, in Barcelona, thirteen *céntimos*, in Madrid twenty-one *céntimos*; beer, the litre, in Barcelona five *céntimos*, in Madrid sixteen *céntimos*; sardines (a very principal food among the poorer classes), the kilo, in Barcelona eight *céntimos*, in Madrid the monstrous sum of *twelve céntimos* (a halfpenny per pound duty on the cheapest fish obtainable); rice, per hundred kilos, in Barcelona fifty-six *céntimos*, in Madrid four *pesetas*; and the garbanzo bean, the standard Spanish article of food, in Barcelona twenty-six *céntimos*, in Madrid, the same quantity, seven *pesetas*. We should add to these figures the fact, also adduced by Señor Ruiz Jiménez, that the carriage of a ton of wheat from Valladolid to Barcelona, a

distance of seven hundred and thirty-five kilometres, costs thirty-five *pesetas*, and from Valladolid to Madrid, two hundred and forty-two kilometres, twenty-four *pesetas*.

"*De Madrid al cielo*," says the Madrileño, proudly.
¡Cosas de España!

With a view to illustrating with the utmost plainness the price of living in the capital of Spain, I will set in juxtaposition the prices of the commoner articles of food, in London and in Madrid respectively:—

	In Madrid.	In London.
Sugar (loaf, inferior beet).	per lb., 6d.	2½d. (good cane).
Bread.	„ lb., 1¼d.	1¼d.
Milk.	„ pint, 3¼d. to 4d.	2d.
Fish (the cheapest whole-some).	„ lb., 3d.	½d.
Beefsteak.	„ lb., 10½d. upwards.	9d. upwards.
Mutton.	„ lb., 8d. upwards.	4½d. upwards.

The prices in the Spanish column are in English money at the current rate of exchange.

I would recommend Señor Ruiz Jiménez to cast his eyes upon this also, for the column is short but eloquent; nor should it be forgotten that London has to supply herself almost wholly from abroad, while Madrid is in the centre of a country producing enough, or more than enough, for her needs. Moreover, add to the preceding that nearly everything that is eaten in Madrid, as well as in most of the provinces, is either adulterated, or of the very worst quality, and that the large majority of

provision shops use false weights unblushingly and *on principle*, and we obtain a very fair idea of the reason why the Spaniards make a boast of being an "abstemious" or, as *Juan sin Tierra* defines it, a *hungry* people.

In England such an institution as the *Consumos* would never be tolerated. In Spain it has been *aguantado* for a great many years, although it is plain that a more iniquitous tax could never be invented, for by its operation the less a man has, the more he is required to pay; nor is anybody so pitilessly oppressed as the poor labourer struggling to live in a large town. Again, it is a tax which diminishes consumption and production, and therefore cripples agriculture. It continues in force because one Spanish Government after another declares that it brings in several hundred millions of *pesetas* yearly, and that they can discover no efficient substitute. This is the attitude I have described as *squatting before an obstacle with folded arms, and looking at it*.

All through the country there are innumerable *caciques*, several of them millionaires, who, by the improper exercise of personal and political influence, escape paying a single penny of their taxes; and in almost every Spanish seaport there are scores of influential merchants who by the judicious expenditure of a dollar *propina* enter their merchandise either altogether free or under a false description. I have known an article to pay *thirty céntimos* duty which should have paid *one hundred and four pesetas*.

If, then, a Spanish Government can be found to

demand an ordinary scrupulousness and integrity in the collection of its revenue, it will be compensated for the abolition of the Consumos, not once, but many times over.

Not less objectionable than the Impuesto de Consumos are the monopolies farmed out by Government to what are known as the *Tabacalera* and the Company of Match Manufacturers. I have previously indicated the noxiousness of reserving the free cultivation of tobacco in the interest of a few capitalists. I may say, furthermore, that the wares of the *Compañía Arrendataria de Tabacos*, like everything elaborated where there is no competition, are dear as well as bad, and that their present daily tendency is to become dearer and worse. So, too, with the *cerillas*. In London, six hundred and fifty matches, well prepared, and striking only on the box, cost one penny. In Madrid a box of eighty (nominally, for the number is nearly always short), which will seldom strike anywhere, cost five *céntimos*.

One cannot really blame the monopolists themselves for making whatever they can out of the national *candidez*; but it is evident that if private industry were allowed to step in, Spain would be able to provide herself with strikable matches and smokable tobacco.

It is impossible not to vehemently condemn the deplorable vice attached to every modern Spanish Government, and known as the *encasillamiento* (nearly translated by our "nepotism"). It is quite sufficient to be the son, nephew, grandson, or even a friend, or the relative or friend of a friend, of a

prominent politician, in order to secure a State appointment as soon as that politician's party rises into power. In this manner the revenue is, not embezzled, but wasted by the *personal subalterno* of the Ministries and their sub-departments, the national servants who reach the preposterous total of ninety-seven thousand two hundred and fifty-seven. All through the public offices are myriads of well-meaning men, courteous, industrious (as a rule), and scrupulously honest, but fundamentally unsuited for their duties. They have no training, and seldom any inducement to do good service; for their position, in spite of the influence they have been able to invoke, is not permanent, and their pay is meagre. They owe their salary, such as it is, to a word of recommendation spoken by some Minister, or Minister's crony. As soon as the Government goes out of power they will be declared *cesantes*, wholly irrespective of their competence. This, however, does not benefit the State, for under the incoming Administration they will be replaced in exactly the same manner by a set of employés possessing exactly the same disqualifications.

Government officials, then, lack both permanence and training, and I need not insist that want of training means want of thrift, and that want of permanence means want of thrift also. Thus it is that Spain is always paying, paying, paying, and never gets the worth of her money.

Consider, in comparison, our own Home Civil Service. The details of our national administration are entrusted to numerous staffs of men and women,

who must prove themselves fitted, by examination, for what they have to do. Competence and integrity are all that is required of them. In return for this, the permanent enjoyment of their situations is assured to them. Birth and influence go, we will not say for nothing, but for very little, and certainly will not pardon ineptitude or sloth. The English Civil Service, therefore, secures efficient servants, and keeps them; and above all, it does not expose them to political intrigues or machinations of any kind whatever. The veriest tyro in political economy will understand that this means a vast retrenchment in the national expenditure: for when money passes through the hands of untrained servants, or of servants whose attention is distracted by considerations which are disturbing to their duties, the result, at the very best, will be waste.

The introduction, therefore, of a strictly non-political Civil Service is of all reforms in modern Spanish government the most essential; and a conscientious Ministry, supported by the popular assistance, will very well be able to inaugurate it. Side by side with it goes national education. While one Spaniard in every three can neither read nor write, the State, instead of from among the eighteen millions who compose her population, can only choose her servants (in any enlightened capacity) from among twelve millions; and it is obvious, *cæteris paribus*, that an office can be supplied more usefully from eighteen millions than from a dozen. Moreover, the popular classes, admitted to responsible posts with adequate salaries attached, would

be taught to help themselves. Even while kept aloof from actual politics they would be taking a vigorous part in the work of national regeneration, no longer looked upon as

" Woollen vassals, things created
To buy and sell with groats ; to show bare heads
In congregations, to yawn, be still, and wonder,"

but as capable of reflecting for themselves, and gradually building up their own and their country's prosperity. From that moment the national unity would be in a fair way of accomplishment.

The Religious Question, which recently broke out with some violence in almost every part of the Peninsula, was unavoidable. The incubus of an over-numerous and over-arrogant clergy has grown at last too ponderous to be borne, and the bulk of the half-stifled nation was heaving ominously. The clerics themselves were not without support, especially among the wealthier classes and such as reap a moral or material satisfaction from exhibiting a real or politic piety. Once more Señor Silvela shall enlighten us. "It is evident," he says, "that the organisation of our religious communities is superior to that of the rest, so that the staunchest supporters of a lay system of education are compelled to send their sons to ecclesiastical seminaries in order that they may be conveniently taught and educated.

"Is this, the consequence of a free educational régime, beneficent or evil? I do not know. I will merely remark that our unrestrictive tuitionary system, on past occasions so enthusiastically advocated

by the Liberal party, has served to manifest the immense superiority over all other educational organisms of those of the religious communities. To-day it is the Liberals who would curtail that very liberty of education.

“When they exclaim ‘Down with the Jesuits,’ we must understand them to exclaim ‘Down with the liberty conceded to the Jesuits in the matter of education,’ because the influence of the clergy, contrary to the notion engendered by foolish traditions, merely manifests itself in the superiority of the ecclesiastico-scholastic establishments and of their method of tuition over every other.”

In each of these statements one contemplates exactly the kind of cheap, elusive sophistry to be expected from a rather clever lawyer, led to dissert upon a science of which he has demonstrated a monstrous ignorance—the science of governing a country. He says that the influence of the clergy is merely *manifested* in the superiority of their educational methods over those of the laity. In this expression Señor Silvela has embodied, it would appear to be unconsciously, a great truth. For the encroachments of the Spanish clergy are ever silent, insidious, and occult—in singular contradistinction to the outward and visible practices of their educational system. The danger of their stealthy interference with the political, domestic, and even commercial liberties of the nation is now discovered to be a great deal larger than the nation had supposed—now that a number of peculiar and interesting episodes have tended to reveal what the Spanish clergy were doing in the

past, and what they are establishing a claim to be allowed to do in the future. The first of these episodes is the case, by now historical, of the Señorita de Ubao.

A wealthy widow lady, a native of a northern Spanish province where religious follies and fanaticism are far from rare, was annoyed to find her only daughter, Adelaida, paying more attention than was opportune to the homilies of a reverend Jesuit, the father Cermeño. The story is akin to that of *The Black Robe*, and need not be repeated at any length. Suffice to say, the ingenious father succeeded in reducing the hysterical girl to a semi-idiotic condition, thrust her into a convent, and completely extinguished in her breast those sentiments of filial affection which the civilized world concedes to every mother as her right, even where the mother is so improvident and weak as Adelaida's.

The daughter, then, refused to quit the convent; the courts, on the widow's applying to them for justice, upheld the Church against the parent, and father Cermeño, with characteristic intrepidity, took to his heels and has never since been heard of.

On the night of the thirtieth of January, 1901, there was produced for the first time, and at the Teatro Español, in Madrid, a four-act drama by the eminent novelist and playwright, Benito Pérez Galdós. The title is "*Electra*," and the argument is practically identical with the experiences of Adelaida de Ubao, whose name, from the fact of her mother's having appealed to the Supreme Court—expected at that date to pronounce its decision very shortly—was once again in everybody's mouth.

Señor Pérez Galdós is not a little known to English and American readers. He is by far the most voluminous of living Spanish writers, and *Doña Perfecta*, *Gloria*, and others of his novels, have long ago been rendered into various foreign languages. He is still in the prime of life, affable, unassuming, and strongly imbued with liberal and ennobling sentiments. Although he is a loyal Spaniard, he has never been known to vituperate the English, writing temperately of their failings and warmly eulogizing their virtues; and the earnest wish of every friend of Spain must be that he may long be spared to enrich the literature and widen and defend the liberties of his native country.

Electra, then, a beautiful girl of sixteen or seventeen, and her cousin *Máximo* are an engaged couple, devotedly in love. A new Cermeño appears in the person of *Pantoja*. Like his prototype of flesh and blood, *Pantoja* succeeds in immuring his victim in a convent, and it is only by the energetic intervention of her lover, aided by a trusty comrade, that *Electra* is removed from her prison and restored, as *Máximo* declares, "to a new existence."

It cannot be easy for any of my readers who are unfamiliar with so idiosyncratical a nation as the Spaniards to realize the transcendental effect of a well-acted drama of this scope upon a people literally beginning to succumb beneath the devastating consequences of a priestly tyranny beyond all power of adequate illustration. I have said that the influence of the Spanish priesthood is threefold—political, domestic, and commercial. The first of these distinctions explains itself,

"What's bred in the bone will come out in the flesh"; and it is obvious that the clerical system of education, which, as Señor Silvela justly hints, is pretty nearly the only one obtaining in the Peninsula, will above all things endeavour to inculcate on Spanish youth a suitable respect for ecclesiastical privileges and purses. The case, too, of Adelaida de Ubao is far from particular. It is not even uncommon. Thousands of girls have thus been lured away whose restitution to their parents has been flatly and triumphantly denied; for not every mother can afford, as Adelaida's, to set in motion the ponderous machinery of Spanish law, and retain so suasive a lawyer as Señor Salmerón to plead for her before the Supreme Tribunal. There are houses innumerable in Madrid where a dexterous *Pantoja* (as I have said the Jesuit "villain" of "*Electra*" is named) is spinning his delicate web. I know myself of many such households, principally among the aristocracy, where the true *propietario* is the chaplain. He it is, and not the housekeeper, who engages the servants and directs their duties, not forgetting the *cuisine*: he has free access at almost any moment to the confidence of the *señoritos* and *señoritas*; and these, as they grow to years of *discretion*, will do as their fathers did before them, and placidly surrender into his charge their riches, children, consciences — everything. Such is the household which forms, indeed, a very normal type in Spain, and which Pérez Galdos has depicted with inimitable mastery in *Electra*.

Recent legislation in France disposed that a large number of French clerics should quit that

country and settle elsewhere. One hundred and seventy religious communities are said to be domiciled in Barcelona alone, and there is now a promise of a good many more coming from over the Pyrenean frontier. In many of these institutions there is undoubtedly a great display or exercise of godliness. Others, however, are semi-ecclesiastical, but also semi-commercial. They are, in a word, secret factories, of chocolate, liqueurs, perfumery, clothing, and numerous other products. But the Spanish manufacturer, groaning beneath a taxation which is already oppressive, and bidding fair to become wholly prohibitive, notes with very just resentment and alarm that these "houses of worship" pay no tax at all. In point of fact, the privileges they claim are so absolute that it is almost impossible for an outsider—even an officer of the law—to cross their threshold.

Such, then, are the *commercial encroachments* of the Spanish clergy. It is indeed with bitter accuracy that Señor Silvela comments on the *unobtrusive* progress of these sacred institutions, for the *modus vivendi* of the monkish industries to which I allude rests very principally upon the slyness of their labours, and the *unobtrusiveness* with which they lock away their profits.

Now what has Señor Sagasta said? "My programme will be a liberal one, a very liberal one, as liberal as may be necessary, and in accord with the history of my whole life. . . . In no nation of Europe is the religious difficulty so serious as in our own, because in no other does there exist a faction ready at all times to put forward their

religious sentiments as a pretext for bringing about a civil war. This matter of the religious associations is too important to be settled offhand *and in a radical manner*. . . . It must be treated with great reserve and nicety. It can be arranged so as to benefit everybody *without resorting to those radical measures demanded by a few impetuous persons*."

Here is the same cautious language to which the leader of the Spanish Liberals is notoriously addicted, only it is a little more cautious than usual. It does not, in fact, appear to commit him to any course at all. But the moment is undoubtedly arriving when Señor Sagasta, or else the inheritors of his policy, must do or die. For the nation is convinced at last that it is necessary to build up a new Spain, uniting much of the old material, valuable in itself, but which, under the infliction of heavy and repeated blows, has fallen asunder; and it is also necessary to discard such of this old material as is manifestly rotten and unserviceable, and introduce new fabrics in its stead.

It is a great and good work to uphold the moral authority of the Church; but it is also a great and good work to feed the hungry and educate the ignorant. In spite of the Silvelist and Sagastan optimism, I would opine that the educational food provided by the Spanish priesthood is somewhat too ghostly to nourish the intelligence, as well as too expensive to suit the pocket, of a latter-day Spaniard. He would be a happier as well as a robuster Catholic if, in addition to filling his conscience with a due regard for the infallibility of his preceptors,

it helped to fill his mouth with solid bread and butter.

More than a year has slipped away since the Ubao case; and I write these closing paragraphs within a few hours after Don Alfonso the Thirteenth has attained his majority and solemnly sworn to uphold the Spanish Constitution. If heredity goes for anything he should make a popular and sensible monarch, uniting his father's amiability with his mother's tact and intelligence. As yet we can only conjecture, although his studious and inquisitive disposition and gentle manners promise not a little. Nominally, his earliest acts have been the celebration of a military review, and the publication, in somewhat tumid terms, of an address to his army and navy; but it is clear from the wording of this document that the young King is no more its author than I am the author of the *Letters of Junius*. He has merely appended his signature. Doubtless, as time progresses, he will prefer his own initiative to that of interested parties, and appreciate more directly the peaceable and commercial aspirations of his people.

Some of the influences in the present condition of Spain are contradictory and conflicting. She is not a bankrupt power. She does not seem to be a moribund power. But it is undeniable that she is in a state of prostration. Her infirmity may be likened, not to those attending on old age, but to a sickness suffered during the prime of life, or even earlier. For this very reason a valid judgment becomes more difficult to pronounce; for while in the case



(To face p. 370.)

(From a photograph by F. Simon, Paris.)

DON ALFONSO THE THIRTEENTH.

of a patient sinking under natural decline one may predict with confidence impending dissolution, in the case of younger patients, valetudinarians whose strength is fairly battling with disease, it is only the very skilled, or else the very rash observer, who will adventure any opinion at all.

Personally, I am not a little hopeful as to Spain's recovery. Her resources have been taxed, but not exhausted. Her suffering is great; but her vigor seems equal to resisting it. Indeed, it is astounding to consider what she has already survived. I have briefly exemplified the hideous malady which tormented her, with but little intermission, for over three hundred and fifty years. The Hapsburg dynasty and everything about it was rotten and pernicious. Kings were bad, ministers were bad, priests were bad, and the common people, by force of example, were bad also, though less so than their rulers. Nevertheless, it would be hard to find a peasantry so virile, so stalwart, so capable of being made into a grand people, as the Spaniards. The inhabitants of the various regions are in many respects dissimilar; but with hardly an exception they possess a dignity and nobleness of spirit, a sobriety in their living, and a soundness of natural intelligence, from all of which the nation ought at last to fashion and consolidate her lasting welfare.

If, whenever those eight reforms are introduced, the commonwealth refuses to support them, I shall have been mistaken. At least, in making these closing observations I have set aside to the utmost all personal or racial prejudice. I trust that my researches in Spanish life and history have em-

powered me to utter an opinion without flattery and without violence. Where I thought plain words were needed, I made no scruple to employ them ; on the other hand, it cannot, I hope, be justly said that I am blind to Spain's magnificent traditions—literary, military, social, or artistic. Unmixed approval I make no claim to. Our best intentions often come to grief, and the old Castilian proverb pertinently declares that “Man is not like golden coin, which satisfies everybody.”

THE END.

GLOSSARY.

GLOSSARY.

PAGE

4. *fábrica* ; factory.
5. *adelantos* ; improvements.
7. *peseta* ; the value of this coin averages about sevenpence.
7. *flor y nata* ; "the flower and cream," *i.e.* the choicest, best.
7. *netos* ; "net," *i.e.* pure, Castilians.
7. *ingenio* ; wit, genius.
8. *mayorazgos* ; entails. Modern Spanish law concedes the same rights to the younger as to the elder children, except where a title is concerned.
8. *comunidades* ; communities. "A more interesting method of securing the public defence was by the institution of chartered towns or communities. These were established at an earlier period than in France or England, and were in some degree of a peculiar description. Instead of purchasing their immunities, and almost their personal freedom, at the hands of a master, the burgesses of Castilian towns were invested with civil rights and extensive property on the more liberal condition of protecting their country. The earliest instance of the erection of a community is in 1020, when Alfonso V., in the cortes at Leon, established the privileges of that city, with a regular code of laws by which its magistrates should be governed. The citizens of Carrion, Llanes, and other towns were incorporated by the same prince. Sancho the Great gave a similar constitution to Naxara. Sepulveda had its code of laws in 1076 from Alfonso VI.; in the same reign Logroño and Sahagun acquired their privileges, and Salamanca not long afterwards. The fuero, or original charter of a Spanish community, was properly a compact, by which the king or lord granted a town and adjacent district to the burgesses with various privileges, and especially that of choosing magistrates and a common council, who were bound to conform themselves to the laws prescribed by the founder. These laws, civil as well as criminal, though essentially derived from the ancient code of the Visigoths—which continued to be the common law of Castile till the thirteenth or fourteenth century—varied from each other

in particular usages, which had probably grown up and been established in these districts before their legal confirmation. The territory held by chartered towns was frequently very extensive, far beyond any comparison with corporations in our own country or in France; including the estates of private landholders, subject to the jurisdiction and control of the municipality, as well as its inalienable demesnes, allotted to the maintenance of the magistrates and other public expenses. In every town the king appointed a governor to receive the usual tributes, and watch over the police and the fortified places within the district; but the administration of justice was exclusively reserved to the inhabitants and their elected judges. Even the executive power of the royal officer was regarded with jealousy; he was forbidden to use violence towards anyone without legal process, and by the fuero of Logroño, if he attempted to enter forcibly into a private house, he might be killed with impunity. These democratical customs were altered in the fourteenth century by Alfonso XI., who vested the municipal administration in a small number of jurats or regidores. A pretext for this was found in some disorders to which popular elections had led; but the real motive, of course, must have been to secure a greater influence for the crown, as in similar innovations of some English kings. In recompense for such liberal concessions, the incorporated towns were bound to certain money payments, and to military service. This was absolutely due from every inhabitant, without dispensation or substitution, unless in case of infirmity. The royal governor and the magistrates, as in the simple times of primitive Rome, raised and commanded the militia, who, in a service always short, and for the most part necessary, preserved that delightful consciousness of freedom, under the standard of their fellow-citizens and chosen leaders, which no mere soldier can enjoy. Every man of a certain property was bound to serve on horseback, and was exempted in return from the payment of taxes. This produced a distinction between the *caballeros*, or noble class, and the *pecheros*, or payers of tribute. But the distinction appears to have been founded only upon wealth, as in the Roman equites, and not upon hereditary rank, though it most likely prepared the way for the latter. The horses of the *caballeros* could not be seized for debt; in some cases, they were exclusively eligible to magistracy; and their honour was protected by laws which rendered it highly penal to insult or molest them. But the civil rights of rich and poor in courts of justice were as equal as in England." — *Hallam's "Europe during the Middle Ages."*

PAGE

- II. "*Vaya Vd. con Dios* (Go with God)." One of the standard valedictory phrases. Others are, "*¡D. lo pase bien* (May you pass it well)," and "*Adiós*," the commonest of all, and elliptical for "*A Dios te encomiendo* (I commend you to God)." Further varieties of leave-taking are "*Hasta otro rato* (Until another while)"; "*Hasta luego* (Until shortly)"; "*Hasta la vuelta* (Until the return)"; "*Hasta después* (Until afterwards)"; "*Hasta otro día* (Until another day)"; and "*Hasta ahora* (Until now)." This last expression belongs to Madrid rather than to the provinces.
- gracias*; "Thank you."
14. *Spanish pride*. "Since nothing makes us forget the arbitrary distinctions of rank so much as participation in any common calamity, every man who had escaped the great shipwreck of liberty and religion in the mountains of Asturias was invested with a personal dignity, which gave him value in his own eyes and those of his country. It is probably this sentiment, transmitted to posterity, and gradually fixing the national character, that has produced the elevation of manner remarked by travellers in the Castilian peasant."—Hallam's "*Europe during the Middle Ages*."
15. *alguaciles*; formerly *guardias* or policemen; but at present certain employés of the police courts.
- hidalgo*; for *hijo de algo*, "son of something."
17. *¡guasón!* The words *guasa*, *guasear*, and *guasón* convey the idea of a sly attempt to jest or be facetious at somebody's expense. *Guasón*, therefore, is approximately translatable by "wag."
20. *The Virgin of the Black Face*. This image of the Virgin with the infant Jesus in her arms, is of black marble, sumptuously clothed with white satin, and adorned with showers of precious stones.
20. *aldea*; hamlet. (Arabic *addeya*.)
22. *pikes for the soldiery*. Doubtless this circumstance occasioned the phrase "*poner una pica en Flandes* (to plant a pike in Flanders)," used figuratively of any task of exceptional difficulty.
27. *faenas agrícolas*; agricultural labours.
- alforja*; saddlebag. (Arabic *alhorch*.)
30. *contrabandistas*; smugglers (*contra*, contrary to, and *banda*, edict, decree).

PAGE

30. *trabuco* ; blunderbuss.
32. *matrimonio* ; a married couple, husband and wife.
34. *noría* ; a water wheel, carrying revolving buckets which raise and empty the water.
¡ Arre ! ¡ Arre ! An interjection in common use among the carters, teamsters, and muleteers of Spain.
35. *cafetines* ; low-class *cafés*, where coffee, or coffee and milk, is sold for a penny or halfpenny the glass ; as well as the *buñuelo de viento*, a thin, small, hollow cake of flour, fried in boiling oil ; and the *churro*, an indigestible ring of the same ingredients, only more substantial, and prepared in the same manner as the *buñuelo*. Both *buñuelos* and *churros*, being circular and having a hole in the middle, are handed to the customer strung upon rushes. In Andalusia the *churros* go more generally by the name of *tejerinos* or *calentitos* ; and the *buñuelos*, which are daily favourites in many other parts of the country, appear only during the *feria* and other festivals.
- puestos de café* ; open-air stalls for the sale of cheap coffee, *buñuelos*, and *churros*.
- recuelo* (from *re-*, again, and *colar*, to strain, *i.e.* strained twice over). The dregs of the coffee prepared in the *cafés* proper are sold to the *cafetines* and *puestos de café*, and *freshly* converted into beverage.
- "*miel de la Alcarria, miel*" ("honey from the Alcarria") ; the Alcarria being a district famous for its honey, in the southern part of Guadalajara province.
36. *dueña de su casa* ; "lady of her house" ; housewife.
antesala ; hall.
desayuno ; breakfast.
aguardiente ; "burning water" ; a strong, spirituous liquor, of fiery taste.
chica ; girl, slavey.
39. *carnecería* ; butcher's shop.
barreño ; a large earthenware vessel.
41. *niñas* ; girls, daughters (colloquial).
paseo ; walk, promenade.
43. *sablazos* ; literally, a sword-stroke. I can thoroughly recommend the *Madriñeños* as the champion *sablazo*-givers of Spain.

PAGE

43. *patrona* ; landlady.
flores ; "flowers" ; *i.e.* amorous compliments.
haciendo el oso. I am sorry to say that such of my Spanish friends as are courting a *novia*, have one and all declined to permit me to photograph them *playing the bear*.
44. *tomar los dichos* ; "taking the sayings"—a ceremony preceding the marriage, and taking place at the bride's residence. After the conclusion of certain formalities connected with the matrimonial documents, the *novios* and their guests are fed with wines, cakes, sweets, and so forth. I do not know the origin of the phrase, but very possibly *the sayings* are ironically intended to be contrasted with *the realities*.
portería ; the downstairs entrance, *conciergerie*.
45. "*Buenas noches*," etc. "Good night, Don Pablo. Sleep well."
 "Thank you ; the same to you."
catre ; a cheap folding bed.
50. *saragüelles* ; from Arabic *çarauil* ; *cf.* *sherryvallies*, riding trousers (local, United States).
54. *maragatos*. A great deal of nonsense has been talked and written about the derivation of this word. Nothing seems to me more probable than *Mauros captos* ; for it is beyond doubt that in many of their customs, and particularly those relating to marriage, the *maragatos* are strongly similar to the Moors. It would seem, therefore, that at some period or other a number of Moslems removed, or were compelled to remove, from Valencia to the country about Astorga, and became the ancestors of the modern *maragato*.
55. *tomando cola* ; "taking tail" or "forming tail."
56. *reales* ; a *real* is a quarter of a *peseta*.
57. *sombrero de ala ancha* ; broad-brimmed, *i.e.* Cordovese, hat.
 "*salud y pesetas*" ; "good health and *pesetas*."
62. *cañas* ; "canes" ; so-called from their long, slender shape.
63. *sainete* ; a short theatrical piece. Properly speaking, it should not have music.
 "*Los Borrachos*" ; "The Drunkards."
á tomar baños ; "to bathe."
65. *pardioseros* : "for God's-sake-ers," *i.e.* beggars, from their manner of soliciting for alms.

73. *de juerga*; "on the spree."
señorita fina; young lady.
74. *guitarristas*; guitar-players.
78. *guitarras de batalla*; "battle" guitars; *i.e.* guitars made to be knocked about, rather than played on.
80. *pueblo natal*; birthplace.
bandurrias; a kind of cross between a guitar and a mandoline, and, like the latter instrument, with double strings (*cf.* pandore, pandoran, bandore).
81. *segundas nupcias*; a second marriage.
83. *habanera*; as the name implies, this dance is of Cuban origin.
84. *bailes regionales*; regional dances.
¡lagarto! ; *lagarto!* (*See p. 151.*)
103. *la aseada de Burguillos*; "the clean woman of Burguillos."
105. *adivanzas*; *adivinar*, to guess; *cf.* English *to divine*.
116. *livianas*; Latin *levis*, light.
122. *camposanto*; "holy field," *i.e.* cemetery.
129. *judaizantes*; sympathizers with the Jews, or Jews who falsely professed to be Christians.
136. *Madrileño*; a native of Madrid.
137. *cantares de corro*; "ring-songs," *fr.* *corro*, a ring.
141. *predilecto*; pet, favourite.
jugador; gambler.
151. *número maldito*; "accursed number."
152. *capilla ardiente*; lit. "burning chapel."
de cuerpo presente; "present in body," *i.e.* the spirit having departed.
156. *moños*; a kind of chignon.
157. *sardina*; "sardine" a facetious term for a famished horse, the sardine being admittedly one of the boniest of fishes.
coche de alquiler; a hackney coach, cab.
diciéndoles cosas; "telling them things"; *i.e.* paying them compliments.
hacen su agosto; "make their August"; *i.e.* do a busy trade, August being the harvest month.
carrozas; large, decorated waggons.

PAGE

157. *tizona*; originally one of the Cid's sword, but subsequently applied to rapiers generally.

160. *papelitos de amores*; "little love papers." i.e. paper confetti.

161. *rayadillo*; striped drill.

162. *Romería*; originally, a pilgrimage to Rome.

164. *regaños* and *disgustos*; "quarrels and questions."

166. *verbenas*; fr. *verbena*, vervain; it being customary for the young men to offer sprigs of that plant to their sweethearts.

cigarreras; the women employed in the State factories at Seville, Madrid, Valencia, and elsewhere, in making cigars and cigarettes, generally of dubious composition, for the *Tabacalera* Company, "I am she," says the *cigarrera* in "*De Madrid á Paris*," "who makes cigarettes mingled with hair and breadcrumbs."

"Yo soy la que hago fitillos
Mezclados con pelos
Y migas de pan."

167. *recuerdo*; reminiscence.

168. *panderetas*; tambourines.

gordo; the big prize.

carbonero; coal merchant.

duro; dollar.

portero; hall porter.

sereno; watchman. In Spain the streets are still patrolled at night by watchmen, who as a rule are thorough nuisances and slow-coaches, and can rarely be found when wanted. The watchman possesses a street key of every house within his district, and opens the door at night for such of the occupants as may call to be admitted. In Madrid he no longer chants the hours and the state of the weather; but in many provincial towns this usage is still retained, and since Spanish weather is oftener fair than foul, his constant vociferations of "*sereno* (fine weather)" have given him his title.

171. *patatera*; potato seller.

chulo; in this sense, a bully; a lout who lives upon a woman's earnings.

simón; a slang term for a hackney carriage, and derived, I believe, from the name (Simon) of their introducer in Madrid.

gabinete; sitting room.

PAGE

171. *prestamista*; pawnbroker.
abonadas; "subscribers to," i.e. taking tickets for a series of performances.
172. *palco*; see p. 175.
acomodado; well off.
necesitado; "hard-up."
golfillos; dim. of *golfo* (slang). *Golfos* and *golfas* are the lowest class men and women of Spanish cities. I do not know the derivation, but the terms are strongly abusive and contemptuous; and if you have called a decent Spanish woman a *golfa*, you may expect squalls. Since *golfo* means properly "a gulf," it is possible that some reference may be intended to the distance yawning between these pariahs and the respectable classes.
173. *corrida de toros*; bullfight.
174. *aficionados*; fond of, or addicted to, a sport, music, etc. (*afición*, liking, fancy).
pollo; (slang) dandy, or "masher." Lit. "chicken."
"Buenas tardes"; "good afternoon."
"A los pies de Vd., Señora"; "at your feet, madam."
brillante banda del Hospicio; "the brilliant band of the *Hospicio*"; the Madrid *Hospicio* being a charitable institution for sheltering and maintaining orphans and old people.
escogidas piezas; "selected pieces."
175. *toreros*; bullfighters in general, including *matadores*, *banderilleros*, and *picadores*—all, in fact, who devote themselves to the "art of the *toreo*."
176. *chiqueros*. See p. 201.
matadores. The correct term for the chief fighter, who kills the bull, is *matador* (killer), *diestro* (skilful, dexterous), or *espada* (sword).
capote de paseo. See p. 209.
monos sabios. See p. 182 (note).
178. *oración á la Virgen*; "prayer to the Virgin."
revistero de toros; "reviewer of bullfights."
179. *piececitos*; dim. from *pie*, foot.
180. *día de toros*; "bullfight-day."
tinto; red wine.

PAGE

180. *lleno completo*; completely full, crowded.
181. *redondel*; ring, the actual circle within which the bull is fought.
presidencia; the president's box.
paso-doble; quick march.
trajes de luces (*luz*, light); so called from the glitter of the gold lace and spangles.
alternativa. By virtue of this ceremony the *matador* of *novillo* (see p. 198), who has concluded his apprenticeship, publicly receives from the hands of a *matador*, who has himself "taken the *alternativa*," the *trastos de matar*—i.e. the sword, stick, and scarlet cloth; and is thus conceded the right to "alternate."
182. *chistera*; top-hat.
toril; the place where the bull is inclosed, and from which, on being released, he emerges through a narrow passage into the ring.
183. *peones*; "footmen," in the double sense of men afoot, and subordinates or rank and file, i.e. the *banderilleros*; cf. English "pawn."
montera. See p. 209.
esplendidez; generosity, liberality.
empresa; "the management."
traje; suit of clothes.
penco; a contemptuous term for a worthless horse. Others are *sardina*, *jamelgo*, *espátula* (spatula), and *harenque* (herring).
185. *res*; "the bull."
186. *puntilla*; a short, stout, stabbing instrument, used for giving the *coup de grace* to bulls and horses.
187. *divisa*; the colored ribbon fastened by a small barb into the bull's neck, just before he emerges from the *toril*. Each *ganadería* has its distinguishing *divisa*, consisting as a rule of two strips of ribbon of different colors.
antigüedad; antiquity, priority.
188. *tablas*; "the boards," i.e. the *barrera*.
palos; "the sticks," i.e. the *banderillas*.
metiendo los brazos; "thrusting out his arms."
clavado un buen par; "driven in a good pair."
189. *estoque*; the *matador*'s sword. It has a straight blade and a small hilt.

PAGE

189. *engaño* ; "the snare," *i.e.* the *muleta* or scarlet cloth.
; fuera gente! "Stand back, everybody."
pundonor ; scrupulousness, sense of honour.
pases ; "passes," in the sense of "a movement of the hand over or along anything."—(*Webster*.)
190. *bicho* ; "the animal," *i.e.* the bull.
trafo ; "the rag," *i.e.* the *muleta*.
191. *salida* ; escape, exit.
de pitón á pitón ; "from horn to horn."
cornúpeto ; one of many terms for the bull.
estribo ; strictly speaking, a little ledge protruding from the *barrera*, and on which the fighters rest their foot in order to vault, when hard pressed, into the *callejón*, and so, the *barrera* generally.
tango ; a merry, popular air and dance.
192. *morrillo* ; that part of the bull's neck where the *estocada* or sword-thrust should properly be given.
desolladero ; the place where the dead bulls and horses are flayed and cut up for industrial purposes.
194. *chorizos* ; see *p.* 40.
adornos ; "ornaments."
magistralmente ; "like a master," *i.e.* to perfection.
195. *taleguilla* ; breeches.
; Vaya un par quebrando! Lit. "there's a pair for you, swinging to one side."
cuartillas ; sheets of paper.
acomodadores ; the employés who show the spectators to their seats.
anillo ; "the ring."
jardineras ; wagonettes.
mozo de estoques ; the man who has charge of the *matador's* swords.
198. *becerros* ; calves.
199. *vecino* ; inhabitant.
200. *corrales* ; yards.
población ; town.
202. *respectable público* ; "the respectable public."
fiera ; wild beast.

PAGE

203. *toro bravo* ; "ave bull," i.e. fighting-bull.
puyazo ; a *vara*, or dig with the *vara*, *puya*, or *garrocha*.
204. *becerrada* ; a fight held by beginners or amateurs, and with calves instead of full-grown bulls.
205. *lidia* ; "the fight."
revolcones ; tumbles, rollings over and over.
207. *maestros* ; "the masters."
al descubierto ; discovered, unprotected.
cuarteando ; forming a right angle with the bull, instead of being in nearly the same line.
208. *recibiendo*, or *aguantando*. I say "or" because there are many people who admit some shade of difference between the *suerte de recibir* and the *suerte de aguantar*. I have heard competent *matadores* declare that the words are synonymous ; but, on the other hand, Sánchez Neira, in his "Bullfighting Dictionary," has attempted, in a very unintelligible and long-winded manner, to establish distinctions between them. As a general definition it may be said that the *matador* who *recibe*, or *aguanta*, stands his ground and awaits the onrush of the bull, instead of running to meet the animal as it charges.
209. *criado* ; manservant.
toreros de rumbo ; *rumbo*, spendthrift.
210. *compañeros* ; fellows.
moñas ; see p. 212.
214. *asta* ; horn.
215. *toreo* ; bullfighting.
216. *reseña* ; notice, review.
síncope ; fainting-fit.
217. *querido* ; paramour.
afición ; see p. 239.
partidos ; parties.
218. *Fiesta de Toros en Madrid* ; "Bullfight at Madrid."
sangre torera ; "bullfighter's blood," i.e. a passion for bullfighting.
219. *tiple* ; prima donna.
220. *buena fé* ; good faith, sincerity.
221. *vega* ; meadow, meadow land.

PAGE

221. *lucha* ; struggle.
camamas ; " farces."
222. *mansa* ; tame.
pelo tomado ; " hair taken." To " take a person's hair " is a vulgar expression for cheating or making game of him.
padre cura ; clergyman.
225. *toreros malogrados* ; " bullfighters who have met with ill-fortune," i.e. been killed in the ring.
226. *vaca brava* ; brave or fierce cow.
234. *suerte de matar* ; " killing-time."
235. *cofia* ; a kind of network cap, formerly worn by the men of the lower classes, hanging down to several inches beneath the back of the head, and ending in a small tuft.
vieja ; old.
236. *Bondadoso* ; benign, affable.
238. *El arte de torcar á pié y á caballo* ; " The Art of fighting Bulls, on foot and from horseback."
240. *media corrida*. Lit. " Half a fight."
247. *día de mala sombra* ; " Bad shadow day," i.e. unlucky day.
260. *escudos* ; a coin worth ten *reales*, or half a dollar.
comendadores ; officers of a certain rank, belonging to these Orders.
262. *de capa y espada* ; " Cloak and sword," i.e. the comedies of the Spanish romantic dramatists, such as Calderón and Lope de Vega.
comunidades. (See p. 8.)
267. *cédula* ; a royal order. The word is no longer used in this sense.
273. *ginete* ; horseman.
Tenorio ; Don Juan Tenorio, the hero of Zorrilla's drama of that name ; a gallant, libertine.
274. *monstruo de la naturaleza* ; the appellation given to Lope de Vega on account of the extraordinary rapidity with which he wrote his plays and poems.
276. *ingenio de esta corte* ; " A wit about court " ; the *nom de plume* said to have been used by Philip the Fourth in writing various comedies.
rey galán y poeta ; " The gallant and poetic king."
cómico ; actor.

PAGE

276. *danzas de gremio* ; dances given by the various trade associations.
281. *disciplinas* ; scourges.
290. *majaderías* ; "humbug."
292. *verduguillo* ; a kind of dagger.
293. *¡ Motín ! ¡ motín !* "Riot !"
294. *plazos* ; "places," i.e. men.
295. *arracadas* ; earrings.
296. *receptor* ; "receiver," collector.
297. *servidumbre* ; "the servants," collectively.
298. *cómicas* ; actresses.
cazuela ; a part of the theatre which was formerly partitioned off for the women.
tertulias ; "circles."
299. *señoríos* ; seigniories, manors.
301. *oficiales* ; "officials," a rank intermediate between master and apprentice.
304. *maravedís* ; a small copper coin, no longer in use. It was worth a great deal less than a farthing, but the value fluctuated from time to time. There was also a gold coin of the same name.
307. *cuartillo* ; "a quart."
espiritizadas ; "possessed by a spirit."
310. *bracero* ; a circular brass receptacle holding lighted fuel, and which the Spaniards use in cold weather in lieu of fireplaces.
"Ya no vendrá hoy" ; "he won't come to-day."
312. *procurador* ; procurator.
agente de negocios ; "business agent."
lío ; "mess."
"Dos palabras" ; "two words."
313. *declarar* ; "declare," i.e. give evidence.
317. *puñaladas* ; stabs.
318. *valiente* ; "a hero."
pobrecito ; "poor little fellow."
bestia ; "beast."
322. *manchado* ; "stained."
333. *¡ Viva España !* "Long live Spain !"

PAGE

340. *tupé* ; "forelock."
342. *regeneradores de boquilla* ; "mouth reformers," i.e. given to preaching rather than practising.
346. *latoso* ; (slang) troublesome, annoying, from *lata*, a tin. "*¡Que lata !*" says the Spaniard, meaning, "What a bore!" Possibly the expression originated from the superstition with regard to rolling tins about in the street. (See p. 151.)
347. *ánimo* ; heart, assurance.
348. *desconfianza* ; mistrust.
patriotería ; false patriotism, as opposed to *patriotismo*, or real patriotism.
349. *chillando* ; "yelping."
350. *broma* ; joke.
inglés ; Englishman.
351. *agarrado*, "stuck to" (his money), i.e. stingy.
355. *Señorito* ; young gentleman.
niñeras ; nursemaids.
Casa con dos puertas. (See p. 93.)
357. *kilo* ; two and a fifth pounds avoirdupois, nearly.
358. "*De Madrid al cielo*." "From Madrid to Heaven (is but a single step)."
¡Cosas de España ! "*Choses d'Espagne*."
359. *propina* ; "tip."
360. *candidez* ; gullibility.
361. *personal subalterno* ; employé.
cesantes ; "ceasing," i.e. dismissed.
367. *propietario* ; owner, proprietor.

INDEX.

INDEX.

Abarcas, 52.
Aben-jot, 84.
Adalid, Fighting-bulls of, 199.
Advinanzas, The, 105 *et seq.*
Aguado, Dionisio, 77.
Aguardiente, 131.
Aguila, Marquis del, 294.
Aguinaldo, The, 168, 169.
Alava, 8, 21.
Albacete, 127.
Albuquerque, Duke of, 297.
Alcázar de Huete, Francisco, 304.
Alegrías, 75, 76.
Alfonso el Sabio, 304.
Alfonso the Twelfth, 333, 343.
Alfonso the Thirteenth, 343, 370.
Algeciras, 28, 34, 224, 351, 352.
Alhambra, The, 243.
Alicante, 63.
All Saints, 167.
Almoraima, 28, 33.
Alpargatas, 51.
Alva, Duke of, 264 (*note*), 265 (*note*), 297.
Alvarez de Argüelles, 307.
Alvarez Osorio, 304.
Americana, The, 83.
Andalusia, 3, 24, 28 *et seq.*, 49, 73, 112, 198, 230, 262.
Andalusians, Costume of the, 53, 54.
Andalusians, The, 6, 7, 84, 114 *et seq.*, 344.
"Antiguallas", 69.
Aragón, 3, 55, 253, 256, 260, 263, 265.
Aragonese, Costume of the, 53.
Aragonese, The, 5, 6, 84.
Aranda, Count of, 217, 236.
Araujo, Señor, 316.
Arcas, Julián, 77.
Aristotle, 133.
Arms of Spanish Cities, The, 127 *et seq.*
Arriate, 28.
Asantza, 144.

Asturians, The, 12, 84.
Asturias, 3, 20, 79.
Asturias, The Mountains of, 18.
Aurreku, The, 84.
Autos Sacramentales, The, 102.
Avila, 23, 129.
"Ayer, Hoy, y Mañana", 69.
Azcárraga, General, 340.
Azpilcueta Navarro, 304.
Babieca, 139, 140.
Bacon, Lord, 14, 293, 341.
Bandurrias, 80, 168.
Banquets, 134, 135.
Barber of Seville, The, 53.
Barbieri, 138.
Barcelona, 4, 79, 128, 217, 221, 245, 357, 368.
Barretina, The, 51.
Barrios bajos, The, 166.
Bartrina, 346.
Basques, Costume of the, 52, 53.
Basques, The (*see Vizcainos*).
Baturro, The (*see Aragonese*).
Bazán, Alvaro de, 267.
Bessiéres, 354.
Bilbao, 25.
Biscay, 21, 22.
Biscay, The Bay of, 18.
"Black Robe, The," 305.
Blasco, Eusebio, 315.
Bobadilla, 245.
Bolero, The, 84.
Bolívar, Gregorio, 304.
Bombita, 214.
Bonarillo, 214.
Bonetillo, The, 128.
Boriquen, 247.
Borrow, 115, 344.
Boyle, Father, 331.
Brisa, 141.
Buen Retiro, The, 221, 274, 275, 284.

Bullfight, History of the, 227 *et seq.*

Bullfight, The, 171 *et seq.*

Buñolero, *El*, 183.

Buonaparte, Joseph, 237.

Buonaparte, Napoleon, 237.

Burgos, 23, 263.

Byron, Lord, 84, 107.

Cáceres, 128.

Cachucha, The, 84.

Caciques, 323.

Caciquismo, 336, 339.

Cádiz, 28, 127, 234, 247.

Calderón de la Barca, 7, 47, 274.

Calle Alcalá, The, 159, 173.

Calle Sevilla, The, 215.

Cámara, The fighting-bulls of, 199.

Campamento, 34.

Canalejas, 342, 343.

Canario, The, 84.

Cándido, José Jerónimo, 213, 237 *et seq.*

Cánovas del Castillo, 333, 334, 341.

Cantabrian Mountains, The, 18.

Cantabrians, The, 8.

Cantaoras, 32, 74, 76, 116.

Cantaores, 73, 116.

Cantares de corro, The, 137.

Cantares, The, 88 *et seq.*, 105.

Cantes flamencos, The, 115, 116.

Cañas, 62.

Cafete, Marquis of, 297.

Capa, The, 46 *et seq.*

Capeas, 223, 230.

Cara-Ancha, 202, 239.

Carabanchel, 162, 164, 295.

Caracoles, The, 51.

Carceleras, The, 112, 113.

Cards, Playing, 140.

Carmen, 53.

Carnival, The, 157 *et seq.*

Carretería, The, 83.

Castanets, The, 84.

Castelar, 151, 217.

Castellana, Marquis of, 91, 92, 94, 97.

Castellar, 30.

Castile, 2, 3, 7, 18, 27, 245, 251, 252, 254, 265.

Castilians, The, 7.

Castilla, Luis de, 304.

Castrojuanillos, Marquis of, 197.

Catalanistas, The, 345.

Cataláns, The, 3 *et seq.*, 9, 84, 109, 344 *et seq.*

Cataláns, Costume of the, 51.

Cataluña, 3, 21, 265, 294.

Catarro, The, 132.

Catholic Sovereigns, The (*see* Ferdinand the Catholic and Isabella the Catholic).

Cavite, Battle of, 243.

Cemeteries, 153.

Cena, The, 40.

Cencerradas, 80 *et seq.*

Cermño, Father, 365.

Cervantes, 5, 7, 9, 28, 57, 91.

Chambergos, 49.

Chambo, 140.

Chaquera vella, The, 84.

Charles the Second, 288, 292, 297 (*note*), 303, 306, 307.

Charles the Third, 81, 217, 236.

Charles the Fourth, 236.

Charles the Fifth, 230, 272, 289, 294.

Charra, The, 54.

Christmas, 167.

Chula, The, 54.

Churruca, 332.

Cid, The, 139, 228.

Ciego, The, 66.

Clavé, José Anselmo, 79.

Clavé, The *Coros de*, 79.

Cleanliness of the Spaniards, 63, 64.

Cocido, The, 39, 47.

Colmenar la Vieja, 198.

Columbus, Christopher, 198, 244 *et seq.*

Comida, The, 39.

Comparsas, 80, 168, 169.

Comunidades, The, 262.

Concha, 354.

Conradi, Fighting-bulls of, 199.

Consumos, The *Impuesto de*, 353, 356 *et seq.*

Contraembozo, The, 48, 49.

Coplas, The, 110, *et seq.*

Cordillera Carpeto-Vetónica, The, 18.

Cordillera Ibérica, The, 18.

Cordillera Mariánica, The, 18, 19.

Cordillera Oreto-Herminiana, The, 18.

Cordillera Penibética, The, 18, 19.

Córdoba, 21, 50, 253.

Corpus, 165, 166.

Corrales, 354.

Correspondencia de España, *La*, 350.

- Corniña, 128.
Costillares, 232, 234, 236, 237, 239 *et seq.*
 Council of Trent, The, 81.
 Creux, Cape, 18.
Cruzadas, The, 265, 266.
 Cuba, 242, 330 *et seq.*, 335.
 Cúchares, 238.
 Cuenca, 127, 324.
Currito, 238.
Curro Dulce, 116.
Curro Guillén, 213, 237.

 Dances, 82 *et seq.*
 Dances, Regional, 84, 85.
 Dances, *Truhanesco*, 83.
Danza Prima, The, 84.
 D'Aulnoy, Countess, 13 *et seq.*, 26, 279 *et seq.*, 297, 298.
 Daumas, General, 133.
 Dávila, 305.
 Dead, Customs connected with the, 153, 154.
Desayuno, The, 37.
 Dewey, Admiral, 332.
 D'Harcourt, 307.
Día de los Difuntos, The, 167.
Día de los Reyes, The, 156.
 Díaz, Ana, 307.
 Díaz, Froilán, 388.
Dichos, *Tomar los*, 44.
 Diminutives, Use of, 118 *et seq.*
 Disciplinants, The, 279 *et seq.*
Dominguín, 214.
 "Doña Perfecta," 366.
Don Quixote, 105.
 Douro, The, 20.
 "Dowie Dens o' Yarrow, The," 87, 88.
 Drake, Sir Francis, 101, 275.
 Durango, 24.

 Ebro, The, 20.
 Education, Want of, 324 *et seq.*
El Africano, 232.
El Algabéño, 239.
El Cano, 213.
El Chiclanero, 238.
 "Electra," 365 *et seq.*
El Espartero, 214, 217.
El Gordito, 202, 238.
 "Elia," 129.
 Elizabeth, Queen, 275, 277.

El Saloma equino, 238.
El á y el dos, 84.
Embozo, The, 48, 49.
Encastillamiento, The, 201.
Encierro, The, 200, 201.
Entierro de la Sardiná, The, 104.
Entradas, 74.
Escarpinés, 52.
 Escorial, The, 271, 272.
Escribanos, 313.
Escribientes, 313.
 Espinbo, 63.
 Espinosa, 132.
 Estevanez Calderon, 34, 35.
 "Exorciser" Manual, The, 306 *et seq.*, 306.
 Extremadura, 3.
 Extremadurans, The, 7, 61.

Fabrilo, 214.
Faja, The, 53.
Fandango, The, 84.
 Ferdinand the Catholic, 20, 143, 214, 216, 250 *et seq.*, 262, 272, 278, 289, 304.
 Ferdinand the Sixth, 230.
 Ferdinand the Seventh, 216, 230 *et seq.*
 Fernández de Navarrete, Pedro, 201.
 Ferrer, San Vicente, 285.
 Ferreras, Sr, 217.
 Ferrer del Rio, 97.
Fiestas, 154 *et seq.*
 Figueras, 221.
 Fillo, 116.
 Finisterre, Cape, 18.
Flamenco music, The, 74 *et seq.*
 Flores, Antonio, 69, 222.
 Fontfrede, Doña Celia, 108.
 Food in Madrid, Prices of, 15.
 Ford, 203.
Frasuelo, 212, 239.
Friar's dozen, The, 131, 132.
Frontones, 145.
 Fuente del Berro, The, 174.
 Fuentes, Antonio, 176, 181, 189, 201 *et seq.*, 239.

 Gaita, The, 79.
 Galicia, 3, 79.
 Galicians, The, 10 *et seq.*, 84.
 Galicia, The Mountains of, 13.
Gallegadas, The, 84, 108.

- Ganaderías*, 199, 202.
 Gandul, Marquis of, 197.
Garbanzo, The, 39.
 García Gutiérrez, 90, 91, 120.
 Garcilaso de la Vega, 7.
 "Garibaldi," 136.
 Gaucfn, 30.
 Gaviria, Marquis of, 197.
 Gayarre, Julián, 80, 212.
 Gerona, 129.
 Gibraltar, 19, 224, 349, 352.
 Gibraltar, Bay of, 28.
 Gibraltar, *Campo* of, 28, 351.
 Gijón, 63.
 "Gloria," 366.
 Godoy, 236, 237.
Golden Hind, The, 275.
 Goldsmith, Oliver, 42.
 Gómez de Silva, Rui, 268.
 Gorbea, The, 24.
Gordo, The, 168.
 Goya, 166, 228, 233, 316.
 Granada, 2, 127, 243, 252, 256, 305, 339.
Granadinas, The, 74, 75.
 Grané, Sr, 229.
 Gravina, 332.
 Grenville, Sir Richard, 275.
 Guadalajara, 128, 324.
 Guadalquivir, The, 20.
 Guadiana, The, 20.
Guerrita, 178, 181, 185, 187, 189 *et seq.*,
 206, 210, 211.
 Guicciardini, Francesco, 13, 250 *et seq.*
 Guipúzcoa, 21.
Guirigay, The, 83.
Güiros, 80, 168.
 Guitar, The, 72 *et seq.*
Guitarristas, 75 *et seq.*
 "Gulliver's Travels," 102, 103.
 H, *adivinanza* on the letter, 107.
Habanera, The, 83, 84.
Hacer el oso, 43.
 Hapsburg Dynasty, The, 371.
 Hazlitt, 64.
 "Helen of Kirkconnell," 87.
 Henry the Fourth, 251 *et seq.*
Heraldo de Madrid, El, 221, 349.
 Hercules, 127.
 Heredia, Señor, 229.
Hermano Bartolo, The, 83.
 Hernández, Fighting-bulls of Estéban,
 199.
 Herrera, 271.
 Hidalgo Barquero, Don Diego, 198.
Hijo de Simón, El, 144.
 Hispaniola, 247.
 Horozco, Sebastián de, 108.
 Huelva, 198.
 Huerta, José, 77.
 Ibarra, Fighting-bulls of, 199.
Iluminada de Lorqui, The, 290.
Imparcial, El, 324.
 Indart, Isidro, 144.
 Infantado, Duke del, 263.
 "Ingoldsby," 102.
 Inquisition, The, 129, 130, 258.
 Iriarte, 105.
 Isabel, The Infanta, 160.
 Isabella of Bourbon, 295, 296, 298.
 Isabella the Catholic, 29, 217, 220, 221,
 228, 245, 246, 250, *et seq.*, 262, 272,
 289, 304.
 Isabella the Second, 212, 213.
 Jerez, 198.
Jeu de paume, The, 144.
 Jews, The, 129, 258.
 Jimena, 28.
 Jonson, Ben, 275.
Jota, The, 84, 85.
 Jovellanos, 217, 218.
Juan Redondo, The, 83.
Juan sin Tierra, 359.
 Jucar, The, 20.
 Justice, Want of, 308 *et seq.*
Justillo, The, 52.
Juzgado, The, 313.
 Knife, Use of the, 315 *et seq.*
 La Conquista, Marquis of, 197.
Lagartijo, 239.
 Lake of Peñalara, The, 55.
 La Línea (*see* Línea de la Concepción).
 La Mancha, 2, 55, 111 (*note*), 294, 302.
 Laredo, 263.
 Las Navas de Tolosa, Battle of, 2.
Laud, The (*see* Lute, The).
Lavi, 212.
 Ledesma, Sr, 229.

- Leganés, Marquis of, 295.
 Leguregui, José, 233.
 León, 3, 68, 79, 127.
 Leoneses, Costume of the, 52.
 Leoneses, The, 7, 8.
 León, The Mountains of, 18.
 Lerma, Duke of, 273.
 Leyva, Antonio de, 262.
Liberal, El, 225, 315, 351 *et seq.*
 Limousin, The, 9.
 Linares, Count of, 295, 296.
 Línea de la Concepción, 34, 224, 351, 352.
 Literature, Popular, 86 *et seq.*
 Llobregat, The, 20.
 Lope de Vega, 7.
 Lope Deza, 304.
 López, Doña Carmen, 198.
 López Martínez, Señor, 219, 220, 222, 223.
Lorencillo, 232.
 Los Barrios, 351.
 "Los Borrachos," 63.
 Los Castellones, Marquis of, 197.
 Lottery, The Government, 141 *et seq.*,
 353, 354.
 Louis the Fourteenth, 275.
 Lozoya Canal, The, 55, 56.
 Luis de León, Fray, 105.
 Lute, The, 72.

 Machado y Alvarez, 116.
Machaquito, 214, 239.
Madama Orleans, The, 83.
Madreñas, 52.
 Madrid, 3, 23, 35 *et seq.*, 54, 55, 64, 65,
 68, 69, 80, 155 *et seq.*, 235, 238, 266,
 289 *et seq.*, 293, 302, 324, 356 *et seq.*
 Málaga, 28, 29, 50, 128, 324, 357.
Malagueñas, The, 32, 74, 75, 84.
Maletas, 215.
 Malplaquet, Battle of, 137.
Mambriá, 139.
 Manchegan women, Costume of the, 52.
Manteo, The, 52.
Mantilla, The, 49, 50, 52, 164.
Mantón de Manila, The, 164, 167.
 Manzanares, The, 162, 166, 221.
Manzanilla, 62.
Maragatos, The, 54, 55.
 Margarite, Pedro, 331.
 María Luisa, 236.
 Mariana of Austria, 49 (*note*).

 Marie Antoinette, 13.
Marimorena (*see* *Morena*, *María*).
 Marlborough, Duke of, 147 *et seq.*
 Martín, Fighting-bulls of, 199.
Martincho, 233.
 Martínez Campos, General, 217.
 Martínez de la Mata, 302 (*note*), 304.
 Matilla, Pedro de, 288, 306.
Matuleros, 356.
 Mazzantini, Luis, 208, 210, 211, 213, 219.
 Medina, Juan de, 304.
 Medina, Marquis of, 197.
 Méndez de Silva, 303.
 Mendicancy, 65 *et seq.*
 Mendoza, Don Francisco, 196.
 Mérida, 227.
 Milá y Fontanals, Professor, 116.
 Mina, 354.
 Mínguez and Berned, 211, 212.
Minuto, 214.
 Miura, Fighting-bulls of, 199, 218.
 Mohammedans, The (*see* *Moors*, *The*).
Mojón, 140.
 Moncada, 305.
Monos sabios, The, 176, 182.
 Monseny, 20.
 Monserrat, 20.
Monte, 141.
 Montemayor, 223.
 Montes de Oca, The, 18.
 Montes, Francisco, 204, 215, 338, 240.
 Montoya, Doña Cecilia, 198.
 Moors, The, 2, 3, 29, 80, 113, 126, 200,
 228, 252, 253.
Moquillo, The, 132.
 Moratin, 7, 218.
 Morena, María, 103, 104.
 Moriscos, Expulsion of the, 273, 295.
 Mountains of Toledo, The, 19.
Muiñeira, The, 84.
 Murat, 221.
 Murcia, 3, 232.
 Murcians, The, 7, 10.
Murgos, 82, 81.
 Murive, Fighting-bulls of, 192, 201.
 Murviedro, 227.
Mus, 141.
 Music, Popular, 71 *et seq.*

 Napoleon Bonaparte, 4.
 Narváez, 354.

- Navagiero, Andrea, 130, 131.
 Navarra, 3, 265, 325.
 Navarrete, José, 218.
 Navarro, Jerónimo, 304.
 Navarros, The, 7, 8, 14.
 Nebuchadnezzar, 39.
 Nelson, Lord, 332.
 New World, The, 244 *et seq.*, 305.
 New Year's Day, 154.
Novilladas, 199.
Novilleros, 205.

 Ochoa, Hernando de, 268, 269.
 O'Donnell, 354.
 Olavarría y Huarte, 155.
 Olivares, Count-Duke of, 273, 274, 276, 288, 291, 292, 294.
 Olivares, Damián, 302.
 Oña, 131.
Or, The, 51.
 Orense, 128.
Orfeones, The, 79.
 Ortega, 354.
 Ortiz de Zúñiga, 132.
 Osuna, Duchess of, 297 (*note*).
 Osuna, Duke of, 197.
 Ovando, 245, 258.

Paco the Sevillean, 116.
 Palacios, Marquis of, 298 *et seq.*
 Palma, 128.
 Palomo, Juan, 232.
 Palomo, Pedro, 232.
 Pamplona, 80, 221, 232.
 Pancorvo, Juan Bautista, 304.
Pantoja, 366, 367.
 Párraga, Pedro, 213.
 Parra, Manuel, 213.
Parrao, 214.
 Pastrana, Duke of, 297.
 Patilla, Count of, 197.
 Paul the Fourth, Pope, 264 *et seq.*, 268.
Pavana, The, 82, 83.
Pedro Saputo, 84.
Peinadora, The, 40.
 Pelayo, 2.
 Pellicer, 302.
Pelota, 144 *et seq.*
 Peña y Goñi, 144 (*note*).
 Pension List, The, 353, 354.

 Pepe-Illo, 213, 220, 232, 234 *et seq.*, 239, 241.
Pepete, 213.
 Pepino, Nicolas, 140.
 Percain, 144.
 Pérez de Herrera, Cristóbal, 304.
 Pérez de la Concha, Fighting-bulls of, 199.
 Pérez Galdós, 365 *et seq.*
 Pérez y González, Felipe, 82.
Perra chica, The, 175.
Perra grande, The, 175.
 Pescara, Marquis of, 262.
 Philip the Second, 248, 263 *et seq.*, 289, 301, 305.
 Philip the Third, 244, 272, 273, 289, 300, 302, 305.
 Philip the Fourth, 244, 273 *et seq.*, 288, 289, 291, 294 *et seq.*, 298 *et seq.*, 305, 306.
 Philip the Fifth, 302 (*note*).
 Philip the Handsome, 244.
 Pi y Margall, 340, 341.
Pitos del Santo, 161.
 Pius the Fifth, Pope, 228, 229.
 Pizarro, Fernando de, 230.
 Plaza Mayor, The, 221.
 Pliny, 133.
Poema del Cid, The, 90.
Polainas, 53.
 Ponce, José, 213.
 Pontevedra, 339.
 Portugalete, 63.
 Priesthood, The, 366 *et seq.*
 Prim, 354.
Procuradores, 312 *et seq.*
 "Prout, Father," 88.
 Puerta del Sol, The, 159, 276.
 Puerto de Santa Cruz, The, 19.
 Puerto Rico, 335.
 Pyrenees, The, 18.

 Queen Regent, The, 343.
 Quevedo, 7, 274, 305.
 Quintana, 7.
Quiqui, 116.

 Reconquest, The, 129, 243.
Redondilla, The, 110, 111.
Refranes, The, 90 *et seq.*, 105.
 Religious Question, The, 353, 363 *et seq.*

- Retiro, The (*see* Buen Retiro, The).
 Reverte, 177, 178, 181, 184, 185, 187, 193.
Revertito, 239.
 Riego, 354.
Rigodón, The, 83.
 Río Salado, Battle of the, 2.
Roberto il Diavolo, 164.
 Rocaberti, Tomás de, 306.
 Rodríguez, Juan, 306.
 Roldán, Rebellion of, 331.
 Romanones, Count of, 325.
 Romea, Julián, 99.
Romería of San Isidro, The, 162 *et seq.*
 Romero, Antonio, 213.
 Romero, Francisco, 230, 231.
 Romero, Gaspar, 214.
 Romero, Juan, 231, 232.
 Romero, Pedro, 232 *et seq.*
 Romero Robledo, 341, 342.
 Ronda, 230, 231.
Ronda del Pecado Mortal, The, 68 *et seq.*
Ronda de Pan y Huevo, The, 70 *et seq.*
 Rosmihal, Baron, 9.
Rosquillas, 163.
 Ruchena, Marquis of, 197.
 Ruiz, 354.
 Ruiz Jiménez, Señor, 357, 358.
- Sablazos*, 43.
 Sagasta, 333, 340, 368, 369.
 Salas, Marquis of, 197.
 Sales, Marquis of, 197.
 Salmerón, 367.
 Saltillo, Fighting-bulls of, 199.
 Saltillo, Marchioness of, 198.
 Saltillo, Marquis of, 197.
 Sánchez, Doña Carlota, 198.
 Sancho Panza, 15, 91.
Sandhurst Manifesto, The, 343.
 San Juan de las Cabezas, 198.
 San Lorenzo, Duke of, 197.
 Sanlúcar, 267.
 San Roque, 34, 351.
 San Sebastián, 63.
 Santander, 63, 127, 267.
Santarén, The, 83.
 Santaña, Duchess of, 198.
 San Valentino, Count of, 264.
 Saraland, The (*see* Zarabanda, The).
 Sarasate, Pablo, 80.
 Sardana, The, 84.
- Sarria, Marquis of, 264.
 Sástago, Count of, 266.
 Sharbi, 95.
 Schomberg, General, 49 (*note*).
 Scotch Ballads, The, 87, 88.
 Segovia, 127, 302.
Seguidillas, The, 111.
 Segura, The, 20.
Segurita, 214.
 Sepúlveda, Ricardo, 64.
 Serra, Juan Jerónimo, 71.
 Serranía de Córdoba, The, 19.
 Serranía de Ronda, The, 28.
Servicio obligatorio, The, 355.
Sevillanas, The, 74, 75, 84.
 Seville, 49, 68, 82, 132, 198, 231, 232, 240, 248, 302, 357.
 Shakespeare, 115, 123, 275.
 Shelley, 122.
 Sierra Bermeja, The, 19.
 Sierra Carbonera, The, 34, 352.
 Sierra de Abdalajis, The, 19.
 Sierra de Alcaráz, The, 19.
 Sierra de Albama, The, 19.
 Sierra de Almijara, The, 19.
 Sierra de Aroche, The, 19.
 Sierra de Cuenca, The, 19.
 Sierra de Estrella, The, 18.
 Sierra de Gata, The, 18.
 Sierra de Gredos, The, 18, 19.
 Sierra de Guadalcanal, The, 19.
 Sierra de Guadalupe, The, 19.
 Sierra de Guadarrama, The, 18.
 Sierra de Mijas, The, 19.
 Sierra de Moncayo, The, 18.
 Sierra de Montánchez, The, 19.
 Sierra de Navacerrada, The, 18.
 Sierra de San Mamed, The, 19.
 Sierra de Somosierra, The, 18.
 Sierra de Tílox, The, 19.
 Sierra del Páular, The, 55.
 Sierra Morena, The, 19, 21, 23.
 Sierra Nevada, The, 20.
Siesta, The, 41.
 Silvela, 225, 334 *et seq.*, 353, 354, 357 *et seq.*
 Smerzing, 132, 133.
Solad des, 75.
Sombrero blanco, The, 82.
Sombrero de quera, The (*see* Sombrero caudés, The).

- Sors, Fernando, 77.
 Soto, Domingo de, 304.
 Soto, Hernando, 133.
 Spaniards, The, 12 *et seq.*
 Spenser, 275.
 Stevenson, Robert Louis, 41, 95, 165, 226.
 Superstitions, 150 *et seq.*
 Swinburne, 90.

Tabacalera, The, 360.
Tablado, The, 227.
 Tagus, The, 19, 20.
Taking the Eleven, 131.
 Tarifa, 351.
 Tarragona, 227.
 Tárrega, 77.
Tasa, The, 258, 304.
 Temperance of the Spaniards, 61 *et seq.*
 Tennyson, Lord, 111.
 Teruel, 339.
 Tierra Firme, 247.
 Toledo, 2, 20, 128, 302.
 Toledo, Archbishop of, 266, 268.
 Tolstoi, 217.
Toro, The, 137.
 Torquemada, 258.
 Trees, Scarcity of, 21, 22.
Tresillo, 41, 140, 141.
Turdión, The, 83.
Tute, 141.

 Ubao Case, The, 365, 367
 United States of America, War with the, 328, 330 *et seq.*
Until I see Thee, Jesus mine, 130.

 Valdés, Fernando de, 269.
 Valencia, 3, 9, 68, 78, 232, 265, 339, 357.
 Valencians, Costume of the, 50, 51.
 Valencians, The, 7, 9, 10, 84.
 Valladolid, 260, 267, 357, 358.

 Valparaiso, Marquis of, 293.
 Vascongados, The, 84.
 Vega, Lope de, 47, 274.
 Vega, Pedro Laso de la, 71.
 Vega, Ricardo de la, 218.
 Velarde, 218.
 Veragua, 247.
 Veragua, Duke of, 197 *et seq.*
 Veragua, Fighting-bulls of Duke of, 199.
Verbenas, The, 166, 167, 264.
 Verdejo Pérez, 4 *et seq.*, 12.
Verduleras of Madrid, The, 38.
 Vicálvaro, 223.
 "Vice-Versá," 135.
 Vidart, Luis, 218.
Vihuela, The (*see* Lute, The).
 Villahermosa, Marquis of, 280 *et seq.*
 Villalar, Battle of, 246.
 Villamarta, Marquis of, 197.
 Villavelviestre, Marquis of, 197.
 Vistahermosa, Count of, 197.
 Vizcaínos, The, 7 *et seq.*, 14, 15, 23 *et seq.*, 344, 345.
 Vizcaya, 3, 8.
Volapié, The, 237.
Vueltas de San Antón, Las, 156, 157.

 War of Independence, The, 129.
 Water, Scarcity of, 55.
Wee, wee Man, The, 119.
 Whitman, Walt, 90.

 Yuste, 262, 263, 267.

 Zapata, Cardinal, 305.
Zapateado, The, 83.
Zapatitas, The, 83.
Zarabanda, The, 82, 83.
 Zaragoza, 232, 233.
Zaragüelles, The, 50, 51.
 Zembrano, Doña Dolores, 198.
 Zumárraga, 23.

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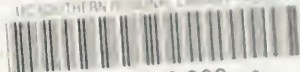
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